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# COLONIAL FAMILIES

... AND ...

## THEIR DESCENDANTS



MARY BOURKE EMORY.

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# COLONIAL FAMILIES

AND

THEIR DESCENDANTS

BY ONE OF THE OLDEST GRADUATES OF

ST. MARY'S HALL, BURLINGTON, N. J.

"The first female Church-School established in the United States,  
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## **Dedication.**



**T**HIS BOOK is affectionately and respectfully dedicated to the memory of the Wright family of Maryland and South America, and to their descendants now living who inherit the noble virtues of their forefathers, and are a bright example to "all" for the same purity of character "they" possessed. Those noble men and women are now in sweet repose, their example a beacon light to those who "survive" them, guiding them on in the path of "usefulness and honor."

"'Tis mine the withered floweret most to prize,  
To mourn the music flown, the odor shed,  
And in the hallowed tomb of "buried" love  
To twine life's best affections 'round the dead."



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## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

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It may be asked why I have undertaken the publication of a book. I have no ambition to place myself among the "literati" of the world, if I could do so. It is not for "fame" that I am writing, for I cannot boast of using the pen of a "Felicia Hemans" or a "Hannah More," nor do I feel important enough to endeavor to associate myself with others who may even enjoy more celebrity than the two beautiful writers I have named. My heart is yearning for a "resting place" in my declining life, and if I can secure it by the use of my pen, why not? To possess again a quiet home of my own, will, indeed, mend the broken threads of life and weave them afresh, into a tissue of brightness, with the stars for my night-lamp and the leaves of the woodland to fan me to sleep. It may be a "tent in the wild-wood, a home in the vale," so that I can call it mine own, where *gentle, kind* words will greet me and I may "deck my hair with roses rare that grow on the gentle hills," in the region of wild flowers, where healthful breezes blow, and the gaudy butterflies light gently on the edge of a cool rivulet that may happen to flow along, and the violet peer out from beneath the moist turf on its edge. Ah! yes—

"There's *music* in the wild-wood;  
With leaves and blossoms fair."

The pretty pink laurel—the modest little wax flowers have a charm for *me*. "In the beautiful valleys that nature has formed there are a 'thousand' hidden retreats for tender sighs, an asylum for a broken heart, a grave-yard for buried pleasures."

It has now been three years since one of the greatest afflictions of my life came upon me—the loss of a beautiful old home, a lovely, tranquil spot, the walls bare and mildewed now—the capacious old fireplaces, where once cheerful, sparkling flames brightened the rooms and inmates, filled with crumbling bricks

and ashes. Ah, me! the thought of its loss brings an irrepressible pang to my sorrowing heart. I *cannot* still its beating.

"No friend came around me to cheer me,  
No "parent" to soften my grief,  
Nor brother, nor sister were near me.  
And strangers could bring no relief."

Alas! *it has gone*—my beautiful, happy home—where I have lived "so long," tending my little flock of eleven, caring for their every want, and devoting my life to their service.

My dear old home was a generous gift from a noble grandfather, who so often took me on his knee, to imprint a good-night kiss upon my youthful forehead, before retiring to a restful pillow he had ordered his housemaid, "Emmeline," to prepare for me in the little crib in the best chamber of his comfortable home. My sister and I were orphan children, and my grandfather often and over again told us that the old home was to be ours. "Bloomfield," which he named himself, was the pride of his life, next to his granddaughters. He must have loved me. I did not know it "then." Now I remember, he gave me more caresses than he bestowed upon my sister, and called me tenderly his "we bonnie Mary of Argyle." That was—

"When friends and fortune smiled,  
But, ah! how fortune varies;  
I now am sorrow's child."

My cup of happiness has been drained, I fear *forever*. "There are some strokes of calamity that scorch and scathe the soul, that penetrate the vital seat of happiness and 'blast' it." Truly, there are few greater trials than to lose a life-long home. I had troubles; have often "sunk beneath the summer sun and trembled in the blast," but it was *my home* and my children's home, the air so cool and grateful. Lovely flowers scattered their odor around, and I cannot put aside the clinging love for the sweetest, holiest spot on earth. There are times when I imagine I am back again in my quiet, comfortable apartment, where, in summer, the grateful south-wind fanned me to sleep, and the wide-awake owl, perching in the old cherry tree, near my window, kept watch "all night long." At early morn, the cheering sound from the luxuriant maple tree that shaded the back portico, with "note as clear as a crystal

brook and full of cheer, was the song of the red-breasted robin. "And memory lingers in heart and brain, making me often a child again."

"There was never a harsh or 'mournful' note  
That came afresh from that warbler's throat ;  
He taught me a lesson of 'hope' and 'cheer'  
That carried me on from year to year,  
To 'sing' in the shadow, as well as the sun,  
Doing my part 'till my work is done "

Yes ; the flowers, the musical notes of the happy birds comforted me in my sorrow. How often have I sung the old song that will never, never lose its pathos—"There's No Place Like Home"—little dreaming that I would ever be without one. Oh ! what a relief to my overburdened heart "now" to sit at my old "Chickering" piano and sing the touching lines over and over again. Could I but dwell at my dear old home and look out of the window and view the holy spot which contains the ashes of those I loved and respected—my dear old grandfather, my own father and mother, brother, sister and three of my children—those of the little flock I fancied loved me most and who are now chanting sweet music in heaven !!!

"I call them *dead*, but well I know  
They dwell where living waters flow."

Sad, truly sad, is the reflection that the "old family graveyard" is all that I can now call mine own, where I have planted lilac, mock orange, narcissus, monthly damask roses and other favorite flowers of my dear grandfather, and have tended them for *his* sake. There let me sleep with the dear ones, where once "my careless childhood strayed." Yes ; in this quiet, shady spot let me rest, where I have kept out weeds and briars and enjoyed the blooming of the sweet-scented shrubbery so long.

"Then when life's journey is ended,  
And earth again mingles with earth,  
Lamented or not, still my wish is  
To rest in the *land* of my birth."

"Bloomfield" is yet the dearest spot on earth to me, where the birds sing more joyously than anywhere else, the old-time flowers grow in luxuriance, beauty and retirement, and the healthful breezes blow through every casement, bringing along

with them exhilarating draughts of pleasure and refinement. I seem now to inhale the delicious perfume of the "cup roses" that decked the "old-fashioned" garden, where I have, summer after summer, with my "trusting little ones" around me, rested in the latticed summer-house, shaded by two large, fruit-yielding pear trees and a trailing *Microphylla* rosebush. And the flickering moonlight shadows—can I "ever" forget them? And the silvered jasmine flowers, creeping up the broad piazza, outvying the stars above them in beauty and numbers, whose sweetness was wafted throughout the whole house at evening time, their balmy breath inducing sweet, refreshing slumber to the drooping eyelids.

"Oh, let me only breathe the air,  
And whether on its wings it bear  
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me."

I may never more rove o'er the extensive fields and healthful meadows, the shady orchard, or the beautiful green lawn, where the catalpa, the linden, the elm and the chestnut yield their grateful shade. Be still, sad heart, I have "no" home that I can call mine own.

"Farewell, peaceful sunshine; farewell, happy home,  
Forever I'm doomed a poor exile to roam;  
This poor, aching heart must be laid in the tomb,  
Ere it cease to regret the endearments of home."

All that I can hope for now, is to be laid to "everlasting" rest 'neath the green sod in the grave-yard, near my dear children, whom I have devotedly loved, followed to my last resting-place by some of the friends of my youth, whose noble traits of character I shall endeavor to record, who will unite in a "requiem of love" o'er my lifeless form when the light shall have faded from my vision, and the hand that has written of their virtues shall be "motionless" on a bosom that will heave "no more."

"If those whom I love lay me low,  
There cannot be pain in the blow."

As I have said, I am not seeking "fame." One of my objects in writing of the good deeds of many of the families of Maryland, and more particularly of my connexions and friends, the Wrights, is to suggest to those who think my book worthy of perusal the contemplation and practice of the beautiful virtues "they" possessed

and which "still" adorn the lives of the present generation—courage, reflection, patience, amiability, charity, virtue, honor, truthfulness and, above all, "*self-control*." How much more peace and happiness would be enjoyed if this desirable attribute were practiced.

"SELF-CONTROL."

"A few *late* roses blossom still for me,  
But spring has gone and summer cannot last;  
Dear friends, if my "poor heart" would have its way,  
And blossom into blessing on each soul,  
This is the very prayer that I should pray."  
Grant unto men's lives the power of '*self-control*.'"

Only a short time ago a gentleman said to me, "I would sooner accept the word of a Wright, than to believe most men on their oath." What more beautiful epitaph could be engraven on their tomb, for the "name of universal nature is '*truth*.'"

There is no stain upon their escutcheon. "Honor and truth" are their beacon light. I had just wiped a burning tear from my cheek when a friend approached me, little dreaming of the anguish of "my" sad heart, and said: "I would like you to write the history of 'our' family, the Wrights." Her pretty brown eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, and she seemed so earnest that I was at once touched by her appeal and determined to accede to her request, which was probably made from impulse, but—

"Many a shaft at random sent,  
Finds mark the archer little meant."

The occupation has to a great degree dispelled my sorrow. I was happier, far happier, under the genial influence of the Wright family than I have ever been since I left them, and it is a pleasure that I can scarce express to record their many noble qualities.

"When day, with farewell beams delays,  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through opening vistas into heaven."

Our last moments on earth will be, beyond a doubt, "peaceful," if, like this "exemplary" family, we have practiced the beautiful virtues that have adorned their lives. Let us all endeavor to instil into the minds of the survivors of illustrious families a pleasing remembrance of the noble stock whence they have descended



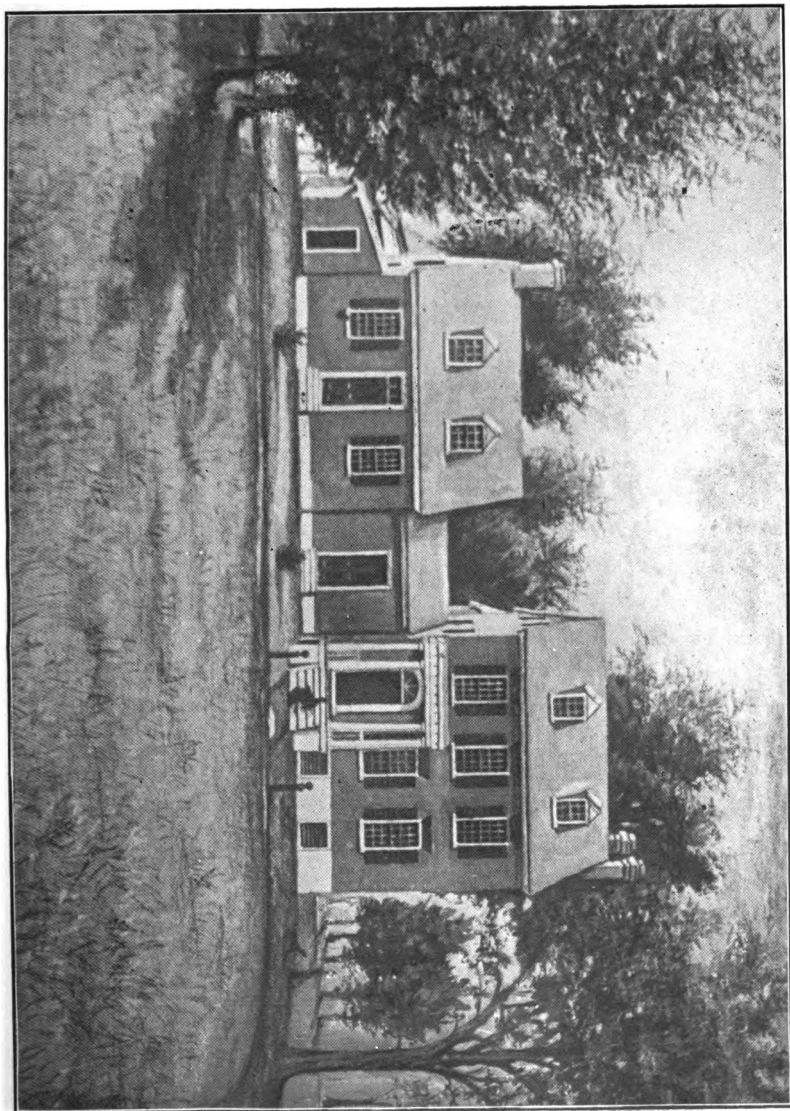
My work has been laborious, but it has been a labor of "love," and I shall be fully repaid for the expenditure of my time in writing of the virtues of the Wright family and of many of their friends and connexions, if I can perpetuate their lovely traits of character to the present generation of men and women. "Kind" words are soothing to a "sorrowing heart." I am as dependent upon them as the "flowers on God's beautiful sunshine." If the fame dies I have here introduced to my readers, have for me—

"A word of cheer, tell it me,  
While I'm alive to hear."

"If you've anything kind to say of one,  
Don't wait till they're laid to rest :  
An eulogy spoken when hearts are broken,  
Is an "empty" thing at best.

"Don't wait for another to bear the burden  
Of sorrow's irksome load ;  
Let your hand extend to a 'stricken' friend,  
As he totters adown life's road."

“BLOOMFIELD.”





# COLONIAL FAMILIES

AND

## THEIR DESCENDANTS.

---

### CHAPTER I.

To me there is nothing more pleasing, yes, soul-stirring, than to recall to mind old scenes, old friends and old homes. Yes !

“ 'Tis sweet to tell of former years,  
And be as happy *now*,  
As when we knew no sorrow, fears,  
Nor care upon the brow.”

We can *never* forget those meeting spots, “those chosen sacred hours, those burning words that uttered all the soul, those faces beaming with unearthly love.” It has been said that “time destroys all things,” but it is not true. The ties that have bound us close in friendship to the loved ones who have passed safely over the river, can never, never be broken. The tender chords of “love” that thrill our hearts will ever vibrate and our souls be filled with old-time memories, of far echoed scenes that will never grow dim, chiming cheerily of “by-gone days.” The low, sweet music of the melodious voices, now silent, but remembered yet, clings fondly round our hearts like the “beautiful ivy that flings its greenness o’er dreary decay.” Memory recalls the very expression of their noble features, the very melody of their gentle and encouraging words. These reminiscences of our youth, the song of the quietly flowing meadow stream, the musical notes of the happy birds of the air, the whispering night winds, the beautiful arched sky above us, soothe us ; *sweetly* soothe us in our declining years. We throw aside, for a time at least, the burden of cares and our thoughts revert to the companionship of “old friends” and their bright and cheerful homes. Those old “ancestral homes,” where peace, order and affection reigned are

replete with recollections of youthful joys and sports ; there where our children grew in beauty side by side ; there where loving mothers watched their development and cared for their every want ; there where "virtue" was cultivated and "patient care" exercised ; there in those ancient halls, 'neath the arched doorway, or in the golden garden bower, our hearts instinctively turn, and the harp of life is tuned, everlastingly tuned, to the music of the sweet voices of departed ones. We will ever remember the old brick mansions sheltered by surrounding woods, where the elm, the oak and the poplar are mantled in their green canopy, 'neath which the pebbly stream flows quietly along, until it reaches the mysterious turbulent waters of more magnitude and depth, and the moan of the distant waves floats through the air, and along the quiet shores, bringing messages of love and remembrance, "fond remembrance," from those who dwell in another land.

"Could those days but come again  
 With their thorns and flowers,  
 I would give the hope of years  
 For those 'by-gone hours,' 'those days of long ago.'  
 In those dear old homes of my early life there was beauty 'above  
     me, beneath and around.'  
 The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,  
 Their course of music sang jovial and loud."

"My eyes are growing dimmer with the years that roll away,  
 My step is slow and feeble, and my locks, alas ! are gray ;  
 Yet when in pensiveness I sit I feel again the glow  
 Of youth that thrilled my happy heart, in days of 'long ago.' "

"All hopes and joys have long since passed through dim, receding years,  
 And yet it does a mortal good to muse o'er youthful days,  
 To tread in fancy once again life's unforgotten ways ;  
 And that is why I often sit through evening hours aglow  
 And dream again of happy days—the 'days of long ago !' "

—*Sidney Warren Mase, in Little Rock Gazette.*

But I must not dwell longer upon the rapturous scenes of my youth.

There is no country more replete with historic interest, than our own beautiful land—"Maryland," *our* Maryland—rich in

beauty, rich in wealth, rich in heroes, rich in fame. It was on her shores that our English forefathers planted a colony during the reign of Charles I. In our great and persevering struggle for independence, her brave sons immortalized their names by their great bravery and heroism. During the war of '12 the blood of her valiant sons was freely poured out and the British repulsed.

Later on, during our trying civil war, the "Old Line State faithfully performed her sad duty in sacrificing brave hearts," young and old, to the horrors of war. Men of birth, men of education; old men with families, who fought as heroically "as never men fought since the beginning of the world." Many members of the "Wright" family responded to the call of their country and proved themselves, as did their forefathers during our Revolutionary struggle, valiant, fearless soldiers.

#### THE "WALNUT GROVE" AND "REED'S CREEK" WRIGHTS.

Solomon Wright, brother of Nathaniel, emigrated to Maryland in 1673, with their mutual friend, Joseph Baker. It is thought that this Solomon Wright married a Miss Hynson, as his son Thomas had Hynson for a middle name, retaining the wife's maiden name being a characteristic of the Wrights, one member of the family having five daughters, all, save one, keeping their mother's name before her marriage. Another fact confirms my opinion: That is, that "Reed's Creek" was originally called Hynson Town Creek, and lands bordering on this creek were conveyed to Thomas Hynson Wright by Thomas Hynson, who was presumably the father of Mrs. Solomon Wright. Solomon Wright, the immigrant, was the justice, member of the Legislature in 1709 and 1711, vestryman of "Old Chester Church" and deputy sovereign of the province. Solomon Wright had issue—Thomas Hynson, Nathaniel, Charles, John, Edward and Fairclough, and daughters, Ann and Rachel. Thomas Hynson Wright married Mary Turbutt, daughter of Michael Turbutt and Sarah Foster. They had children—Nathaniel Samuel Turbutt, Thomas and Mary Ann. Nathaniel Samuel Turbutt Wright had issue—Samuel Turbutt, William, James, John and Harry.

One of the old Wright homesteads, known far and near as "Reed's Creek," equi-distant from Centreville and Queenstown, was, in olden times, the seat of hospitality and refinement, and was frequented by the élite of the principal cities of our country. A

bold and extensive view of the beautiful Chester River, in back; the pale, blue waters of the little creek whence it derives its name making up on the left side of the capacious house, flowing on silently and slowly, makes this "Home of Homes" a charming, cheerful spot. Although this much respected and ancient family are not allied to me by the ties of consanguinity, I feel very near to them, having lived among them all my life, and have the greatest admiration for their noble principles, and feel *proud* to class them among my friends and connexions, by marriage. This illustrious family were conspicuous among the leading men of Maryland during our Revolution. Not only were they soldiers, but statesmen. The "original" home of the Wright family of Queen Anne's county was called the "Old Building," afterwards changed to "Walnut Grove," within sight of Reed's Creek, and was part of the same tract of land deeded to "Thomas Hynson Wright," in 1724, lying by Matthew Reed's Creek, which remained in the family until the horrors of our civil war changed the whole aspect of the cherished old homes of our forefathers. Reed's Creek was originally called Hynson Town Creek, then Winchester, and, later on, Reed's Creek, from a Kent Island resident, who was one of the justices in 1652 and an ancestor of the present Reed family of Queen Anne's County, who owned an immense tract of land from their present home, the "Tanyard," as far as down as Piney Point.

In a recent history of Queen Anne's County it is chronicled that "Richard Hynson and Hester, his wife, owned a tract of land lying by 'Matthew Reed's Creek,' which had been bequeathed to Richard Hynson by Richard Chase." The stream was then known as Hynson Town Creek, and lands known as Hynson Town and Hynson Town Addition, which lands were conveyed from Thomas Hynson, son and heir of William Hynson, to "Thomas Hynson Wright."

On the 28th of May, 1719, Thomas Hynson, residing in the county of Monmouth, conveyed a tract of land known as Shelvington, on the north side of a creek called Hynson Town Creek, or Reed's Creek, and made his worthy cousin, Edward Wright, who was a brother of Thomas Hynson Wright, his attorney. Thomas Hynson was appointed one of the commissioners to govern Kent Island, and was in the General Assembly of Maryland from Kent County in 1660.

This family were ancestors of the present Hynsons now living in Chestertown, who are very prominent people. James Hynson was one of the managers of the "ferry" which conveyed passengers from Queen Anne's to Chestertown before the bridge now spanning Chester River was built. Thomas Hynson was vestryman of St. Paul's Church, Kent County. Solomon Wright at that time was a pew-holder, owning the pew, No. 3. Thomas Hynson Wright was born at the "old building," or "Walnut Grove," adjoining the Reed's Creek plantation. The "Walnut Grove" house is said to be one of the very oldest in the county. The estate was supposed to have been inherited by Thomas Hynson Wright from his father, who was an extensive dealer in real estate and owned a large tract of land. In 1734 Thomas Hynson Wright was sheriff of Queen Anne's County, and in the following year was surveyor of land and receiver of "quit rents." Quit rents were the same as our ground rents now, and were paid by owners of land. The British merchants, as is well-known, had dealings with Queen Anne's planters before the Revolution. Tobacco was sent to England from Chester River, the Wye River, the Choptank and the Severn. Thomas Hynson Wright was an agent for the English people. It was in 1718 that Thomas Hynson Wright dealt with England. Thomas Cardel & Co. were the English merchants. Capt. Valentine Carter was the agent appointed to collect debts due the English merchants by Thomas Hynson Wright. John Duncan was commander of the ship "Chester River" to take tobacco to London.

In 1736 the ship "Polly," Capt. Thomas Reed commanding, lying at anchor in Wye River, consigned tobacco to Thomas Hyde, London. Thomas Hynson Wright was one of the justices of the county in 1722; also a Delegate to the Assembly at Annapolis. He was surveyor for Lord Baltimore in 1724 and was a vestryman in "Old Chester Church" in 1731-'37-'40 and '46.

In 1737 an application was made from Thomas Hynson Wright to the master of the school, situated in what is now known as "Tilghman's Neck," to take the two eldest sons of his brother Solomon to instruct them. In 1724 Edward Tucker, stepson to Solomon Wright, Sr., was one of the scholars in that school. "Tucker" is an early name. William Tucker was one of the Council of Virginia. "He went to London in 1631 to obstruct the planting of a new colony in Virginia to avoid any difficulty with the old com-



pany,"—*Scharff*. There are other early names whose descendants still live in Maryland. The Cockeys figured in early history. Dr. Charles Cockey, a descendant of the old stock of Cockeys and a popular physican of Queenstown, is sociable, benevolent and ever on the alert to perform an act of kindness. "Tavis De Roch Brune was naturalized when Francis Nicholsen was Governor in 1694. Cornelius and Milleminty Comegys, his wife, and their children—Cornelius, Elizabeth, William and Hannah—were naturalized when Cecilius, Lord Baltimore, was Proprietary Governor of Maryland in 1671." —*Hanson's Old Kent*. These names—Milleminty and Hannah—are still kept in the Comegys family. Thomas Hynson Wright was commissioned to Causeway, the marsh from "Kent Island," to the main land, at a crossing called "The Wading Place," now called Kent Island Narrows. Captain Smith was the first discoverer of this productive and historic spot—Kent Island—and called it "Winston Island." It is not generally known that "our" Kent Island had another name in olden times. At this period of the history of Maryland the mail was conveyed in an old-fashioned "gig" from Haddaway's Ferry to Snow Hill, first being brought across the Chesapeake Bay in an ordinary batteau from Annapolis. Col. Thomas Wright, first son of Thomas Hynson Wright, married Rachel Clayton, daughter of Sarah Clayton, the elder, and was the father of Ann, Thomas, Charlotte, Samuel, Clayton and William. He was the first military commander under the Revolutionary organization, and was register of wills in Queen Anne's County. He was a delegate to the Colonial Convention from his native county, which assembled in Annapolis in 1775; also, a member of the "Association of Freeman," who issued their memorable address to the world in that year. Col. Thomas Wright I. was vestryman at "Old Wye Church" and the builder of the present Reed's Creek house. Most of the material of this old home was imported from England. The mahogany for the stairway, I have been told, was stored away in the garret for years, Col. Wright being prevented from completing this well-planned homestead by the war. He died in 1784. In those days labor was imported. White servants were brought over from England and compelled to serve a number of years. Many of our people sprung from those indented servants and were thrifty and saving. Henry Collister was one of this class, and to quote his-

tory, owned all the land on which Chestertown is situated. Col. Thomas Wright, son of the above-mentioned Col. Thomas Wright I., was allowed to place a piece of silver under the corner-stone of the Reed's Creek building, which, no doubt, remains in its hiding place to this day. Charlotte, daughter of Col. Thomas Wright I., married John Eaton Spencer. Samuel Wright, brother of Col. Thomas Wright I., moved to Baltimore and was a successful lawyer in that city. He married Miss Ellen Nicholson, an accomplished and beautiful girl. Unfortunately, their happiness, like the rainbow of the heavens, was soon dispelled. A dark cloud passed over her young life from her husband having fought a duel with Mr. Carroll, brought about by some uncivic remark he (Carroll) made in connection with Mr. Wright's wife. The wife was entirely ignorant of the cause of her husband's absence from home and was heart-broken at seeing him brought to the house in an unconscious, dying condition.

"There is an interesting letter now in the Wright family urging the brothers and sisters, Ann and Charlotte, to continue their love and kindness to his wife, which they did most faithfully." (See Mrs. Margaret Wright's sketch of the family.) Mr. Samuel Moale, grandfather of Miss Ellen Moale Hollingsworth, of Elkton, who, a good many years after this unfortunate tragedy, married into the Wright family, was Mr. Samuel Wright's second wife, and on account of this duel was obliged to leave Baltimore, and moved to Wilmington. He had two very promising sons—Leonard and John. Clayton Wright, son of Col. Thomas Wright I., died in youth. His death is recorded in the *Eastern Shore General Advertiser*, published in Easton, Md., December 21st, 1802—"Died Friday, Dec. 10th, Clayton Wright, a promising young man." There is a Clayton still in the family, being Clayton Wright III. William Wright, brother of Col. Thomas Wright, married Miss Lydia Tilton, of Wilmington, Del. She was known in the Wright family as "Aunt Liddy," and was very much beloved. They had no children. Lydia Wright, nee Tilton, had a sister, Jeannette Tilton. These ladies were sisters of Dr. James Tilton, father of Mrs. Josephine Tilton's husband, of Washington.

Mrs. Josephine Tilton, a charming elderly lady, was Miss Josephine Nicholson Harwood, daughter of Henry Hall and Elizabeth Lloyd Harwood. She married, January 10th, 1833, Edward Gibson Tilton, U. S. N., a native of Delaware, and had children

as follows: Edward, died in infancy; McClane, who married, in 1866, Anna M. Wells, of Annapolis; Clara married Capt. Campbell Emory, who was remarkable for his intelligence, the eldest son of Gen. William Hemsley Emory, a distinguished officer in the United States Army; Elizabeth, James, Gibson, and Edward Gibson Tilton. Mrs. Josephine Tilton's mother was Miss Elizabeth Lloyd, born at "Wye," the old colonial home of the Lloyd family. Capt. Campbell Emory's children were: Meade, Matilda, Clara, Elizabeth and Josephine. Meade is practicing law in the State of Washington; Matilda married Webster Edgar, U. S. N., a relative of the great statesman Daniel Webster.

Mrs. Josephine Nicholson Harwood Tilton's sister, Elizabeth Hall Harwood, married Francis Scott Key, son of Francis Scott and Mary Tayloe Lloyd Key, 12th June, 1854. Jeannette Tilton, sister of Lydia, who married Mr. Wright, had children. One of her daughters, whose name was Rebecca, married Mr. Smallwood, a relative of Gen. Smallwood, of Revolutionary distinction. Mrs. Smallwood's daughter Lydia married Mr. Redmond, of New Jersey; Josephine Smallwood married Mr. Harris; Maunette married Mr. Thompson of New Jersey. Gen. Smallwood died unmarried, leaving no one to inherit his name and fame. His estate, on the banks of the Potomac, was bequeathed to his sister, who married into the Stoddard family. The Smallwoods are almost extinct. Rev. William Smallwood, the only surviving cousin of Joseph Leonard Smallwood, has two living sons. The grandmother of Joseph Leonard Smallwood was a Marbury, of Virginia, a lineal descendant of Sir Thomas Marbury, one of the cavaliers who emigrated to Virginia in the early settlement of that colony. Joseph Leonard Smallwood was the father of Mrs. Thompson, formerly Maunette Smallwood, a niece of Mrs. Lydia Tilton Wright. Dr. Tilton married two Miss Gibsons, daughters of Jacob Gibson, of Miles River, who were half-sisters, having the same father but different mothers. His first wife, Elizabeth Gibson, was the daughter of Mrs. Josephine Tilton's husband. His second wife's name was Fanny, by whom he had quite a large family. Dr. Tilton's sister Jeannette married a Gibson, brother of the Doctor's wife, so that the families were doubly connected.

To return to the Wright family. Nathaniel Samuel Turbutt Wright, father of Samuel Turbutt Wright, and his half brothers, Harry, William, James and John, was one of five delegates from

Queen Anne's County to meet other delegates to form a constitution for the State, 14th August, 1776. William was the grandfather of William Turbutt Wright of South America, lately deceased. Major Samuel Turbutt Wright, a "hero of the Revolution," was the grandfather of Mrs. Valeria Forbes and Mrs. Anna Matilda Hemsley, whose late home, "Ingleside," still bears the impress of her stepfather's generous hand. This is one of the most beautiful situations around old Queenstown, and was in colonial times called "Hemsley," being at that time owned by that family. About 1760 it was the home of John Emory, Jr., and afterwards of his widow Sarah Emory, who was Miss Marsh, of Kent Island, and aunt of John Register Emory. During their ownership it was called "Emory's Fortune," until the name was changed by Mrs. Hemsley to "Ingleside." Ingleside was once owned by the Hall family, antecedents of the Wilsons. The Halls owned the "White House" property and a vast area of land around Queenstown. This attractive spot, "Ingleside," is now in the possession of Mr. Hiram Dudley, of Baltimore. Samuel Turbutt Wright was captain in General Washington's army, and was in the engagement at "Harlem Heights." He, with Ensign De Courcy, was captured in the battle of Long Island, when Captain Veasy, under whom he fought, was killed. There it was that the valor of "Maryland's 400" shone out so gloriously. The Committee of the Maryland Society of the Sons of the American Revolution have commemorated the bravery of this heroic band, by erecting a monolith at Brooklyn to their memory. Alas! "They have slept their last sleep; they have fought their last battle; no sound can awake them to glory again."

It was here, after one of these terrible battles, that Samuel Turbutt Wright became captain in General Smallwood's brigade, which fought with unparalleled bravery. "Our valiant Maryland soldiers never flinched, but fought with determination and desperation, being repulsed and as often rallied, and bravely continued the struggle until the American army could effect a retreat." For hours and hours did these intrepid 'Maryland boys' grapple in a death struggle with thousands of British soldiers, determined to prevent them from capturing the American army. 'All America' should, at this day, thank God that they succeeded. Like some immovable object planted in the course of a rushing river, those young heroes arrested the destructive cataract of 'British red-

coats.' The hills of Long Island were fertilized with the crimson fluid of 'martyrs' to whom this great republic of ours will forever and forever owe a debt of gratitude, which should never be forgotten. Washington's army was saved, and with that army the British were eventually crushed, and LIBERTY, which their descendants enjoy to-day, was won. Let us erect living monuments to their memory that will perpetuate their patriotism by the continual performance of noble deeds, whether in peace or in war.'

Copied from *Centreville Observer* : "The Bunker Hill monument was erected to commemorate the great battle of the 17th June. Six hundred banners were displayed. One thousand ladies were seated on ranges of settees, tier upon tier. The great Daniel Webster was the orator of the day, who, by his brilliant efforts, added freshness to his ever glowing laurels."

Capt. Samuel Turbutt Wright's company was stationed on Kent Island at one period of our Revolutionary war, which commanded the entrance to Chester River. He was captain in second battalion; Otho Holland Williams was colonel of the First Maryland Regiment, Levin Winder was first lieutenant in Col. William Smallwood's Maryland Battalion, Nathaniel Wright received his commission in the Third Maryland Regiment, Edward Wright was in the seventh battalion, Veasy was captain of the fifth company, William Smallwood was made colonel of first battalion of Maryland troops. His company was called "Smallwood's Maryland Brigade." Before entering the army he was a member of the convention from Charles County and had been a member of the lower House of Assembly since 1761. He was the son of Blayne Smallwood, a merchant and planter, who had filled many important trusts in the province. The soil of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and South Carolina was stained with the blood of many gallant men from Maryland. The First Maryland Regulars saved the Carolinas and paved the way for the surrender of Cornwallis, after serving most faithfully under Washington in his brilliant and memorable campaign in New Jersey. At one stage of our Revolution it was thought that the Chesapeake would be the great seat of warfare, but our brave Marylanders were summoned to other battlefields on which to distinguish themselves and render their names immortal. Our troops received orders from General Washington to reinforce him at Elizabeth, N. J.,

where the enemy were pouring in upon them on all sides. A writer has described this battle as one of the most brilliant achievements of the war :

“Our noble boys gave them ball for ball  
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,  
Chasing the ‘Red Coats’ down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
Only pausing to fire and load.”

“No county in Maryland could show a fairer record than Queen Anne’s during our memorable struggle for independence. She contributed largely to the patriot cause and furnished some of the most distinguished names that adorn the Revolutionary annals of Maryland.”

After Capt. Samuel Turbutt Wright distinguished himself during the Revolution, he was made adjutant-general of the State of Maryland by Governor Robert Wright, when further trouble seemed to be brewing with England. William Paca, the eminent statesman and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was an honorable and influential citizen at this period of Maryland’s history. He practiced law in Annapolis, but owned a lovely country seat on Wye Island, now the home of his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Sarah Paca Rasin.

Mr. Paca’s friend and neighbor, John Beale Budley, was at one time a resident of the Island and one of the most distinguished men of his day. “William Paca was born in Harford County, October 31st, 1740, and completed his academic course at the Philadelphia College. He was admitted at the ‘Middle Temple,’ London, January 14th, 1762. He held many important positions. At the time of his death he resided at ‘Wye Hall.’ This imposing home was built about 1790 by John Paca, son of William Paca, at a cost of \$20,000. The architecture was the same as that of the President’s mansion, and is said to have been designed by the same architect, who also planned the original design of the Capitol at Washington. The old Paca building was destroyed by fire in February, 1879.”—*Scharff*.

William Paca married Mary Chew, daughter of Samuel and Henrietta Maria Lloyd Chew, and had a son John. William Paca died in 1799. Mrs. William Paca’s second husband was Daniel Dulaney. They had two sons—Lloyd, who was pierced with a

sword in a duel with Rev. Bennett Allen, and Walter Dulaney. William Paca was one of a committee who, in 1776, invited Robert Eden, Governor of Maryland, to resign. He was also one of the deputies representing Maryland in the Continental Congress, 4th of July, 1776. The 6th of July, two days after, Maryland declared her independence.

John Paca, son of William, married Juliana, daughter of Richard Tilghman, and his second wife Mary, who was the daughter of Edward Tilghman and Juliana Carroll.

William Carmichael, great uncle of Judge Richard Bennett Carmichael, was a distinguished diplomatist, and represented the infant nation, with great ability, at the court of Spain. He was a member of the Continental Congress prior to 1780, and accompanied Mr. Jay as secretary of legation to Madrid. When Mr. Jay returned home Mr. Carmichael remained as charge d'affaires until 1794 and died there. His widow and daughter came back to Kent County after his death. The daughter married James Blake. She died without children. Mr. William Carmichael, according to an old letter, actually received the capitulation of Cornwallis at Yorktown before Mr. Jay did, owing presumably to the fact that Mr. Jay was absent from the office of the American legation. No family in Maryland is more esteemed than the Carmichaels.

The magnanimous conduct of Judge Richard Bennett Carmichael during our civil war, which has been written in history, will ever be engraven in the hearts of his descendants, as well as the general public. Such men are seldom found for courage, sociability and refinement of character. The gentlemen just mentioned—the Pacas, the Bordleys and the Carmichaels—were contemporaries and friends of the Wright family. In the earliest period of the history of Queen Anne's County the Wrights held some of the highest positions that Maryland could bestow upon these valiant sons of hers, and were ever ready to gird on their armor in defense of their country. The Wright family, who are now living, have cause to venerate the memory of their ancestors, who fought under the immortal Washington, who was beloved by his friends and admired by his enemies. Let me here copy some old and beautiful lines, written by a lady in England, which are reproduced from an ancient "scrap book :"

" *Rome* had its Cæsar, great and brave, but stain was on his wreath;  
 He lived the heartless conqueror and died the Tyrant's death;  
 'France' had its Eagle, but his wings, though lofty they might  
     soar,  
 Were spread in false ambition's flight and dipped in 'murder's'  
     gore;  
 Those hero Gods whose 'mighty' sway would fain have chained  
     the waves,  
 Who flashed their blades with 'Tiger' zeal to make a world of  
     slaves,  
 Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on;  
 Oh! where shall be 'their' glory by the side of 'Washington?'

"He 'fought,' but not with 'love of strife;' he 'struck,' but to defend,  
 And ere he turned a 'people's foe' he sought to be a 'friend';  
 He strove to keep his country' right by 'reason's' gentle word.  
 And 'sighed' when fell injustice threw the challenge 'sword to  
     sword';  
 He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,  
 Till shouts of 'Victory' gave forth the name of 'Washington.'

"England, my heart is truly thine, my 'loved,' my 'native' earth;  
 The land that holds a mother's grave and gave that mother 'birth';  
 Oh! 'keenly sad' would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore,  
 And faltering my breath that sighed Farewell for 'ever more.'  
 But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell  
 Where 'olden heroes' wrought the deeds for Homer's songs to  
     tell;  
 'Away!' thou gallant ship, I'd cry, and bear me 'swiftly' on,  
 Bnt 'take me' from my 'own' fair land to that of 'Washington.' "

It was a privilege the Wrights enjoyed to be of the band of Washington's favored soldiers. Like him, they renounced the comforts of "peaceful, happy" homes to assist in relieving their country from the harrassments of injustice, and were true patriotic soldiers. Not only did the Wright family resemble our immortal Washington in their ardent love for their country, but their private life, like his, was crowned with justice, unselfishness, purity and *truthfulness*. "Happy thought" for the present generation of Wrights that their ancestors fought so valiantly under the same "glorious" flag that inspired Washington to liberate his country. It is truly a bright sun-beam that should illuminate their lives and mark them as descendants of a noble stock.



## CHAPTER II.

Col. Thomas Wright, of Reed's Creek, son of Col. Thomas Wright, married Margaret Lowrey, January 12th, 1795, who was the daughter of Stephen Lowrey, and had issue, viz : Thomas, Stephen, Valeria, Clayton, Valeria II, Margaret, Samuel and Richard Alexander. Mr. Lowrey was a native of Ireland. The family must have been very much attached to their birthplace. The following lines will indicate that they had not forgotten its fascinations and allurements :

Erin ! I ask but to live 'till I see thee  
Holding 'mongst nations the freeman's proud stand ;  
And gladly I'd yield up my heart's blood unto thee  
While liberty's standard unfurled o'er thy land.

Erin ! though long in night's darkness thou'st slumbered,  
A glorious morn shall arise o'er thee yet ;  
And amidst heaven's blessings around thee unnumbered,  
Thy glory shall rise when thy tyrants are set.

— *By Mrs. Anna M. Lowrey.*

Mr. Stephen Lowrey came to the colonies when quite a youth, and was said to have been a "man of fine mind and a cultured gentleman." He settled in New Jersey, and was a "Commissary of Issues" in the war of Independence. Mr. Lowrey married Sarah Spencer, daughter of Elihu and Joanna Spencer, of New Jersey, in 1774. Rev. Elihu Spencer, of Trenton, N. J., was one of the trustees of Nassau College, where many noble men have been trained, educated and sent forth into the arena of life, types of intelligence and patriotism. He was a trustee from 1752 to 1784. During that period no less than four presidents died.

Mr. Lowrey's children, Margaret and Sarah, were motherless at an early age, and were cared for by their aunts, Mrs. Fullerton and Mrs. Biddle, two distinguished ladies of Philadelphia. After the war Mr. Lowrey lived in Maryland, on the "Church Farm," within sight of "Old Chester Church," afterwards the home of Col. Thomas Wright, eldest son of Col. Thomas Wright, of Reed's Creek.

Only three of the "Church Farm" family remain, and have inherited their father's noble traits of character, and are splendid specimens of manliness, honor and integrity. The other sister of Margaret Lowrey, Sarah, became Mrs. Collins, of Pittsburgh. Mr. Stephen Lowrey, late in life, moved to Pittsburgh and purchased large tracts of land in Butler County. He had great trouble with settlers, who had taken possession of it without title. His daughter, Mrs. Sarah Collins, derived great benefit from his purchase. His descendants are in possession of some of the land yet. Mrs. Biddle, to whose care Mr. Lowrey's children were assigned, her maiden name being Lydia Spencer, married William Mefunn Biddle. She was a lady of rare attainments and lived over four score years. She was an intimate friend of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, widow of Alexander Hamilton, the great Revolutionary statesman, a friend of Washington, who was killed in a duel with Aaron Burr.

From the *Baltimore Sun*, of September 21st, 1896, I note the following: "Mr. Samuel Carnochan has just celebrated his 82nd birthday, at Rome, Georgia. He was born in New York and worked for a harnessmaker in the Bowery. Col. Aaron Burr was a customer of his master and Carnochan came frequently in contact with him in business. Of this gentleman he states that he was as neat in his dress as the finest lady of the land. He was most fastidious in regard to his feet, wearing a 4½ boot. He required a close fit and if there were a wrinkle or a small crease in the wrong place, he immediately returned it to his shoemaker, to have it remedied. In 1827 Col. Burr was getting along in years, but he evinced no sign of age, and was as cheerful as a man of 30. Mrs. Biddle was named for the celebrated Lydia Wardell. She visited her Maryland relatives just before her long life came to a close. Her carriage was as erect as a maiden's of eighteen; her intellect unclouded, her manners most fascinating. At 80 years of age she preferred a strait-back chair, without rockers, fearing she might acquire a 'stoop' in her well chiselled shoulders. 'Aunt Biddle's' descendants are conspicuous in New Jersey and Pennsylvania society at this time."

Among many old relics in a private library in Philadelphia, there is a letter from Gen. Washington to Col. Clement Biddle, a cousin of William Mefunn Biddle, Miss Lydia Spencer's husband, dated "Mt. Vernon," December 8th, 1799, only six days before the

great Washington passed away, and the very last letter he ever wrote. On the steamer from Baltimore, which was to land this distinguished lady, Mrs. Biddle, on "Eastern Shore" soil, among her numerous friends and relatives she met a Miss Spencer, of Queen Anne's County, who was very austere in her manner. Mrs. Biddle was introduced to her, and, in her affable way, asked her if she were related to the Spencers of New Jersey. Miss Spencer threw up her head and, with great "hauteur" of manner, replied: "No, indeed; we are not related at all; I don't even know them."

Another lady on the steamer sought Mrs. Biddle's society, and asked her if "she" were connected with the Eastern Shore Spencers. Mrs. Biddle answered quietly, but with great dignity: "Not unless they are descendants of the Duke of Marlborough." Miss Spencer, who was still seated near Mrs. Biddle, looked "crestfallen," and was silent during the rest of the trip.

John Eaton Spencer, who married Charlotte Wright, daughter of Col. Thomas Wright, the builder of "Reed's Creek," was a brother of Mrs. Stephen Lowrey and father of Mr. John B., Mr. William, Mr. Samuel and Miss Serena Spencer. Mr. John B. Spencer was a jovial intelligent gentleman, always smiling and happy. He married Miss Frances Thomas, sister of Mr. Richard Thomas, of Easton, Md. Gen. Richard Thomas has been connected with the Easton Bank since April 20th, 1846, and was made cashier August 20th, 1849. April 20th, 1898, was the 52nd anniversary of his valued services. He was heartily congratulated by the directors, who wished him continued intercourse with them.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Spencer had a peaceful, happy home, beautifully situated on Corsica River, sloping gradually to the water's edge, the trees and shrubbery on the opposite shore forming a beautiful background, shadowing the water and making a lovely picture. Mr. Spencer was worthy the affections of his tender, loving, light hearted wife, who was the faithful companion of his bosom, and in return, he sheltered her with the same undying love. They were as happy as the birds that frequented the green shade of the sweet-scented grove, near their quiet home, "Corsica."

There was nothing here to excite tears. Sunshine crept into every casement of the Spencer mansion. Mr. Spencer owned all of what is now the Hall, Carey and Hooper property, on which the wharf which still bears his name is situated. His dominions

did not end here. Just before his death, he purchased a large tract of land in the neighborhood of the little village of Burrissville, recently owned by Mr. Edward Bourke Emory, which Mrs. Spencer named "Folly," because he owned so much "unimproved" land. He was editor of the old *Centreville Times*, now the *Observer*, conducted by Messrs. Busteed & Bryan, which was the first newspaper published in Queen Anne's County. Mr. Wm. C. Spencer was associated with his brother John B. in editing the *Times*, and was a man of fine mind and affable manners.

Mr. Samuel Spencer was a pleasant, intelligent gentleman, and was for a long time an officer in the Chestertown Bank, and much respected. He married for his first wife Miss Malvina Chapman. His second wife was Miss Anna Hynson, cousin of Mrs. William B. Tilghman, formerly of Chestertown, and daughter of Thomas Bowers Hynson and Anna Dunn Hynson. His third and last wife was Mrs. Henrietta Everett, sister of Mrs. Tilghman. Mr. Samuel Spencer's first children were Chapman and Lottie. Lottie married Mr. Frank Cosby, paymaster in U. S. Navy. They have three sons—Spencer, Frank and Arthur. Spencer is very talented. Frank and Arthur are intelligent and promising. Frank took the first honors at West Point. His last children were Samuel Wright and Joseph Gordon.

Miss Serena Spencer was widely known as being an intelligent, companionable lady, speaking the French, Spanish and Italian languages fluently. Her conversation was a volley of Italian and French phrases. She was a proficient in music, and never forgot the sweet strains she learned in her young days, among them "Auld Ang Syne," with variations, which she executed with great expression and correctness when over fifty years of age. Her fingers glistened with diamonds, rubies and emeralds as they glided gracefully over the snowy white keys of my sweet-toned piano, at my old home, "Bloomfield." The subdued expression she gave this old-time melody, the "Days of Ang Syne" I have never forgotten. Her *boudoir* was ornamented with old-fashioned jewelry. Articles of virtù filled her writing-table and workstand. Her Rosary and Annunciation pictures were conspicuous in her sleeping apartment.

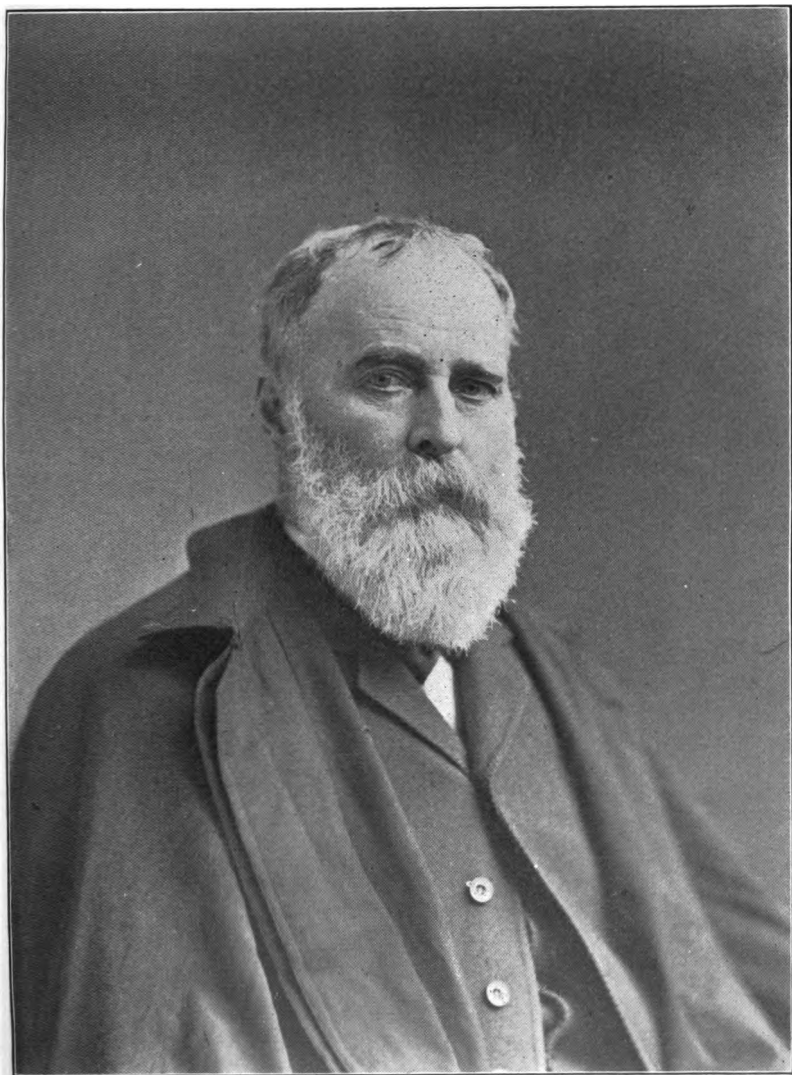
Miss Serena, in middle life, renounced her Protestant faith and became a member of the Roman Catholic Church, which was a great surprise to her many friends. Her tastes were "gay." She

doted on operas, lively dance tunes, and novels—"Francaise." She loved the harmony of Italian songs, one of her favorites being the touching little air, "Buona notte va a dormir." She was beneficent in her disposition, always willing to assist those who had met with misfortune, and devoted to her relatives. She thought it would be a disgrace to the memory of her ancestors in England to have their descendants grow up in ignorance of the heroic deeds of their forefathers. "Their historic laurels," she affirmed, "should be perpetuated." She considered the English people the greatest nation in the world. Miss Serena loved to visit the old "Eastern Shore" homes, particularly "Reed's Creek," which she called an "enchanted spot," where she had spent many happy days in her girlhood, "long, long ago." Ah, here, where the blue waves of the river lapped on the shores of old "Reed's Creek," bringing sweet music with them, and the morning, noon and evening banquet teemed with luxuries from the waters of the river and bay.

Miss Serena loved to dwell drinking in the healthful breezes and enjoying the hospitality that pervaded the "old, old home," dear to her heart. This lovely spot was to her a "Poet's Dream." Miss Serena had a hold upon my affections. She was always sociable and chatty, and evinced a particular interest not only in her rural relatives, but her friends as well. Although she had many connexions in Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities, she never lost sight of her old "Eastern Shore" brothers and cousins.

The Spencer coat-of-arms was her special admiration. When she landed on Queenstown wharf she was always greeted with a smile of welcome by multitudes of friends, Mr. Alexander Wright often meeting her and conducting her to "Reed's Creek." Their mutual salutations were heartfelt and demonstrative. "Cousin Ellick, how are you?" "Oh, I feel like a three-year-old. How is my *fairy queen*?"

Miss Serena's weight was at least two hundred. The Spencers came to America at a very early period, and I have thought they were relatives of John Churchill, the old Duke of Marlborough, who was one of the most successful warriors of his day, victory crowning his efforts in almost every campaign. This, however, is of very little importance to the Spencer family in America. More illustrious people can nowhere be found. The gentlemen are noted for being handsome and intelligent. Mr. Jonathan Dicken-



MR. JONATHAN DICKINSON SERGEANT.

“In the eye there lies the heart.”



son Sergeant, of Philadelphia, is a noble type of the Spencer family. He is now over three score years and ten and is still an elegant-looking gentleman, and is identified with the old Wright homestead, "Reed's Creek," having been a frequent visitor there in ante-bellum days.

Mr. Sergeant's nephew, John Lambert, Jr., is unmarried. He is an artist and spends much of his time in Paris, Madrid, Italy, etc. His brother-in-law, Mr. John Lambert, Sr., married again. He has no children by his last marriage. Mr. Dickinson Sergeant is the only living member of the older branch of the family, and makes his home with his brother-in-law, Mr. Lambert.

There are ladies living in Harrisburg, Pa., daughters of Wm. Sergeant, who was killed before Richmond. Mr. Dickinson Sergeant is the son of Elihu Spencer Sergeant and Elizabeth Fox Morris. His grandparents were Margaret Spencer (daughter of Rev. Elihu Spencer and Joanna Eaton) and Hon. Jonathan Dickinson Sergeant. Mr. Sergeant had two sisters—Elizabeth Norris Sergeant, who married John Lambert, and Margaret Spencer Sergeant, who died in infancy. Mr. J. D. Sergeant's uncle, John Sergeant, ran for vice-president with Henry Clay. Mr. John Sergeant was the father of Mrs. Gen. Meade and Mrs. Henry Alexander Wise, wife of Gov. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, who was Governor of that State when John Brown made his raid there, and sentenced him to be hung. The arms and crests of the Spencer families are very similar, the difference being in the quarterings. There are said to be "forty American Spencer families in the peerage, as thick as the Douglasses in Scotland." A descendant of John Spencer, of Beafordshire, who died in 1558, can trace his family three generations earlier than John, and states that the family had been in America a good many years before the old Duke of Marlborough was at all distinguished.



## CHAPTER III.

Col. Thomas Wright, of "Reed's Creek," was in the war of 1812, and was colonel of the Thirty-eighth Regiment of Maryland Militia. Their parade ground was on the property since owned by the late Woolman Gibson, father of our distinguished ex-senator, Mr. Charles H. Gibson.

### SKETCH OF HIS FAMILY.

In 1836 Col. Thomas Wright, of the "Church Farm," was chosen senator from Queen Anne's County, and took his seat in the Senate of Maryland on the 29th day of December. He was elected to the Senate by the last Senatorial Electoral College, that assembled at Annapolis in September, 1836. This was the college in which the "nineteen Democrats" created such a commotion, by obstructing the organization for over a month. Major Sprigg Harwood, who died recently at the advanced age of 86 years, was the last one of the once famous "glorious nineteen," as they were called by their friends. Col. Thos. Wright, of "Church Farm," who was called the "honest politician," served in the sessions of December, 1836 and '37. In those days the sessions commenced in December instead of January. The Senate in 1838 was elected by popular vote, under the amended constitution, as provided for by the Legislature of December, 1836, and the May session, 1837. Col. Wright took a very prominent part in the business of these sessions, was extremely popular, and his opinions greatly respected.

Being a thoroughly educated man and a high-toned, honorable gentleman, his society was much courted, his sentiments appreciated. I have often heard him speak with great enthusiasm of his many friends in Annapolis. It was said of this polished, elegant gentleman that he was known to be a man of "strict integrity" of character, who would "scorn" to promote the interests of his own party by taking advantage of his adversaries. Would that the politicians of the present day could be induced to emulate the example of this noble man.

When Col. Thomas Wright went to the Senate in 1836, after the memorable contest with the "glorious nineteen," conspicuous among them being Major Sprigg Harwood, a difficulty arose between Major Harwood and Senator James B. Ricaud, of Kent County, who was a lifelong friend of Col. Wright's. Party feeling ran very high, and Mr. Ricaud took offense at something Major Harwood had said, and challenged him for a duel. The Major was never in such a scrape in his life. He did not consider he had done anything for which to offer an apology. At the same time, he did not want to "fight a duel." Col. Wright went to his friend, Mr. Ricaud, to ascertain the facts, and when he heard them, said: "Ricaud, you and I have been friends since boyhood, and if in your troubles you were in the right and needed a friend you could count on "me" to the last. In this instance, you are in the wrong, and if you do not recall the challenge and apologize to Major Harwood, do not consider me your friend any longer." Mr. Ricaud, after due reflection, concluded that he was too hasty in sending the challenge and withdrew it; and the genial major, in speaking of the affair in after years, said that "Col. Wright was the means of making him the happiest 'child' in Anne Arundel." "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Col. Thomas Wright, of Reed's Creek, was largely engaged in the building of old "Chester Church," which was erected at the same time that the "Reed's Creek" house was being built, one mile from Centreville, on the Queenstown road. This was a beautiful, quiet spot, where the old families worshipped—"gorgeous dames and statesmen true," and was surrounded by noble old oak trees of primeval birth, which have recently yielded to the merciless stroke of the axe. These fantastic old oaks, that re-echoed spiritual music in the ears of our forefathers, no longer mark the resting place of the dead, nor do they even "whisper" to us of those who frequented the aisles of old "Chester Church." They are *gone*, and all that we can do, as we pass by this historic spot, is to heave a sigh of regret that a ruthless, barbarous hand has robbed us of their beauty and usefulness. Many a weary traveller has rested 'neath their grateful shade, and the robin and 'nightingale have poured forth their merry notes to cheer him on his way. Time can scarce replace them. But two of the beautiful grove of oaks remain as sentinels to guard this once holy ground, where noble forms who worshipped 'neath their grateful shade are propped

with the dead. The moon shines peacefully o'er this lonely waste as in days gone by, but there is not even a "record" left of those who are sleeping beneath its changing shadow. Our hearts are grieved when we think of this beautiful old churchyard being desecrated. But the forms of those who were once loved and protected are beyond human reach. Not only are they lost to sight, but to "memory," too. The falling leaves of the two honored old oaks that remain, obeying nature's call at autumn time, may still mantle the quiet slumberers. The birds that yet nestle in their branches, chant sweet music to the memory of our noble ancestors. The wings of the holy angels may hover over them as they quietly sleep on their restful pillows. The "beautiful stars" may twinkle above them as the evening shadows gather. The "solemn rain" may tell them of sorrow they will never feel again. The south winds that sigh through the graceful branches of the two old oaks may speak to them of the sweetness of the air, the beautiful tints of the wild flowers, the gentle evening dews, the roadside near them, flushed with daisies. Beautiful, fragrant flowers may shed their perfume o'er them, the eglantine bloom near, in beauty and seclusion. Here let them wait, embalmed in wild flowers. Their virtues will be revealed in heaven. The skies are waiting to receive them. No sound can arouse them. Let them sleep on, "unhonored and unknown."

Part of the money to build old "Chester Church" was advanced by Mr. Richard Cook Tilghman, of the "Hermitage," another aristocratic home that cannot be surpassed in beauty of situation and old-time memories. The family grave-yard, which contains precious forms, is a beautiful spot and speaks of the antiquity of this lovely homestead.

Dr. Richard Tilghman and Mary, his wife, came to America in 1660, and settled at the "Hermitage," on Chester River. It is said that Dr. Tilghman was one of the petitioners to have justice done upon Charles I. He was descended from Richard Tilghman, of Holloway Court, Kent County, in England, who lived about the year 1400.

Dr. Richard Tilghman, the emigrant, came to this country in the ship *Elizabeth* and Mary, to settle upon a tract of land on Chester River, granted to him by Lord Baltimore in a patent dated January 17th, 1659, "Hanson's old Kent." Mr. Otho Holland Williams is the present proprietor of the "Hermitage." He was born

in Frederick County, Maryland, in 1819, and was the second son of Mr. Elic Williams and grandson of General Otho Holland Williams, a very distinguished officer of the Revolution. Mr. Otho Williams is approaching his four-score years, but can now enjoy longer tramps than most men much younger than himself. Fresh air and exercise are life-giving tonics, the best panacea on earth, and I hope Mr. Williams may yet enjoy many walks from the "Hermitage" almost to Centreville. This is quite a feat for a gentleman of his years, and may be the secret of his excellent health and longevity.

Mr. Otho Williams' mother was Miss Susanna Cook, sister of Richard Cook Tilghman and niece of Colonel Tilghman, of the "Hermitage," who was one of his lordship's judges of the Provincial Court. Mr. Otho Williams' sister, Miss Elizabeth Williams, who was a great favorite, possessing charming manners, a warm heart, indeed, every attraction that forms the character of a perfect lady, married her cousin, Richard Cook Tilghman. Let me dwell longer on the virtues of this estimable and popular lady. I can say in ink, what modesty would forbid in speech—that Mrs. Elizabeth Tilghman came fully up to Benedict's "beau-ideal" of the true woman, "rich" without pride, "fair" without vanity, and no "tongue for scandal." I often recur with pleasure to the encouraging and appreciative shake of her hand as I walked down the aisle of St. Paul's Church, Centreville, after I had played and sung the "Gloria in Excelsis."

This charming country seat, the "Hermitage," is at this time presided over by Miss Susan Williams, the only child of Mr. Williams. Her mother was the beautiful Miss Ann E. Howell, who at one time was the leader of fashion in Baltimore city—the "blooming belle of Baltimore." Miss Howell was the daughter of John Brown Howell, a close friend of Mr. William H. De Courcy Wright, of Blakeford, where her mother visited as a girl. Mrs. Otho Williams died in Switzerland in 1860. Miss Susan Williams is extremely popular. Her *unostentatious* deeds of charity have endeared her to the hearts of the people of this community. Miss Williams has an object in life, which all should have to be happy. *Hers* is to contribute to the comfort of others.

"Hearts there are oppressed and weary,  
Then drop the tear of sympathy;  
Whisper words of hope and comfort,  
'Give' and thy reward shall be,

Joy, unto thy soul returning  
From the perfect fountain head;  
'Truly,' as thou freely give'st  
Shall the grateful light be shed."

May her days of usefulness be long, her heart as magnanimous  
as now, her hand as generous. When her life shall draw to a close  
may sweet violets bloom o'er her grave, whispering of her beautiful  
virtues, and her name be marked on the "mystic white stone"  
in ever-enduring letters, "Charity."

## CHAPTER IV.

At one period of our Revolution, says Dr. Wm. Hand Browne, whose family were prominent in the local history of Queen Anne's County and owned a pretty retired country home called "Bachelor's Hope," peace between England and America seemed doubtful. Maryland was called upon for officers. Two companies of riflemen were despatched, commanded by Otho Holland Williams and Cresap, who were very remarkable for their dexterity with the rifle, and attracted great notice for their uncommon dress of "short jackets" and moccasins, and did most excellent service as sharp-shooters. Williamsport was laid out by Gen. Otho H. Williams, and was named for this distinguished gentleman. General Williams' ancestors emigrated from Wales after Lord Baltimore became proprietor of the province. His parents, Joseph and Prudence Williams, lived for some time in Prince George's County, but removed in 1750 to the mouth of the Conococheague, which empties into the Potomac River where Williamsport now stands. Gen. Williams had command of Gen. Smallwood's regiment when Gen. Washington crossed the Delaware on Christmas night, when their march was traced by the blood of the soldiers' feet, who were almost shoeless, through hail and snow.

"Gen. Tinch Tilghman, another hero of the Revolution and confidential secretary of Washington, was the grandson of Richard Tilghman, who emigrated from the County of Kent, England, about 1662, and settled in Talbot County, Md. His descendants are very numerous. In every war in which our country has been engaged, our Maryland sons have promptly obeyed the call to duty. In the war with Mexico, Randolph Ridgely, a gallant Marylander, was in the midst of the bloody engagement at Resaca de la Palma, and sprang from the old Maryland line of Revolutionary patriots. The Randolphs of Virginia and Ridgelys of Maryland were his honored ancestors. Gen. Zachary Taylor held him in the highest esteem, and when he heard of his death, almost choking with grief, he exclaimed: 'Ridgely's place cannot be supplied.' His death was the result of a fall from his horse,

although he was probably the 'best rider in the world,' an accomplished gentleman, a heroic officer. It was during the battle of Reseca de la Palma that Capt. May made his famous cavalry charge, capturing the enemies' batteries and their commander, Gen. La Vega, when the smoke was so dense he could not see the enemy. Capt. May's heroism will ever be remembered in the hearts of his countrymen. Gen. Wm. Hemsley Emory served with great distinction in the war with Mexico, and was with General Kearney in the conquest of New Mexico and California. He rose to the rank of brevet major-general, and was on the retired list at the time of his death. Surgeon Stedman R. Tilghman, brother of the late Richard Cook Tilghman, of the 'Hermitage,' distinguished himself, and was greatly beloved. He was a physician of rare promise, but was cut off in the prime of life: He died July 23th, 1848."—*From Scharff's History.*

Another gallant Marylander, Edmund LaFayette Hardcastle, who was educated at West Point and stood high in his class, fought bravely in the Mexican battles. Gen. Hardcastle was a great favorite of Gen. Winfield Scott. He distinguished himself at the battles of Molino-del-rey, Cherabusco, Cerra Gordo and Vera Cruz. For his gallant conduct he was made captain after the battle of Molino-del-rey. I shall ever remember the enthusiasm of his Maryland relatives and friends, myself among them, when the news of his promotion reached us. In a letter dated Washington, May, 1847, great news came to me—that Gen. Scott had killed and wounded 1,500 Mexicans, taken 6,000 prisoners, six generals, Santa Anna's carriage and many valuable papers. The whole city of Washington was illuminated, flags flying for the "great Vera Cruz victory." It was a glorious moment to those who survived the horrors of war, when they entered Santa Anna's palace in triumph and "hoisted the flag of the United States" over the City of Mexico. Maryland contributed 2,500 men to this war. "The chivalrous Ridgley, the gallant Watson, the brave Ringold, Hynson, Howard, Tilghman, Archer, Buchanan, &c., offered their lives to perpetuate the power of their country." When my distinguished cousin, Gen. Hardcastle, left West Point, full of vigor and patriotism, strikingly erect in his bearing, young and hopeful, he visited my sister and myself while we were school-girls at "St. Mary's Hall." His conversation indicated his superior education. His commanding appearance, firm, measured

step and thoughtful demeanor, proclaimed him a well-drilled officer, fully qualified to serve his country, as well as to win the admiration of the fair sex. I confess that I was touched at once by his gentlemanly address and frank smile. What young girl, under restraint at boarding school, could still the pulsation of her heart when visited for the first time in her life by a gallant officer in military garb, glistening with epaulettes and army buttons. This delightful interview was not a lengthy one, for sometimes "sham" cousins came to "St. Mary's Hall" to pay their respects to the girls, which necessitated the matron, Mrs. Bishop, to keep a watch over them, and our visitors were not allowed to tarry long. It has been many, many years since this pleasant episode in my school-life, but the old enjoyment often returns to me in imagination, and my heart beats quick and strong when I contemplate the happiness of those moments, so pleasantly passed in the receiving-room of my cherished old school home with my military cousin. It was a breezy, sunshiny day. The sweet breath from the flowers, which "David," the gardener and bell-ringer, worked and watered most faithfully, entered the whole room. The balmy, healthful south wind played through the tall trees in front of the Hall and shaded the banks of the quietly-rippling Delaware River. In truth, nature was all aglow with beauties that none could fail to admire. Can you wonder, then, that my heart was impressed with these delightful surroundings. The songs of the birds, the merry chime of the little chapel bell, the parting kiss impressed upon my cheek, the first evidence of regard I had ever received from a gentleman, I shall ever remember. I thought that in all the wide, wide world a more splendid-looking *soldier* could nowhere be found. Sincere and candid, self-possessed, expressing himself with wonderful correctness, I was "touched" in contemplating the manliness and accomplishments of my model cousin. The beautifully penned and interesting letters I received during his campaign in Mexico, and while employed by the U. S. Government in California, would indeed be an ornament to my book, but they are sacred. Many indications of his domestic taste, as well as his religious zeal, are penned therein. In all his wanderings he kept his "Bible" near him. His upright character must have been an inheritance from his parents, for, like myself, he was left without father or mother at an early and inexperienced time of his life. One of his letters from "Camp Desolation" indicates that his heart



was as "desolate" as his surroundings, when thinking of the loved ones he had left at home. Then, again, when about to start for the Gila and Colorado rivers, to place monuments along the boundary line, he longed to hear from home. While stationed at "Camp Desolation" he became acquainted with one of the first ladies of the land—Senora Donna Arguello—who was the mother of twenty-two children, her daughters and granddaughters being the reigning belles of Lower California.

General Hardcastle was an excellent judge, as well as a great admirer of horses. While in California he owned a handsome chestnut color blooded American animal, gay and fleet, which was the pride of his affections. In one of the battles of Mexico, where he won military laurels, his horse was shot under him and a bullet passed through his cap. This, he wrote me, was as close as he cared to have a shot pass, for, although, said he, a soldier's wounds are honorable, they are very troublesome scars. Two of General Hardcastle's classmates at the military academy were Thomas (Stonewall) Jackson and General McClellan. He participated in the capture of Mexico and aided in running the line between the United States and Mexico. Although at that time he was an under officer, I have been told that he did most of the work himself. Just before his resignation from the U. S. Army, he held a position on the Light House Board. Beside being a special favorite of Gen. Winfield Scott, he was highly esteemed by Generals Emory, Lee, Grant and McClellan. General Hardcastle was always willing, after due "deliberation," to advance the interests of the citizens of Maryland, his native State. He served in our Legislature and was very active in getting the railroad laid from Ridgley to Easton, and was president of the road. The private life of this esteemed citizen, as well as his public career, has been one of unselfishness and attention to his family. His love for his brothers is a beautiful feature in the character of this highly educated and exemplary gentleman. The good works of noble men should ever be remembered. May his justly honorable name be recorded in the hearts of his children and brothers, to whom he has been so generous and faithful, and

"May heaven in mercy spare him long  
To all who share his love,  
And faith and peace prepare him here  
For endless joy above."

There is a tradition in the family that "Bachelor's Hope," previously mentioned, the old homestead of the Browne's, was a grant to Dr. Wm. Hand Browne's ancestor, from one of the Lords Baltimore. In a visit, several years ago, to his old home, Dr. Browne took away a "colonial" brick as a souvenir of the days of his youth, and is strongly attached to the "old Eastern Shore." In "good old colony times" the inmates of this quiet, sequestered spot were noted for intelligence and gentle deportment. Mr. Thomas Coke Browne, my patient and excellent instructor (when quite young), was a man of rare attainments and a refined gentleman. His penmanship was perfect, like all the calligraphers of his day, the day of beautiful "round writing." He made his own pens from goose quills, with a keen-edged penknife. No copy book could vie with the bold and hair strokes of his beautifully-formed letters, so distinct and perfectly traced. I remember a very lovely and appropriate verse from "Young's Night Thoughts" he wrote in an album quilt, when it was fashionable for young girls to present their friends with a square of the brightest chintz, with stripes of white cambric between, as a remembrance. It was written for Miss Henrietta Goldsborough, the "Centreville belle." What could be more appropriate and prettier for a canopy?

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!  
He, like the world, his ready visit pays;  
When fortune smiles, the wretched he forsakes,  
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,  
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear."

This quiet, sequestered old homestead, "Bachelor's Hope," is appropriately named, and is yet, as in olden times, almost concealed by beautiful forest trees, the same old branches that sheltered the natives of America and which still scatter their leaves in the fall, telling of sighs and tears profuse, of lost joys and "withered hopes." It has been many a year since the Brownes bade adieu to their old home, "Bachelor's Hope," which had been in the family since 1720. The house was built in old colonial style, and was destroyed by fire. John Browne, who was said to be the first proprietor, left three children, John, Edward and Sarah. John, the eldest son of John Browne I., was vestryman of St. Paul's parish from 1730 to 1747. He left five children—Nathan, Elisha, John, Mary and Charles. Nathan, eldest son of John Browne II., was an ensign in the Queen Anne's County militia

in 1776, and afterwards first lieutenant of the Twentieth Battalion. Nathan was married three times. By his first wife, Sarah Kent, he had one son, John. By his second wife, Lovel Kent, he had eight children, viz.: Anna, Sarah, Elizabeth, William, Thomas, Richard, Mary and Elisha. He had no children by his third wife, and died March 10th, 1787. John Browne, eldest son of Nathan, married Mary Hammond in 1793. They had seven children—Mary, Anna, Eliza, Caroline, Nathan, Thomas Coke and John Fletcher. John Browne held various political offices and was twice elected to Congress. Caroline married James Kent Harper. Thomas Coke married Elizabeth Harper. The other children died unmarried. Dr. William Hand Browne's father was named William, who was the son of Nathan Browne and his second wife, Lovel Kent. The family burying-ground was for generations on the "Bachelor's Hope" farm.

Just across a quietly-flowing stream of water from the "Hermitage," of which I have written, "Waverly" looms up.

"Which sloping hills around enclose,  
Where locusts sweet and old oaks grow,  
Beneath whose dark and branching boughs  
Its tides a 'far-famed' river flows,  
By nature's beauties taught to please  
Sweet 'Waverly' 'of rural ease.'"

This beautiful homestead stands on the side of a lovely green valley, formed by nature's own hand, and is the peaceful dwelling place of Judge John Mitchell Robinson and his intelligent wife, who was Miss Marinna Emory, granddaughter of Levin Winder, one of the governors of Maryland.

Mrs. Robinson is a cultured lady, and has successfully reared a large and interesting family, and knows how to have the luxuries of life, and enjoys them, too. In her young days she possessed a soft, musical voice. One of her favorite melodies, which I have often heard her sing with great expression and feeling, was :

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,  
'Tho the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here ;  
Here still is the smile that no clouds can o'ercast,  
And the heart and the hand are thine own to the last.

Her married life has been one of continued happiness. Mrs. Robinson's only brother, Mr. Levin Winder Emory, has been recently laid to his eternal rest in a new-made grave-yard at

"Waverly," where the music of the waters fills the hill-sides and the little "birds" plume their wings and sing to him a requiem of "love." There he rests, where mignonette and sweet elysium, favorite flowers of his sister, throw their grateful odor around. Governor Winder descended from John Winder, who settled in Princess Anne prior to 1665. He was a lieutenant-colonel in the Revolution, Speaker of the House of Delegates in 1816, member of the State Senate; also Governor of Maryland. Wm. H. Winder, a relative of the Governor, was a distinguished officer. "His practice as a lawyer, after the war, was the largest in Baltimore. No private citizen was more honored with such a funeral. William Wirt, his friend, wrote of him—that he was followed by the love and honored by the tears of all who knew him."—*Scharff*.

The quaint but neat little cottage that once stood on the self-same hill at "Waverly" is still fresh in my memory, but is no longer there. Its happy occupants, like the little cot, have gone, too. Only one of this lovely family remains, who once traversed the fields and the sloping hills of this lovely, beautiful spot, and were familiar with every flower, tree and foot-path on the place. From the entrance door of the dear little cottage on the hillside I always received a hearty shake of the hand from Mr. Wm. Cook Tilghman, who was a model gentleman. I was greeted, too, with a smile of welcome from his faithful and untiring wife and their beautiful children. These lovely children were the pride of their parents, and I can never forget their unchanging love and tenderness to me throughout their whole lives. They had a happy home here, and if it be true that "virtue has its reward," they are enjoying a far happier one above, in—

"Those other climes of love unchanged,  
Which heaven in dark futurity conceals."

"Most of the material of old Chester Church was used in the erection of St. Paul's Church, Centreville. In tearing down the church at Chester Mill, the foundation of a smaller one was discovered, and one of the bricks was purposely removed and placed in the Centreville church. The timber with which this church was built came from the "Rich Point Field," of Reed's Creek. Several members of the Wright family have handsomely-mounted walking canes made from pieces of the timber from this time-honored old sanctuary and are a pleasing souvenir of olden

days. The debt incurred in building this church was handed down to Col. Thomas Wright, of Reed's Creek, part of which he had to pay himself."—*Mrs. Margaret Wright's Sketches.*

Col. Thomas Wright, of "Church Farm," eldest son of Col. Thomas Wright and Margaret Lowrey, his wife, married Miss Rebecca Pue Lux, a very beautiful woman, who was devoted to her children. The old home of the Lux family stood on the site of the present Sheppard Asylum, Baltimore, being a handsome estate of eight hundred or a thousand acres of land. Light street, in Baltimore, was named for the family, *lux* being the Latin for light. The Lux family were very prominent in Baltimore while it was yet a town.

"Capt. Darby Lux's residence was on the corner of Light and Bank streets. He and Capt. Robert North were of the board of commissioners to adjust boundaries, lay off lots and carry out laws relating to the town. At that time Baltimore had but twenty dwelling houses and about one hundred people. The houses were built of English bricks, so it is stated. Capt. Lux owned one of the first sloops in the Baltimore harbor, called Baltimore. There were but two, and Mr. Rogers owned the other, named Philip and Charles."

"William Lux was a merchant in Baltimore in 1770. Mr. Samuel Adams, of Boston, in 1774, addressed a letter to this gentleman, stating that his native town had no political correspondent in Baltimore, and begged permission to address his letter to him (Mr. Lux), to be communicated as his wishes should dictate. Resolutions had been passed to stop all importations from Great Britain and all exportation from the colonies. William Lux and John Moale were appointed a committee of correspondence. Wm. Lux, John Moale, Charles Ridgley, Benjamin Nicholson and Richard Moale were invested with the power to call meetings to discuss important affairs relative to the good of the country, and had power to act. Darby Lux was one of the delegates to represent Baltimore County in a Provincial convention, to obtain redress for American grievances. Wm. Lux was one of the justices of the County Court. The people of Queen Anne's County about this time made known their opinions of Great Britain blocking up the port of Boston, by publishing their sentiments. Col. Joseph Nicholson, Joseph Nicholson, Jr., and Capt. James Nicholson were appointed to correspond with the committee of other counties.

'Darby Lux, Benjamin Nicholson, Col. Wright, Thomas Wright, Robert Goldsborough, Turbutt Wright, Wm. Smallwood, Samuel Chew and Wm. Paca were members of the Association of Freemen of Maryland."—*Scharff's History*.

The father and grandfather of Mrs. Col. Thomas Wright, of "Church Farm," had the same name. The first Capt. Darby Lux married Anna Saunders, of Anne Arundel County. The second Col. Darby Lux married Rachel Ridgley, of Hampton. The third Darby Lux married Mary Nicholson, the daughter of Judge Benjamin Nicholson, of Baltimore County, one of the most active and prominent men of the Revolution. He was a member of the Association of Freemen, judge of the Court of Admiralty until it was abolished by the Federal Constitution, and afterwards judge of the Sixth Judicial District. He died in 1792. His son, Benjamin Nicholson, was a brave and gallant captain in the United States Army and was aid-de-camp to General Pike, who was killed by the explosion of a magazine during the attack on York, afterwards Toronto, Canada, April 27th, 1813.

Dr. Robert Goldsborough, who was State Senator in 1838, and one of the wealthiest men in Centreville at that time, and an influential citizen, whose ancestor of the same name is spoken of in history as one of the most distinguished patriots of the country, married Eleanor Dall Lux, sister of Mrs. Col. Thomas Wright, of "Church Farm." Mrs. Goldsborough was a splendid-looking woman, with dark expressive eyes, and mirthful in her disposition, her beauty being perpetuated in her son, Mr. Lockerman Goldsborough, and her two lovely daughters, Henrietta and Eleanor, who were the reigning belles of Centreville over forty years ago. Miss Henrietta Goldsborough had liquid, dark eyes, luxuriant hair, a mouth like a ripe cherry, a faultless complexion, and attracted admiration wherever she appeared, particularly on entering a ball-room in evening costume, after rubbing her cheeks with a "mullen leaf," to give her a bright color. Cosmetics were not used then; a simple "mullen leaf" answered the purpose, and imparted a lovely rose-like hue to the face of this handsome girl, who was the admiration of all beholders. She married Mr. Philimon Baggs Hopper, one of the most popular gentlemen of Centreville and a lawyer of distinction, who was a "strictly conscientious one." His only son and name-sake, P. B. Hopper, Esq., is much thought of. Mr. Philimon Hopper, Sr., was an ardent

lover of flowers, as well as a great admirer of feminine beauty, and full of romance. The first book I ever received was from this courteous gentleman. Its title was "The Language of Flowers," and I read it over and over again, when I was yet a girl. It is still among my collections of old-time keepsakes, and I prize it highly. On one occasion he was serenading his "fair one" and stood beneath the window of her "pretty home," the residence of the late Gen. William McKenny, "when twilight dews were falling fast," anxiously awaiting her appearance. His soul was full of music and sentiment, and the sweet, clear notes of his soft, melodious voice were borne on the still night air to the open casement above. As Miss "Hennie" appeared on the balcony in recognition of his attention, his heart overflowed with love, and these "thrilling" words were borne to the listening ear:

"Look on me, love, with those soul-illuminated eyes  
And murmur 'low' in love's entrancing tones."

His heart was so full of rapture for this beautiful girl that it was hard to tear himself away from the enchantment of the hour. As the last note of "Lady of Beauty" died away, which was then the fashionable "serenading" song, his heart gave vent to the following poetical lines:

"To your light footsteps let 'Love' add his wings,  
And 'fly' to your 'Lover' who pleadingly 'sings.'"

Miss Ellen Goldsborough, sister of Miss Henrietta, was a beautiful blonde, very retired and rather taciturn. Mr. Lloyd Hemsley, "Bully," as he was familiarly called by his gay companions, and who was "beau-general" in his day, said of "Ellie," that "she talked little, but kept up a d—l of a thinking." She was Mr. Hemsley's favorite of the Centreville girls who flourished at that time.

"Give me the cheek the heart obeys,  
And sweetly mutable displays  
Its feelings as they rise.

Features, when *pensive*, more than *gay*,  
Save when the rising smile doth play,  
The sober thought you see.

Eyes that all soft, and tender seem,  
And kind affections round them beam,  
But most of all—on *me*.

Manners all graceful, without art,  
That to each look and word impart  
A 'modesty' and ease."

Gen. William McKenny secured the affections of this lovely maiden. They had a large family of children. Rev. James A. Mitchell, our popular minister, married Eleanor, the eldest daughter; Nannie became Mrs. Dr. James K. H. Jacobs; Henrietta married Mr. William L. Holton, only son of Dr. Holton, the oldest physician now living in Centreville. Maria and Hattie are unmarried. John McKenny, deceased; William married a lady from Chestertown, and, like his esteemed father, is devoted to business.

Mr. Lloyd Hemsley possessed a pair of piercing black eyes, a sweet smile, a handsome *jet black* moustache, and was very popular. I never heard of his being engaged to any girl. Like Lord Byron, he had a heart for all the gentler sex. As his nick-name indicates, he loved to boast, and thought his opinions far superior to those of the greatest man in the land. On the Sabbath-day "Bully" was always at the entrance gate of our pretty Episcopal Church, to assist the young girls from their carriages, having a polite greeting for each one, as he escorted them to the church door. He was important everywhere—at social gatherings, at political meetings, a member of every club that was formed in Centreville. Card parties could not be conducted without "Bully." About the year 1848 a "glee club" was gotten up by the young gentlemen of the town. Mr. Jonas Tilghman (Count), as he was nicknamed by his young associates; Robert Goldsborough (Doo-senberry), Dr. C. Cox Harper, and others, formed the club. Of course, "Bully" was a target for them all, being so self-important. On a beautiful moonlight night, when the "stars were shining with silver brightness," the band started out in their commodious wagon, with a pair of fine bay horses, their clarionets and horns brightly polished and tuned, to serenade the belles of the town and county. They first halted in front of the hospitable mansion then belonging to Dr. Robert Goldsborough, where his pretty daughters resided; on to the "Church Farm," where Col. Thomas Wright and his interesting family greeted them; then across the country to "Peace and Plenty." There they poured forth their sweetest and loudest strains, which were encored over and over again, ending with the sweet old song, "Oh! don't you remember



sweet Alice (my sister's name), Ben Bolt?" It was agreed by the band that they would stop short in the music in the middle of the last piece before returning homeward, to ascertain how much music "Bully" was making with his *capacious* horn, *the largest* in the whole band. Big drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead from the great effort he *seemed* to make. His cheeks were inflated to their utmost capacity, yet not a "single" sound came from his horn. He was, as "*he*" thought, an important member of the church choir in Centreville, and was always at his post on Sunday. Although he had promised to take his part on Christmas day, "Bully" was not on hand. Plum-pudding, apple-toddy and egg-nog best suited his taste at Christmas time. "Bully" was not really as important in the choir as he considered himself, for "Valenilla" was the only tune he had ever learned a perfect bass to, and it was many months before this was accomplished, under my "persevering" instruction. "Valenilla" was one of Minikie's compositions, who conducted the choir for many years at old St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, and named his tunes for the prominent families in that city—Duvall, Hoffman, McKim, Dulaney, Carroll, etc. "Bully" considered himself a good partridge shot. He was "cousin" to every demoiselle in his circle of acquaintances, and to the married ladies, too. I have known him to leave "Juno," a handsome setter, pointing a fine covey of birds, in anxious expectation for him to shoot, and walk deliberately back to my house, exclaiming, "Cousin! cousin! 'I'm very dry;' 'I can't fire.' Give me the decanter and white pitcher, and I'll have you a big dish of birds for your breakfast. You must give me a pound of your sweet, fresh butter and I'll cook them according to 'Gunter.'" His persuasive manner conquered all scruples, for if ever a man needed stimulating that man was "Bully." With all of his idiosyncracies he was a refined gentleman and excellent company, kind and sympathetic, and as important in Queen Anne's County as a "Parliament Lord."

Col. Thomas Wright, of the "Church Farm," was a tall, handsome, distinguished-looking gentleman, polished in his manners and domestic in his disposition, rarely leaving home, except when duty called him away. His wise maxims have been handed down to his children. It was at this dear old home, the "Church Farm," that I heard the animated strains of a well-tuned flute, and felt almost transported with its symphonies, for they came from the

heart. Col. Wright had music in his soul, and nothing afforded him more genuine pleasure than to have the young people of the neighborhood assemble at his house and join in a social dance, while he walked to and fro in the capacious parlor playing on his flute the old-time cotillions, the coquette and the country jig. These "hug-me-close" romp dances were not approved of in those days of refinement and decorum.

Yes, "this modern" jumping, hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping "*pumping*" would have *shocked* the old-time people in the days of "long ago."

"Then they moved with stately grace,  
Everything in 'proper' place ;  
Gliding slowly forward—then,  
Slowly curtzying back again."

"There *are* no days like the good old days,  
The days when we were youthful,  
When human kind were pure of mind  
And speech and deeds were truthful ;  
Before a love for sordid gold  
Became man's ruling passion,  
Before each dame and maid became  
Slave to the tyrant "*fashion*."  
There are no girls like the good old girls,  
Against the world I'd stake 'em ;  
As buxom and smart and clean of heart  
As the Lord knew how to make 'em ;  
There is no love like the good old love,  
The love that *Mother* gave us ;  
We are *old*, old now, yet we pine again  
For that precious grace, God save us !  
So we *dream* and *dream* of the good old times,  
And our hearts grow tender, fonder,  
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams  
Of heaven, away off yonder."

—By the late Eugene Field.

No modern music can compare with those old-time melodies that gladdened our hearts—"The Last Rose of Summer," "Flow Gently, Sweetly, Afton," "Araby's Daughter," and others quite as inspiring. Col. Wright was a man of keen sensibility, intelligent and thoughtful—a true type of a Southern gentleman. The encouraging, tender expression from his eyes, which were shaded by substantial, old-time gold spectacles, gave the young girls and the

beaux confidence at once when we met at his hospitable home. His usual salutation was :

"We'll have a little dance tonight, girls."

These pleasing words were enchantment to our young and buoyant hearts. In unrestrained mirth, in innocent felicity the hours glided swiftly by. Col. Wright had a taste for flowers, as well as for music. The old-fashioned lilacs, snowball bushes, roses, hyacinths and other popular flowers of his time grew in luxuriance in his garden at the "Church Farm," and I remember distinctly, as though it were yesterday, his giving "us girls," as we called ourselves, a rose bush, which one of his sons took up for us from its parent stock. To fill up the hole, he lifted a shovel of dirt from another bush, thus robbing it of its life. Col. Wright observed this indiscretion, and said : "Ah, Spence, Spence, that's 'robbing Peter to pay Paul.'"

"This expression is said to have originated in an act of the church government of England as far back as 1550, when the cathedral of St. Paul was out of repair. There were no available funds to make the necessary improvements, and a part of the income of Westminster which was consecrated to St. Peter was appropriated for the purpose. Thus, 'Robbing Peter to pay Paul' has become a favorite proverb."—*Copied.*

This dear old home, the "Church Farm," like "Reed's Creek," was to the young people of those happy days a charming place to visit, when old-time maids 'looked lovely in their dainty guise, but dwelt like *violets* in the shade, with *shy* and *modest* eyes."

Col. Thomas Wright and his next brother, Mr. Stephen Lowrey Wright, were educated at Princeton College, and were noted for their studious habits and unparalleled perseverance in mastering 'abstruse questions and problems, as well as for their great strength and courage. Col. Groom, of Elkton, was a classmate of theirs and an intimate friend throughout their lives. I have heard a much esteemed citizen of Queen Anne's County, Mr. Richard Tilghman Earle, state that when these two splendidly formed brothers, who were as brave as "Julius Cæsar" himself, first entered Princeton, the "town" boys, *en masse*, made an attack upon these Maryland students, supposing them to be cowardly, but they were sadly mistaken, for, as each one of those "pugnacious" chaps advanced, they were as promptly knocked down,

and compelled to yield to "coolness and bravery." On another occasion, in Centreville, on their way back to the "Old Academy," where they both taught school, and were considered the most thorough instructors who ever presided there and were greatly admired for their dignified and primitive manners, a "Yankee book agent" (there were book agents in those days, too), impertuned them on the street and insisted upon those gentlemen purchasing his stock in trade, which they did not need, and could not by any gentle means put the agent off. Finally, my uncle became impatient and said to his brother: "Oh! Thomas, come on, come on; we must set our boys an example for punctuality." The Yankee said to the Colonel, not knowing the relationship and who seemed not to be in such a hurry as his brother: "That man's a fool." As quick as thought the Colonel felled the agent to the ground at one single blow, and there left him for his impertinence with an ugly bruise on his forehead. At that time there were numerous gates on the public road through the Peninsula—"fifteen," I have been told—from Centreville to "Bennett's Point," much to the annoyance of travellers. The Yankee's next stopping place for selling his books was at Queenstown, where, as soon as he made his appearance, he was questioned as to how he received such a hideous scar. With "Yankee" ingenuity, he quickly contrived a reply, and said: "One of those devilish old public gates flew back on me and struck me in the face."

Col. Thomas Wright, of the "Church Farm," had seven children—Thomas, Margaret, Mary Nicholson, John Spencer, Stephen Collins, William Darby and Benjamine Nicholson. Thomas, the eldest, was a great favorite, and inherited his father's taste for music. He was beloved for his purity of character. I remember the last time he ever played for me on his violin in the old "Reed's Creek" Hall.

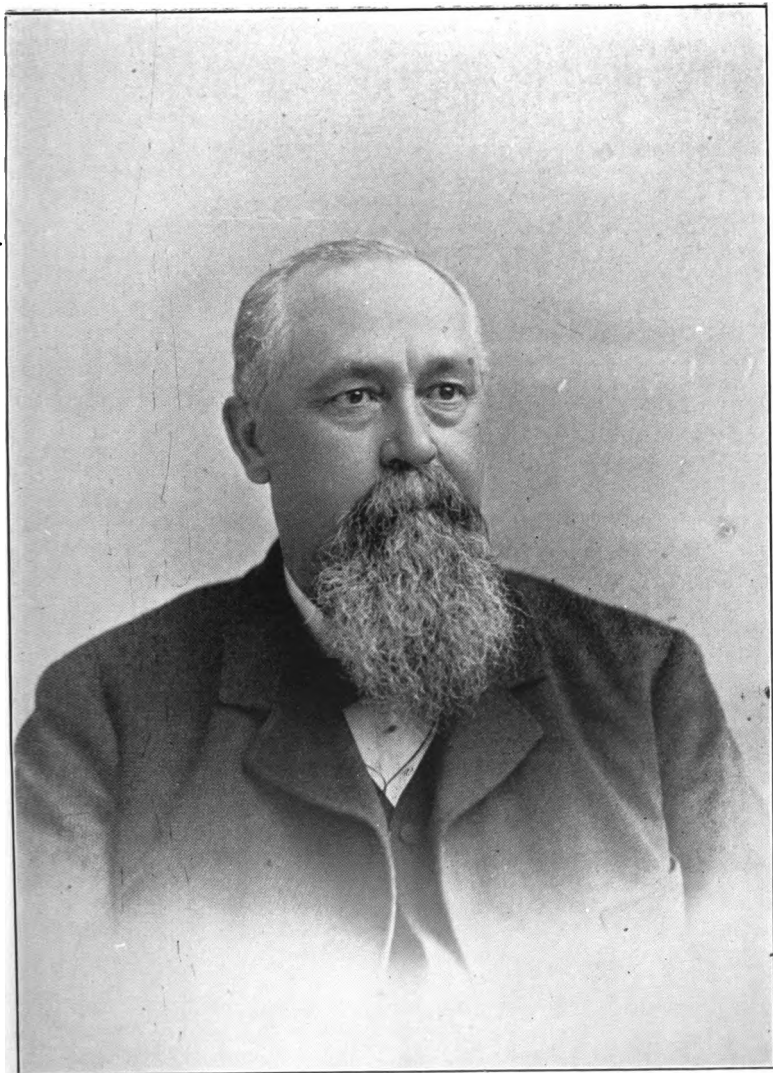
"Ole Bull, he put a little rosin on the bow,  
And he took a little inside, too," etc, etc.

I was very young then and thought it the sweetest music I had ever heard, because so lively and played with feeling. His pet name was "Tom Poon." Before he grew to manhood, the fatal, deceptive disease consumption ended his life. Nature had bestowed on this promising young man all that was moral and good. Before his race was run he was transported to a heavenly home.

Margaret, eldest daughter of Col. Thomas Wright, of "Church Farm," was a lovely, companionable girl, and married Mr. Samuel W. Thomas, who owned a pretty "old home" called "Springfield," which had been the dwelling place of his ancestors for generations, opposite "Cloverfields," the Forman mansion. She did not long enjoy the pleasures of married life, having fallen a victim to consumption; also, Mary Nicholson, who was named for her grandmother, the wife of the third Darby Lux and one of my most intimate friends in my youth, was a pure-minded winning girl. The soft, appealing expression of her beautiful dark eyes, her serene manners, her tender solicitude for her family, her patience and endurance night and day in administering to her elder invalid brother, who lingered and suffered patiently for months, are still vivid in my mind. Sweet to me is the recollection of my faithful friend and cheerful companion, "dear Mary." She now lives in the beautiful "land beyond the sea." There she smiles as sweetly as in life and sings tenderly to her earthly friends.

"'Waste no tears; I only sleep.' I am waiting for the loved ones  
I have left for a time;  
I have gone to the land of rest. 'I see the bright sun touch the  
hill-tops surrounding,'  
And mark each new beauty that smiles as I pass;  
My thoughts linger 'long' o'er life's golden embers, for sweet is  
the memory, dear friend of my youth."

Mr John Spencer Wright, second son of Col. Thomas Wright, of the "Church Farm," who was named for his relative, Mr. John B. Spencer, married Miss Annie Turpin, daughter of Dr. Walter Turpin, of Centreville, and sister of ex-Senator Wm. T. P. Turpin. Mrs. Wright is a sweet-tempered, lovely lady, devoted to her children and untiring in her domestic duties. She has a large and interesting family and has reared them with tenderness and love. They frequently revert to their youthful days passed at their retired country home, "White Marsh," with happy recollections, often speaking of the kindness and forbearance of their faithful parents. Mr. Walter Turpin Wright, eldest son of Mr. J. Spencer Wright, married Miss Sarah Holmes, the lovely and accomplished daughter of Mrs. Wm. Holmes, formerly Miss Anna Price Wright. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wright have recently erected a beautiful dwelling, which is an ornament to the town of Centreville. Miss Lorena Wright, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Spencer



MR. JOHN SPENCER WRIGHT.



Wright, married Dr. Wightman, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Wightman is an open-hearted, hospitable lady and resembles her aunt, Mrs. Margaret Wright, in face, figure and character. Annie Turpin and Rebecca Lux, the latter a name-sake of her handsome grandmother, Mrs. Rebecca Lux Wright, of "Church Farm," and Mary Nicholson, the youngest children of Mrs. Wright, have developed into attractive women. Spencer Wright, the second son, resembles his father, and is a promising business man in Philadelphia at this time. One son, "Bourke," died in infancy and is sweetly sleeping in his "heavenly cradle."

Mr. J. Spencer Wright was a devoted husband and a faithful guardian to his younger brothers, who were orphans before he arrived at manhood, and conscientiously discharged his duties to them under multiplied difficulties, making their home with him peaceful and cheerful. Stores of affection were lavished upon these obedient younger "brothers," the tenderest interest evinced in their welfare by this refined and unselfish guide, who sympathized with them in their sorrows, and participated in their enjoyments. The recollection of his kindness is doubtless stamped on their hearts for all time. Their united voices found harmony of the sweetest kind, for they walked together, conversed together, worked together, enjoying the full confidence and love of each other. The impress of his tender solicitude and wholesome advice will never fade. No "real father" could have been more patient and watchful. These younger brothers have reaped golden sheaves from him who trained them in their youth and shielded them from harm. May his patience, virtue, cheerfulness and refinement of character be an example worthy of imitation and never grow old, his faithfulness to his brothers a "lasting" monument to his "loved memory." This patient foster father has been gently laid to rest by the loving hands of those whom he guided in life—his "brothers." He appreciated the blessings that God has so generously bestowed upon "ungrateful" man. When his heart was feebly beating, in a reviving moment, he uttered words of love to his faithful wife, his affectionate children and friends, and asked to have the curtain of his window lifted, that he might take a last "lingering" look at nature, while his sorrowing family were bathed in tears, caressing the "loved one," every pulsation piercing the very soul of the patient watchers with the "keenest" anguish.



Mr. Spencer Wright will not soon be forgotten. His memory will ever be cherished by the "true" friend of his bosom and the interesting children who survive him, as well as by other relatives and friends who shared with him the hospitality of his cherished home. His light went out—

"As sets the morning star which goes not down  
Behind the darkened west, nor hides  
Obscured among the tempest of the sky,  
But 'melts' away into the light of 'heaven.'"

He died August 28th, 1892.

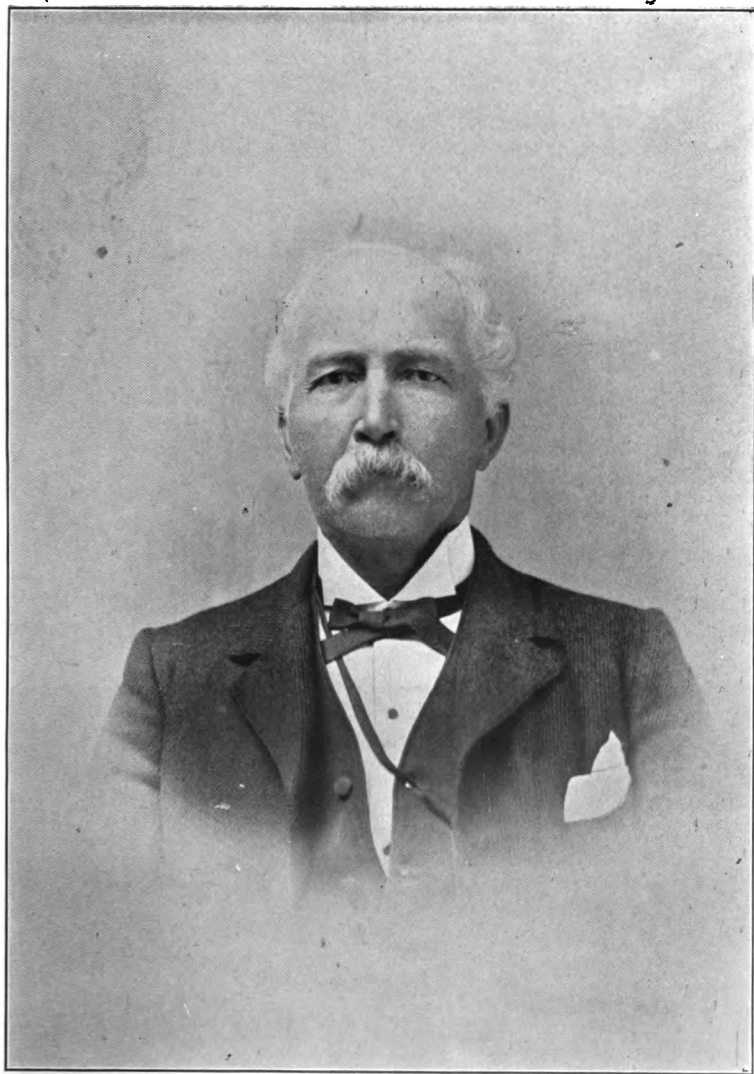
Mr. Stephen Collins Wright, third son of Colonel Wright, was named for Stephen Collins, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who married Sarah Lowrey, sister of Mrs. Col. Thomas Wright, of "Reed's Creek." Mr. Collins Wright married Miss Margaret, daughter of Mrs. Catharine P. Emory, of "Lansdowne," a beautiful old home, which has, like many others, fallen into other hands and is fast losing its freshness and beauty. Still it is a noble-looking dwelling. Mr. Collins Wright has the handsome face of his father, the same commanding figure, charming manners and genial disposition. A tall, well-chiselled, splendidly-formed man, one can but admire.

"His limbs are cast in manly mould  
For hardy sports, or contest bold,  
His stately mien, as well implies  
A high-born heart, a 'martial pride.'

His ready speech flows fair and free  
In phrase of 'gentlest' courtesy,  
Yet seemed that tone and gesture bland,  
More used to 'sue' than to 'command.'"

His lovable and attentive wife and he have passed many happy hours together, and seem almost inseparable. May their last days as they descend the "Hill of Life" be as peaceful and harmonious as the early days of their youth and beauty. "Love" has blessed their home.

Mr. Wm. Darby Wright, fourth son of Col. Thomas Wright, now a resident of Waverly, near Baltimore, was named for his mother's brother, Wm. Lux, and her father, Darby Lux. Since 1882 Mr. Wm. Darby Wright has faithfully discharged his duties as justice of the peace at the pretty little town of "Waverly," and commands the respect and confidence of everyone with whom he



MR. STEPHEN COLLINS WRIGHT.



is associated. Lord Coke says of this office that "the whold world hath not the like, if it be duly executed."

Mr. William D. Wright married Miss Lucy Hopper, daughter of Judge P. B. Hopper, who was an impartial judge and a faithful member of the Methodist Protestant Church of Centreville, and grandfather of P. B. Hopper III., Mrs. William Thompson, of Centreville, and Mrs. McFeely, of Chestertown. Mr. Wright has filled with "dignity, honor and ability" the position he has occupied for years, is very popular, and, although, from necessity, separated from them, loves his Eastern Shore friends and his old home, the "Church Farm," where his young days were so happily spent.

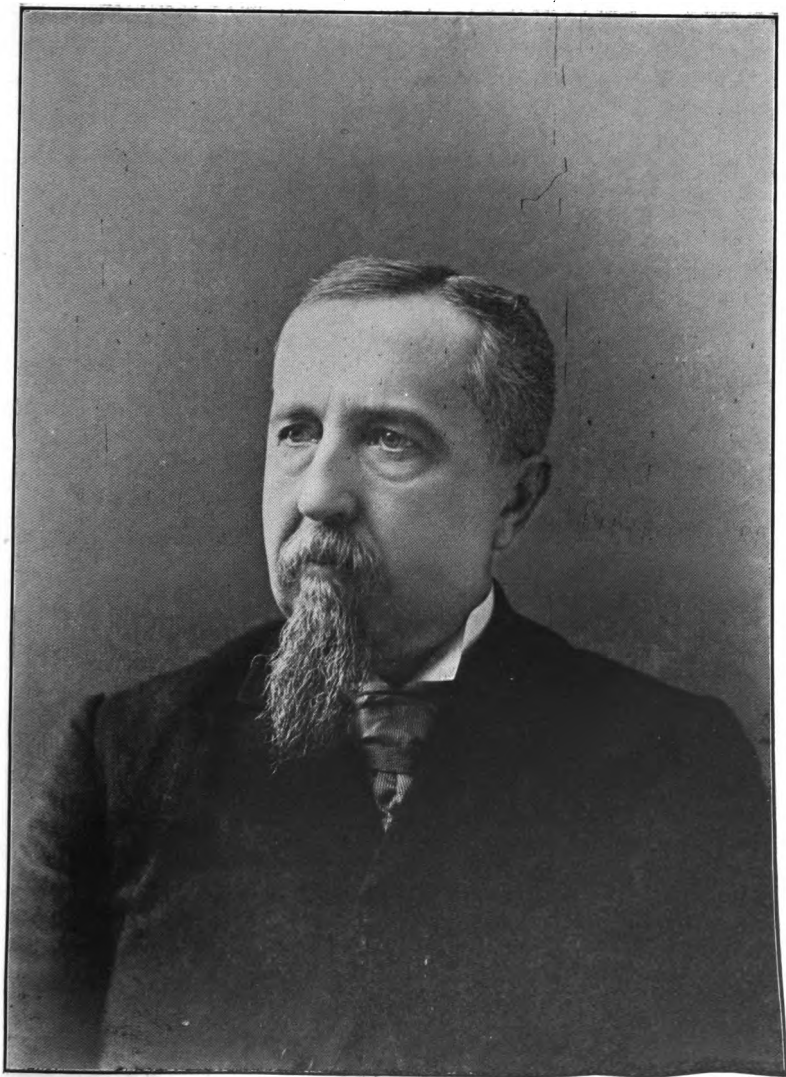
"And we'll take a cup of kindness yet  
For 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

Mr. Benjamin Nicholson Wright, the youngest son of Colonel Thomas Wright and Rebecca Pue Lux Wright, of the "Church Farm," married Ethlin, the refined and cultured daughter of the late Wm. F. Parrott, of Centreville, and had issue, viz.: Thomas Hyuson, William Fletcher, Emma Lux, Marcella and Guy. These interesting children all died in infancy. Mr. Parrott was largely engaged in mercantile business and farming, his country home being the fine estate called "Walnut Ridge," near Centreville. He was an active and zealous worker in his Master's vineyard, and his death has caused a void in the community in which he lived that will not be easily filled. Mr. Wright was educated at the well-known school of the late Thomas Archer, of Harford County, and at the celebrated school of Wm. F. Myers, deceased, of West Chester, Pa. At the latter school he took a three years' course, attained the highest merit, and was accorded the honor of valetudinarian. He has been for some years chief clerk to the Comptroller of the Treasury, at Annapolis, senior warden of St. Ann's Church, a director in the savings institution of Annapolis, and a member of the Maryland Society of Sons of the American Revolution. He was named for his great uncle, Benjamine Nicholson, who, as previously stated, was captain in the United States Army and aid-de-camp to Gen. Pike at the battle of York, Canada.

Mr. Benjamin N. Wright is considered one of the most efficient officers in the State of Maryland. His polished and retiring manners have won him many warm friends, among them the late Maj. Sprigg Harwood, who was a contemporary of his father, and

who took great pleasure in recalling incidents of their early lives, many, many years ago. Mr. Wright is a charming man, an "ideal" gentleman, possessing an ease of manner peculiar to himself and his senior brothers.

"The spirit of his noble race sits brightly on his brow." "Had I a musical lyre, I would awaken a chord and prolong its strains" to the praises of the grandsons of Col. Thomas Wright, of "Reed's Creek," noble-hearted, chivalrous men, who have few equals, no superiors. May they live to a good old age and their beautiful traits of character be reflected in the younger members of the Wright family.



MR. BENJAMIN NICHOLSON WRIGHT.



## CHAPTER V.

My uncle, Mr. Stephen L. Wright, second son of Col. Thomas Wright, of "Reed's Creek," was a great admirer of talent and fed the minds of his children and his nieces with the brilliant speeches of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, the famous "orators" of his day. They were published in the *National Intelligencer*, the popular newspaper at that time in Washington city. In those days tallow candles were used, called "home-made light." My uncle always had two fresh ones on his reading table, in polished square brass candlesticks, with snuffer and tray at hand, to pinch off the burning end of the candle to increase the light. The bright flame from the inspiring open fire, made of the best oak and hickory wood, leaped up the wide flue of the old-fashioned chimney and occasionally threw out a coal of fire, which caused my uncle to "throw down his paper" and give it a vigorous kick back into its place again, for he "dreaded fire." I can see him now, holding *The Intelligencer* at a distance and reading the choicest paragraphs, with so much emphasis and pleasure. I have said that Mr. Stephen L. Wright was a great admirer of intellect. My father, Mr. Edward Gray Bourke, whose mother was Miss Eliza Gray, of near Newark, Del., was his particular admiration. My grandmother's brother, Mr. Andrew Gray, was a very distinguished lawyer of Newark, and owned a lovely old home called "Chestnut Hill," within walking distance of Newark, this pretty little town being almost within sight of his hospitable mansion. The house was built of grey stone, was very ancient, and presented the appearance of an "old English castle." It was beautifully situated near a hill called "Summit Hill," from whose top three States were in view—Maryland, Delaware and Pennsylvania. Mr. Andrew Gray, my great uncle, married Miss Rogers, daughter of Commodore Rogers, the senior officer of the United States Navy. Mr. Andrew Gray had a very beautiful sister—"Alice Gray"—who was a great belle. "As stately as a lily, as beautiful as a rose," her virtues were sung everywhere. Brown was her hair as the berry that grows by the way-side, and her soft blue eyes gleamed 'neath the shade of her tresses." Her manners were as lovely as her face—



a very "queen" in dignity and bearing. Alas! "old-time manners are gradually dying out." The lovers of her day bowed at her shrine, and, although she possessed a heart overflowing with love, she never married. The pretty and simple old song, "Alice Gray," was composed for *her*. This ancient love song has been sung to four generations of Alice Grays in my family—to my aunt, my sister, my niece and my youngest daughter, who is proud to possess such a pretty name, and loves to sing the old song with me:

"She's all my fancy painted her,  
She's lovely, she's divine, but  
Her heart it is another's,  
She never can be mine.

Her dark brown hair is braided  
O'er a brow of spotless snow,  
Her soft blue eyes now languishes,  
Now flashes with delight.

The hair is braided, not for me,  
The eye is turned away, yet;  
My heart, my heart is breaking  
For the love of 'Alice Gray.'"

The Grays and Rogers were very distinguished people. Uncle and Aunt Gray had a large and interesting family. Their names were Elizabeth, who never married and lived to a ripe old age; Ann, who married a blind clergyman, and was a great assistance to her husband in writing his sermons and reading them over to him until he was thoroughly familiar with them. Mary married an Episcopal minister, who was very *popular*, and changed her name from "Handsome Mary Gray" to the still beautiful "Mary Dale." She was greatly beloved by her husband's congregation. Alexander studied law and went to Milwaukee to practice when there was a fever raging among the young men of the Eastern States to go West to accumulate a fortune. George was a naval officer, and was stationed at Norfolk, Va., for a long time. John Gray became a farmer, and married the beautiful Miss Margaret Anderson, of Chestertown. Charles, the youngest son, was a prominent officer in the Navy of the United States. Mr. George Gray, son of Andrew Gray, the Newcastle lawyer, is very distinguished and the present Senator from Delaware. Mr. Andrew Gray was a frequent visitor at "Bloomfield," my old home, when

his aunt, Mrs. Bourke, presided there, and was just the "pink of beaux," handsome and chivalrous. He fell desperately in love with a beautiful and attractive girl, Miss Henrietta Maria Chew, a resident of Chew or Paca's Island. She was a charming creature and had many suitors, among them the dashing, stately Wm. B. Paca, who came very near drowning her in crossing the Susquehanna River on the ice with his four-in-hand handsomely caparisoned, prancing bay horses, which were the admiration of everyone. He was a skilful driver, and to his dexterity and bravery Miss Chew owed her life. I have a letter addressed to my aunt, Miss Ann Bourke, in Miss Chew's own handwriting, describing her perilous situation. This lady coquetted with my dignified cousin, Mr. Gray, but, unlike most lovers, he continued to admire her and sent her the following beautiful verses, which have grown dingy from age. I transcribe them here to show that "old-time" lovers were forgiving to their sweethearts. "I found them in an unused drawer. These treasured lines of long ago:"

"TO MY LOST MISS HENRIETTA,  
FROM HER FRIEND, ANDREW M. GRAY.

"In many a strain of grief and joy  
My youthful spirit clung to thee,  
But I am now no more a boy,  
And there's a gulf twix thee and me;  
Time on my brow has set its seal,  
I 'start' to find myself a 'man,'  
And know that I no more shall feel  
As only boyhood's spirit can.

And now I bid a long adieu  
To thoughts that held my heart in thrall,  
To cherished dreams of 'brighter hue.'  
And thee! the 'brightest dream' of all;  
My footsteps rove not when they rove,  
My home is changed, and one by one  
The old familiar forms I loved  
Are faded from my path and gone.

I launched into life's stormy main,  
And 'tis with tears, but not of 'sorrow,'  
That pouring thus my parting strain,  
I bid thee! as a bride 'good morrow,'  
Full well thou knowest I envy not  
The heart it is thy choice to share;  
My soul dwells on thee! as a thought  
With which no earthly wishes are.

It is my joy, it is my pride  
 To picture thee in bliss divine,  
 A happy and an honored bride,  
 Blessed by a 'fonder' love than mine ;  
 Be thou to me a holy spell,  
 A bliss by day, a 'dream' by night,  
 A thought on which his soul shall dwell,  
 A cheering and a guiding light.

His be thy heart, but while no other  
 Disturbs his image at its core,  
 Still think of 'me' as of a 'brother,'  
 I'd not be loved, nor love thee, 'now,'  
 For thee each feeling of my heart,  
 So holy, so serene shall be,  
 That when thy heart to his is pressed  
 'Twill be no 'crime' to think of me.

I shall not wander forth at night  
 To breathe 'thy' name as 'lovers' would,  
 Thy form in visions of delight  
 Not oft shall break my solitude,  
 But when at morn or midnight hour  
 I commune with my 'God above,'  
 Before the throne of peace and power,  
 I'll blend 'thy' welfare with my own.

And, if with pure and fervent sighs,  
 I 'bend' before some loved one's shrine,  
 When gazing on her gentle eyes,  
 I shall not blush to think of 'thine,'  
 Thou! when thou meet'st thy love's caress,  
 And when thy children climb thy knee,  
 In thy 'calm' hour of happiness,  
 Then 'sometimes,' 'sometimes' think of 'me.'

Of my father, my uncle, Mr. Stephen L. Wright, wrote: "My friend and connexion by marriage, Mr. Edward Gray Bourke, was a polished, elegant gentleman. His career through life was always "elevated." Although his feelings may have been operated on by surrounding circumstances, for he was exceedingly 'sensitive' and careful of his reputation, yet such were his 'principles,' such his 'command' of himself, that even in moments of the 'greatest excitement' he never descended from the height of 'dignity.' Through the 'laudable' liberality of his father, Mr. William Y. Bourke, my 'friend' received a finished education at 'Nassau Hall,'

Princeton, and although remarkably 'delicate' in constitution, he combined an '*elegant classical taste*' with the 'highest literary attainments.' Had he been blessed with 'bodily' strength and length of years, he would have been among the 'very first men of his country.' 'Patriotism' swelled every vein of his being. I have a sure foundation for being impressed with his great ability as an 'orator.' I refer to his 4th of July oration, delivered in Centreville at a very youthful period of his life, which will long remain a 'monument' to his intelligence and which is a 'production' that will do 'credit' to any 'man' of any age. I have known Mr. Edward Bourke 'long,' I have known him 'well.' I loved him as a brother. My affections can 'never' be placed on a more virtuous, a more correct, a more 'honorable' man.

"'Generous and noble' friend, you have bequeathed to your affectionate wife and your two interesting little children, objects nearest your heart, the 'richest legacy' that can be bestowed—an 'unspotted and unsullied reputation.' You could not only teach men how to live, but the Christian 'how to die.' May your guardian spirit still be permitted to hover 'round your little family, to guard and to protect them. May your sorrowing companion, who was 'devoted' and untiring in her attentions, be enabled to instil into the minds of her 'little ones' the 'principles and virtues' of their father. When those who surrounded your bedside and wept 'regretful' tears in your dying chamber are about to finish their earthly career, may they be permitted to depart like 'you,' 'with dignified composure' You lived the 'refined and polished' gentleman, and died 'the hero and the Christian.'"—*Stephen L. Wright.*

My father appreciated *true* friendship and looked upon it as a priceless jewel. He was a great lover of music. The flute was a favorite instrument in his day, and I have been told that he played with great expression and correctness, and entertained his friends at "Wye," his pretty home, with old-time strains—"Oh! why should the girl of my soul be in tears?" "Down the barn, Davy Love," "Roy's wife of Aldervallock," "Auld Robin Gray," "Dear, what can the matter be?" "Robin Adair," "The Original Highland Laddie," etc., etc. These old tunes, and many others, he copied with marked precision in a small book, and I have them at hand, to play for "his" sake. It is a precious reminder of my father's

beautiful musical taste. On the last page of this book he has written, showing his appreciation of a "true friend":

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
Oh! the last rays of feeling and *life* must depart  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet, it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
Oh! no; it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that *friends*, the *beloved* of my bosom, were near,  
Who made the dear scenes of enchantment *more dear*,  
And who felt how the *best* charms of nature improve  
When we see them reflected from *looks* that we *love*.

Sweet vale of Ovosa, how calm could I rest  
In the bosom of shade with the *friends* I love best,  
When the storm which we feel in this cold world should cease  
And our hearts, like the waters, be mingled in peace."

If an idea can be formed of anything "more exquisite still" than the beautiful lines above, it must be that created from having them chanted by the voice of beauty, in concert with the well-modulated notes of a piano, directed by the finger of judgment and taste. My mother, who was educated at the old "Wilmington Boarding School," was a fine performer on the piano, and accompanied my father in those sweet melodies of olden times. Ah, yes! they charmed mine ear—"The dear old songs my mother sang when I was but a child. How much I owe that gentle voice, whose words my tears beguiled. Those songs of songs dear mother sang when I was but a child." Alas! her place is vacant, her *smile* has faded away. The beautiful brown eyes are closed, but her lovely countenance and still lovelier character are impressed upon my memory, never to be forgotten.

Mr. Edward G. Bourke was but 28 years of age when he was elected to the Legislature of Maryland. Mr. Henry Eunolls Wright and himself were candidates for the office at the same time. His oration, referred to by my uncle, on July 4th, in the twenties, shortly after he graduated at Princeton, "received showers of applause" from prominent gentlemen of Centreville. Some of the older citizens refer to it now. No orator who spoke there ever made such a favorable and lasting impression, unless

it may have been the "bright star" of the Chestertown bar, Mr. Chambers Wickes, brother of one of our distinguished judges, who, like my father, was cut off in the "prime of life." The conclusion of this brilliant address ran thus: "Take 'thither' (meaning at our Capitol) the trophies of your victories, hang them in its halls; inscribe on its front in 'never-fading' letters the names of 'Washington and Bolivar,' the great 'high priests' of your 'liberty,' and if there be a 'perfidious' Tarpeia ready to admit an 'enemy' within its walls, or a 'Trojan Helennus' to betray your 'sacred palladium,' hurl him 'headlong' from 'Cotopaxi's top' to the deepest abyss of the ocean."

My father's only sister that lived to womanhood, like her intelligent brother, was refined, dignified and thoroughly conversant with the "leading" topics of the day. She resembled Mrs. Margaret Lowrey Wright in character. Her soul was full of patriotism. No subject—religious, political, social or otherwise—could be introduced that Miss Bourke was not well qualified "to discuss." She was a very handsome woman; commanded the respect of everyone, and used the most chaste language in conversing. Her beauty, education and other admirable traits of character would have gained for her many admirers of the sterner sex, but her "dignity" kept them at a distance. In her youth she had "one" very serious admirer, Mr. A. T. Jones, of "Kennersley," an imposing old colonial home, on Chester River, not far from "Readbourne," the seat of the Hollyday family. He was an "old widower," "deaf," almost sightless, no "teeth," but plenty of dollars. My aunt had great regard for my father's opinion, and asked his advice. Her brother was "shocked" at the bare thought of such an alliance, and wrote her a lengthy letter, in which he said: "Would 'you,' a young and beautiful girl, make a sacrifice of yourself by marrying a man 'sans ears,' 'sans eyes,' 'sans teeth,' 'sans everything,' for a few 'paltry' dollars?"

I have heard that Col. Thomas Wright, of the "Church Farm," addressed Miss Ann Bourke "by proxy." "Aunt Ann" was so stately and dignified that he could not approach her "personally" on the subject of matrimony, thus exemplifying the truth of the old adage, "A faint heart never won a fair lady." My aunt and Miss Sallie Harriess were intimate friends. Their society was much sought by the intelligent people of the community. Mr.

Teackle Wallis, the leader of the Baltimore bar, when in the prime of life, said of his cousin, "Miss Sallie," that it was worth a trip to "Bloomington" from Baltimore to be entertained by her in her "aristocratic home," and worth a trip "back again" to listen to her "witty and agreeable conversation" on the steamer. Emerson said that "Beauty reached its perfection in the human form." Not so with Mr. Wallis. He sought intellect rather than beauty of face or figure. This he found in Miss Sallie Harriss. Some of the brightest moments of his life were spent in her society. Alas! those happy hours, like the flowers of summer, have faded and gone; scarce a memory of them remains.

Miss Ann and Miss Sallie were very nearly the same age, possessing bright and cultivated minds. No one ever ventured to speak of these ladies as "old maids." They were both handsome women, and how they ever escaped Cupid's dart has always been a "wonder" to me. Late in life Miss Ann, I have been told, more for convenience than for love, married. Her happiest days were when she lived single at "Bloomfield" with her attentive housekeeper, Miss Margaret Wooters and a relative, Miss Clementine Bayard, a very intelligent woman and devoted to "Cousin Ann." This estimable lady outlived nearly all the immediate members of her family. At the death of her half brother's wife, Mrs. Edward B. Hardcastle, she took charge of her family, five boys and one dear little girl, "Mary," then an infant, a household pet, to whom "Cousin Clementine" became greatly attached. This interesting child was the sunbeam of her life. Her heart was wrapped up in it; her attention to its baby wants were untiring, but the grandparents claimed it and started with their charge to St. Louis, their far-away home. In crossing a swollen stream of water, the carriage containing this "little innocent" was upset and the child drowned. From this distressing fate, a faithful heart was broken. The aunt no longer felt the same interest in life. She kept a little morocco shoe as a reminder of her lost darling, and always treasured it fondly. This was all she had left of "dear little Mary," and it afforded her heartfelt pleasure to show it to her friends, shedding tears of regret that the wearer should moulder away ere the shoe would fade.

"'Twas a simple thing, and the spot where it lies  
May be well worth the notice of other eyes,  
But her own overflowed when she turned to gaze  
On the eloquent relic of bygone days.

Were that little shoe all, with its faded string,  
It would be indeed but a simple thing,  
But oh, how it called up the sunny brow  
And the beautiful form, in its slumbers now.

It is worn, and the seams are all rent, 'tis true,  
And it scarce bears the trace of the once 'new' shoe,  
But it brings back the echoes of dance and song,  
When the infant limbs were alive and strong.

On the sole is the mark of the garden mould,  
More precious to her than its weight in gold,  
For it speaks to her heart of that last bright day  
Of a happy child 'mid the flowers at play.

Then spurn not the shoe, though a simple thing;  
Let her heart strings still round the treasure cling,  
For it tells of an angel child at home,  
Where sickness and parting no more may come."

—C. C. Cox.



## CHAPTER VI.

Miss Sallie Harriss was very poetical. She composed some pretty verses when she was one of the belles of Queen Anne's County, much over half a century ago, which will no doubt be reread with pleasure by her friends who have outlived this charming lady. They were written on the occasion of a grand ball given at "Wye Hall" many long years ago, at that time the handsome home of the Paca family. One can but admit the merit of this "old-time poetry," which flowed gracefully from her pen, and was committed to memory by her lady friends for their beauty and simplicity :

" 'WYE HALL,' QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTY, THE HOME OF ONE OF  
THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION,  
WILLIAM PACA.

"Wend ye to the Hall tonight,  
All the belles and beaux are going,  
Mary, with her bright brown hair,  
Hazel eyes and cheeks so glowing.

(Miss Mary Browne.)

The Belles of Wye, too, will be there;  
One is tall the other winning,  
Both are matchless in their forms;  
They will dance like tops a-spinning.

(Miss Catharine and Sallie Carmichael, sisters of Judge Carmichael.)

'Wend ye to the Hall tonight'  
To see the 'rich man's' daughter,  
Who so brave, like 'Lochinvar'  
To woo and from him part her;  
Her golden locks so very bright,  
Her azure eyes so beaming,  
I ne'er saw maiden half so fair,  
With manners soft and pleasing.

(Miss Ann Paca, wife of Dr. James Davidson.)

'Wend ye to the Hall tonight,'  
All the dainty dames are going,  
Some in 'gigs' and some in sleighs,  
Some in 'kites,' when the wind is blowing;

The maids of 'Woodfield' will be there,  
 From girlhood's state to women,  
 Unconscious of their many charms,  
 So pleasing in their sex and station.

(Miss Lizzie and Annie Browne.)

'Wend ye to the Hall tonight,'  
 Patricians, plebeians—all are going—  
 Maidens young and maidens old,  
 All so coy, yet all so knowing;  
 Doctors armed all 'cap a pie,'  
 Full of smiles and full of physis,  
 Equipped for either Cupid's glance  
 Or Esculapius, for the 'cholic.''

(Dr. Davidson, Dr. Troup, Dr. Jones.)

'Wend ye to the Hall tonight,'  
 To see the heir of Wye;  
 He'll guide you through the May dance,  
 He'll tell you how his horses prance,  
 And win the heart at single glance;  
 I think he's six feet high.

(Wm. B. Paca, a great lover of a fine horse.)

'Wend ye to the Hall tonight,'  
 All the country round are going;  
 Who would miss the festive scene?  
 None but the 'dull and prosing';  
 Bachelors, too, of a certain age,  
 Looking grave and feeling solemn,  
 For the night and that alone,  
 Forswearing all but lovely woman.

'Wend ye to the Hall tonight,'  
 M. and H. from Q are going;  
 What can vie with H.'s cheek?  
 When health permits, 'I' can speak—  
 The 'rose,' when first 'tis blooming;  
 And Mary, with her soft black eyes,  
 Full of mischief, full of sweetness;  
 I ween she'll cause the beaux to sigh;  
 She dresses with a world of neatness.

(Mary and Henrietta Troup, from Queenstown.)

'Wend ye to the Hall tonight,'  
 All the widowers here are going,  
 Wishing for a change of state;  
 Tired of a long vacation,  
 Some will dance, while others chat,  
 Some be cool and placid;

Some *take snuff* and tell their jokes,  
 Recommending 'nitric acid':  
 I warn you, maidens, young and old,  
 To guard your hearts with triple care,  
 Ye little know the wily arts  
 Of Cupid's 'more experienced' darts.

(Dr. Jones.)

'Wend ye to the Hall tonight,'  
 All the married folks are going;  
 Some with daughters just turned out,  
 Who never were at 'such a rout,'  
 With 'leg of mutton' sleeves on.

(Miss Henrietta DeCoursey, afterwards Mrs. May, and sister  
 of Dr. W. H. DeCoursey.)

There are other dames I'd quite forget,  
 But they're grown, staid and sober,  
 One takes 'snuff,' but the other don't,  
 Although she's two years older.

(Miss Mary and Miss Sallie Harris.)

'Wend ye to the Hall tonight,'  
 All the gallant youths are going,  
 Some on bays and some on greys,  
 With stirrups bright their feet enclosing.

Young Harry rides with dextrous grace,  
 And loves, through wilds, the fox to chase;  
 He will speed to this gay ball,  
 A frequent inmate at the Hall;  
 Lawyer S., too, will be there,  
 With eloquence so rich and rare;  
 If 'he' pleads thus in Cupid's case,  
 As at the bar, with so much grace,  
 Oh! maidens, do beware!

(Mr. Wm. A. Spencer, a handsome and elegant-looking gentleman and a great beau, father of Wm. C. Julien, Charles, Mrs. Murray, of Annapolis; Mrs. Blake, who married a London banker, and Charlotte, who married E. Bourke Wright.)

Eloquence, we all do know,  
 Did wonders at the court.  
 In times of yore, in Cicero's day,  
 When all around were mute,  
 But Cupid, who's a clever lad  
 In aiming at the heart,  
 Is well aware that 'modern' belles  
 Require a 'golden dart.'



MISS SALLIE HARRIS,  
The reigning Belle of Queen Anne's County many years ago.



Time is waning, so the ball,  
 I am sadly tired of 'rhyming';  
 Ye little think what work I've had  
 To keep these verses chiming;  
 To all the gentry, young and old;  
 To maidens fair and matrons bold,  
 To doctors, lawyers—'all' at the ball  
 Who supped and danced at gay 'Wye Hall,'  
 To one and all 'a soft good night,'  
 With 'rosy dreams' and 'slumbers bright.'"  
 —"Sallie Harris."

Miss Sallie Harris always received her friends in the most cordial manner. One of her visitors was Maj. Richard Ireland Jones, father of Mrs. Marianna Paca, who enjoyed her beautifully cooked dinners. When the servant announced the Major, Miss Sallie immediately ordered her well-trained cook, Lizzie, to have his six rice puddings and a leg of boiled lamb, all of which Mr. Jones consumed himself.

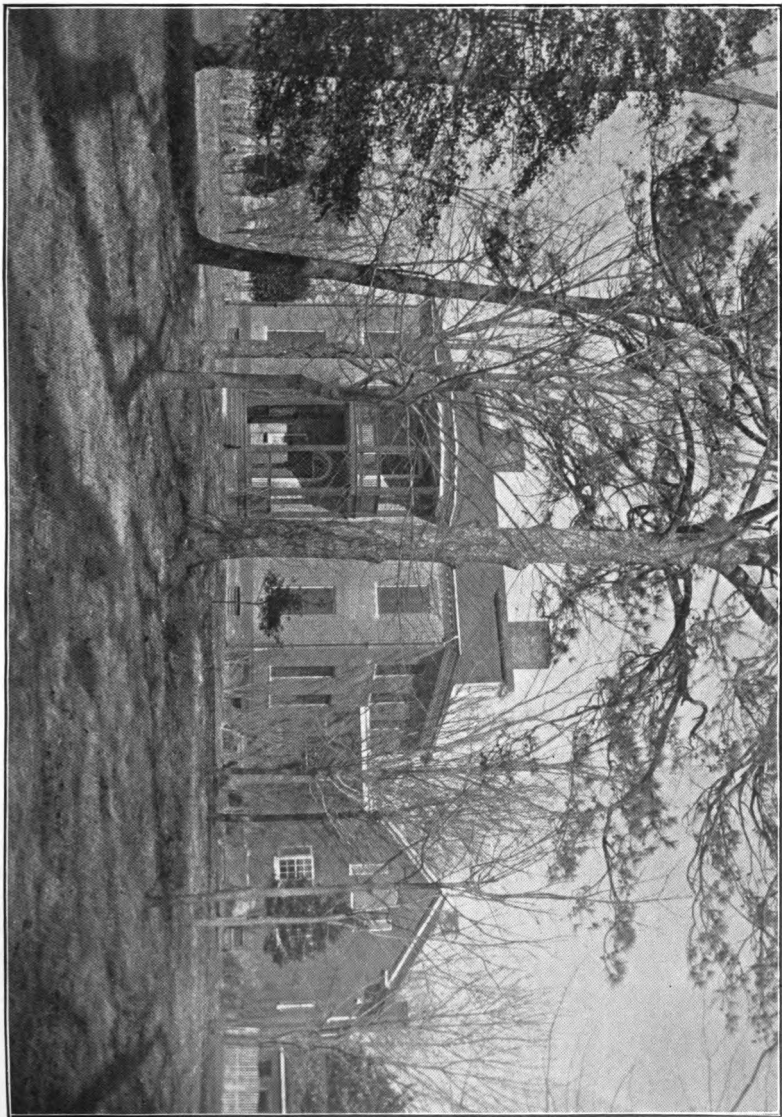
Maj. Jones was the grandfather of Miss Maria and Miss Eloise Jones. He was an Englishman by birth, and married first Miss Tilghman, by whom he had one son, Arthur, who married the only sister of the late Henry Hollyday, of "Readbourne." Miss Maria and Miss Eloise were the daughters of that marriage.

There was a son, Arthur, who was in an insane asylum in Philadelphia, and died there after twenty years' confinement. Maj. Jones' second wife was Miss Chew, the mother of Mrs. Marianna Paca, Mrs. Willet, Mrs. Lockerman, Richard Ireland and Alfred Jones. Maj. Jones had a third wife, from Kentucky, and often affirmed that he had married the *world*, the *flesh* and the *devil*.

Miss Sallie Harris lived to be eighty-five years of age. A notice of her death has just been handed me by a friend, written by Mr. S. Teackle Wallis: "To those who have known anything of the social life of Queen Anne's County for the last half century, there is no name more familiar than that of this estimable, accomplished and venerable lady, who was the 'reigning belle' of her day and hospitable proprietor of Bloomingdale, 'Miss Sallie Harris.' She was one of the most brilliant ornaments of the society of Baltimore city at a period when it was more remarkable than ever since for 'beauty,' cleverness, social and intellectual accomplishments. She was recognized and is still remembered by her few survivors as among the loveliest and most attractive of the charming women of her generation. She was the 'toast' of

the 'cleverest' men of the State and was the inspiration of some of the brightest pages in the now forgotten 'Red Book' of 'Kennedy and Crouse.' The spirit, wit and vivacity of her conversation were united to the most direct and vigorous common-sense, and her unvarying directness of mind and frankness of speech were harmonized with a 'sweet fancy,' and the most thorough feminine 'traits of disposition and character.' All her life she was devoted to literature. Her reading was varied, and her letters and conversation were full, even in her declining years, of 'graceful and apposite reminiscence and allusion.' Nothing could be more attractive than the genial spirit which animated the two sisters, Miss Mary and Miss Sallie, and made their cherished home a center of refinement and enjoyment to old and young. The infirmities of age came slowly and late to them both, but did not 'chill' the kindly sympathies of either of them. After the death of Miss Mary, in 1876, her sister was more or less withdrawn from social intercourse, except with that of her intimate friends. To the last she continued in the full enjoyment of her faculties, bearing with cheerful patience the loss of her sister and the sad loneliness which is inseparable from that fate of outliving those whom we have loved 'earliest and best.' Miss Sallie was the kindest and warmest of friends; helped the poor, befriended the friendless, and was as patient with her debtors as she was prompt and just to those to whom she herself was indebted. To her slaves she was indulgent to a fault, and there were no sincerer 'mourners' at her grave than the 'still faithful servants,' who refused their freedom, and preferred their old home, with their "kind mistress," in whose obedience and devotion circumstances made no change. To her own reasoning and implicit faith, death brought no horror or repining."

Both of the sisters, Miss Sallie and Miss Mary Harris, lie side by side, only a few yards from the home of their youth and old age, where they sleep a sweet and undisturbed repose, near the o'ershadowing trees, where the birds warble all day long and the breath of the very flowers planted by their own hands is wafted above their restful forms, and the branches that sheltered them in their young and happy days still sway to and fro near their old ancestral home. Here the sweet-scented, "old-time" honeysuckle, mock orange and philadelphicus waft their grateful odor as of old all through the front and back lawn of time-honored



“BLOOMINGDALE.”





"Bloomingdale." How sad to think that these enjoyments no longer thrill their hearts, and the flowers bloom and fade year after year, beautiful reminders of the lives of those who planted and nurtured them. Ah! "they," like the flowers, will bloom again and never fade.

Mr. Stephen Lowrey Wright married three times. His first wife was Miss Ann Cox Emory. Then he married Miss Ann Cox; afterwards her sister Elizabeth, and lived a life of "tender" solicitude with all of his wives. He was a man of "unparalleled" judgment and intelligence, a "remarkable" man, reserved and pure; yes, as pure as the feathery snow that falls from the over-charged clouds. He possessed a heart full of tenderness and love, and was the very *soul* of "truthfulness and honor." His moral teachings sank deep into my heart, when immersed in thought he formed the head of a family-circle at twilight around a bright, cheerful open fire, supported by beautifully-polished brass andirons. We were eleven in all, and drank in the wholesome truths and heartfelt advice that flowed from his lips. Mr. Stephen L. Wright's noble sentiments are stamped in indelible letters on my mind. I shall ever miss his "tender" care. My heart yearns for his "disinterested" love and encouraging smile. A more peaceful home can never be found than when he presided at old "Peace and Plenty." Well it deserves its name, for there was neither "want" nor "turmoil" there.

The situation of this beautiful old colonial home, "Peace and Plenty," is one of the most commanding in this section of the country, just a pleasant distance from the public road that runs through the peninsula and exactly two and a-half measured miles from the beautiful and progressive town of Centreville. The old brick mansion is a spacious, well-planned, substantial one, the end of the house fronting the main road, a style *peculiar* to the times in which it was built, its first proprietor being Mr. Christopher Cox, a descendant of an English family. The lawn in front is tasty and attractive, filled with artistically-trimmed trees of every variety, affording a grateful shade in summer. No weeds or briars, no stagnant ponds or marshes are to be seen here; the air bracing and delightful. It is as quiet as the poet's dream, save the cheering notes of the birds of summer that pour forth their sweetest songs and fill the heart with rapture morning and evening. The back view is like a lovely picture, with handsome flower

beds, cut in star, crown and diamond-shape, interspersed with geraniums, mignonette, choice roses and all the improved flowers. On the right of the yard, growing quite up to the house, a lovely bed of "Lily of the Valley" blooms profusely and wafts its delicate perfume throughout this ancient home. This was a favorite flower of "Aunt Lizzie's," who presided at "Peace and Plenty" years ago :

"Sweet lilies of the valley, ye have been,  
From earliest childhood her instinctive joy,  
The bells that seem to tinkle with perfume  
And spring so jauntily from those broad leaves  
The purest white upon the darkest green,  
That tricksome spring on her embroidery weaves."

—G. W. Doane.

A handsome white rose creeps gracefully along the west end of the front portico. "Washington's Bower," with its bright red berries, clammers over a whitewashed wall and the Tartarian honeysuckle forms a complete hedge, not far away. Nature has been generous in lavishing her beauties here ; and the genial influences that make life so sunny and free from care exist.

Italian skies are not more beautiful than the scene presented in this "ideal home," just as the sun is going to rest in the calm of evening. It is still a blessed spot, free from strife and worry. How I would love to throw cares to the wind, put the storms of life aside and spend more happy days, as so many of my girlhood hours were peacefully passed among the blithesome birds, and the lovely flowers dispensing their fragrance throughout this quiet, sunlit home, dear old "Peace and Plenty." Yes, my childhood days ; the kindness of my faithful guardian and his exemplary children are the sweetest memories of my life. There I was happy, unmindful of the future, where the sweet southern breezes imparted health and vigor, and the "little nameless acts of kindness and of love" encouraged and enabled me to reciprocate gratitude and obedience to a discreet and gentle adviser and guardian.

Mr. Stephen L. Wright had a great deal of affliction in his family. After the death of three of his children, who were taken from him about the same time, he never seemed himself again.

"One morn' I missed him from the 'accustomed' place ; nor down the lane, nor on the lawn was 'he.' In a quiet, 'well-kept'

spot was laid 'a heart once pregnant with celestial fire'; 'hands' that the 'rod of empire' might have swayed.'

Mr. Stephen L. Wright appreciated and loved the beautiful "gifts of God." For the "last time" he looked out of the window of his "dying chamber" to view again the trees he had planted with his own hands and listen to the sweet songs of the happy birds around his cherished happy home, where he had enjoyed "peace and plenty" for many, many years, when he quietly folded his hands across his bosom and gave his "last" sigh. He has left the impress of his "generous" hand behind. His beautiful teachings have taken root in the character of his posterity.

This name, Stephen Lowrey, has been retained in the family for four generations, and is not likely to die out. But one son of this large and interesting family of "nine" children remains (Mr. Stephen Lowrey Wright), who is also the father of a large family, and a general favorite in this community, pleasant and gentle under all circumstances. Mr. Stephen L. Wright's children—two daughters and seven sons—were happy and harmonious, for they had an exemplary father, who trained them as he had been reared by "his" father, Col. Thomas Wright, of "Reed's Creek," to scorn a falsehood and to follow the dictates of "conscience." Valeria, named for "Aunt Vallie," the eldest child of her father, was a pure and lovely character. Everyone respected her for her sweet manners and amiable disposition. She was never known to make an "uncharitable" remark of anyone, and always took a "bright" view of life.

Mr. Stephen Lowrey Wright, the eldest son, married his cousin, Miss Sarah "Spencer" Wright, who was a very talented girl, had a remarkable memory, and was educated by her discreet and "intelligent mother," the late Mrs. Margaret Wright. Her father, Mr. Thomas Wright III, assisted in selecting "proper" books for her perusal. Her mind was well trained with moral and valuable reading, from choicest prose writings and the most approved poets—"ancient and modern." Had she lived, the literary world would doubtless have been illumined by productions from her pen. She was devoted to Charles Dickens' works and named her home "Bleak House." James Cox, the second son, called for my grandfather's brother, Dr. Cox, fell a victim to consumption in early life. He never complained. His death was a "peaceful," but a "sad" one. Charles Dorsey, third son, was

named for a classmate of my uncle's at Princeton, Charles Dorsey, of Elkridge, who married Miss Ridgley, of Hampton. Their daughter Priscilla married Col. George Gaither, of Cathedral street, Baltimore. Charles Dorsey married his cousin, Miss Marcella Wright, who was educated at Mt. Holly, N. J., and returned to her home with a beautiful taste for music and a voice as sweet as that of her grandmother's, Mrs. Col. Thomas Wright, of "Reed's Creek." I would sooner now hear her sweet notes than all the trilling operatic music of the present day.

Mrs. Dorsey Wright, as the light-hearted, happy-tempered "Miss Cellie," was a great belle. She was never melancholy; her spirits always as buoyant as October breezes.

"The rose its bloom refuses,  
If pluck'd not in the spring;"  
"Life soon its fragrance loses."

Then let us, like this gay, animated lady, cultivate contentment in life and brightness of disposition, and be happy while we may, for gloomy days "will come" without our bidding.

'Neath the walnut and chestnut trees at "Hungry Hill," the peaceful home of her father, where the moon cast her pale shadow o'er the surroundings there, and the stars in the heavens threw their quivering light around and the whole air was musical with the many plumaged birds that flitted throughout the woods, and the music of the distant water brought melody to the gay girls and gallant beaux, who were enjoying happiness that, like the menacing clouds above, would soon vanish, this guileless, happy girl spent most of her young days. Ah! those youthful, cheerful hours; those gentle voices are but memories of the past. This bright sunbeam of her jovial-hearted father's home hearkened to the pleadings of a "gallant knight" and dared not refuse his warmly-pressed suit. They became engaged at "Bloomingdale," where other vows were sealed.

He often said she was as fair  
As the lily or the rose.  
And culled for her in "summer" time  
The sweetest flower that blows.

Mr. Charles Dorsey Wright acted as vestryman in 1869 in St. Paul's Church, Centreville, and in 1875 was elected a trustee of the

Parish School, when Miss Meade was principal. He was a polished, intellectual gentleman, having been educated at Washington College, Chestertown, and, like his father, quiet, reflective and as gentle as a female. Edward Gray Bourke, who was named for my father, and called him "Uncle Bourke," resembled him in character, being courteous, refined and dignified, and although an invalid for years, "consumption" having set its mark upon him, was cheerful to the last few days of his life. This noble man struggled long and bravely against the disease that had marked him for its victim. He married Miss Charlotte Spencer, youngest daughter of Mr. William A. Spencer, one of the most prominent lawyers at the Centreville bar. His friends thought his marriage a very unwise step, on account of his delicate health. His wedding trip to the sea-shore was of much benefit to the invalid. On their return the "happy wife" was stricken down with typhoid fever, and the sorrowing husband was left to battle against disease and mourn the loss of this lovely girl, a "bride" of but a few weeks.

"Weary looks, yet tender,  
Spake a 'long farewell' "

They were reunited in a "home eternal."

Frank, fifth son of Mr. Stephen L. Wright, was a man of great vigor, affectionate and considerate, unselfish and amiable. He always observed the "Golden Rule" his father held up to him for practice, and was beloved by all of his associates. During the late civil war he *volunteered* his services to the Southern cause. Having always been accustomed to a comfortable home and the most wholesome food, the hardship he encountered in the Confederate service soon made "sad" inroads upon his health. He died very soon after he returned from the army, in the "prime" of life, like many of our promising young Maryland youths, a victim to the effects of civil strife. Those sorrowful days can never be forgotten, when so many noble men were cruelly sacrificed.

Alexander, named for his uncle, Mr. Alexander Wright, of "Reed's Creek," was a bright, beautiful boy. Having lost one child after another, my uncle seemed to cling to this lovely youth as his "last" hope. Alas! he was to be taken from him, "too." On his return from Centreville, a warm summer day, where he had ridden "Spot" for his father's mail, he was seized with a chill

and fever, and, on entering the front portico, said: "Father, 'Spot' never went so rough as she did today in all her life." These were the last intelligible words this dutiful, loving child ever uttered, and he died in a few days, leaving a sorrowing father to grieve for his early and sudden death, a devoted aunt and second mother to weep the bitterest tears, for he had occupied a place in "her" heart after her two little darling children, of her old age, her pride and joy, Willie and Alice, were, within two weeks of each other, taken from this mother's embrace. Words are inadequate to express the virtues of these model children.

"Two lovelier blossoms ne'er were found  
On this fair earth's more favored ground."

Willie was but ten years old, and was named for Dr. William Wesley Bordley, uncle of Dr. James Bordley, of Centreville, and was a beautiful dark-eyed boy, with perfectly chiselled mouth, and the idol of his mother. Just before death, his cheek flushed and his lovely bright eyes sparkled, and I thought "my little charge will recover" I had nursed him for two whole weeks, and I did not want to give him up, but oh, I could not keep him. I sang to him the words he had listened to so often during his sickness: "Mother loves him, father loves him, 'everybody' loves little Willie," and he went to sleep never to awake again.

"Dear Willie, slept sweetly  
And breathed out his prayer,  
While we felt that the Lord  
And his angels were there."

Alice, the younger of these two lovely children, lived to be eight years of age, and was never known to deviate from the truth, although so young, and passed away just a week after her sickness seized her. The little prayer she had said to her mother every night, with clasped hands, was on her "dying" lips:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

This was a day of mourning at "Peace and Plenty." The oldest daughter and youngest son were dying in the adjoining apartments, at the same time, and my uncle was literally broken down, his spirits crushed. It seemed more than his stoical heart could stand, this double grief, and he never rallied after this

terrible blow. And the fond, doting mother. Her bereavement was too keen to be allayed. Her voice was choked with sighs; her weeping none could check, but it did not bring relief. These children were the twin stars of her life—

“And parted thus they rest, who played  
Beneath the same green tree,  
Whose voices mingled as they played  
Around one parent knee.”

These lovely children filled their home with glee, and their place has never been supplied. God has kept to himself the power of soothing such sorrows, and this heart-broken mother learned after a time to “love” the hand that smote. It was touching to go into the deserted bed-chamber and look at the little “trundle bed,” where her two lost treasures had slept securely night after night, under the ever watchful eye of the tender, loving mother. The old trundle bed was to the sorrowing parent a pleasant reminder of “Willie and Alice,” and was always kept at the side of her own bed, with its soft pillows and snowy white sheets, folded smoothly, as if waiting for its former occupants, but the dear little sleepers rested elsewhere. They were no longer there to be “tucked down with the touches of love.”

“Ah! the old trundle bed, where they wondering saw  
The stars through the window, and listened with awe  
To the sigh of the winds, as they tremblingly by crept  
Through the “old poplar trees,” where the robins all slept,  
Where they heard the low murmuring “chirp” of the wren,  
And the Katydid listlessly chirrup again,  
Till their fancies grew faint, and were drowsily led  
Through the maze of the dreams in the old trundle bed.”

Not long after these afflictions my uncle fell sweetly to sleep, “Aunt Lizzie’s” gentle hand smoothing his dying pillow. His last request was similar to the feebly-uttered words of the great Rousseau—“Throw up the window, that I may see the magnificent scene of nature.”

The virtues of this illustrious sire illumine the life of his only remaining son and namesake, Mr. Stephen Lowrey Wright, who, with me, in our youthful days, so often rambled through the wild woods of old “Peace and Plenty,” plucking the pretty spring violets, chasing the rabbits and the playful little squirrels, mounting the tallest trees to make their escape; listening to the gaily-



attired woodpecker and blue bird, and halting occasionally to slake our thirst in the cooling meadow stream, which flowed gently along until it widened into the well-known "causeway," at the foot of the hill. I often imagine myself resting on the beautiful green slope of the hill, near the old "school-house," where the tall and vigorous trees whispered the sweet music of nature, and the sunshine gladdened our young hearts, reading the same starry heavens above, the birds singing sweet songs, who were "fain to greet the sun with all that bird could sing"—

"Or think, or *dream* within their tiny brain,  
Anon their throats overflow with awful might,  
And straight upon the poplar's topmost height they fly,  
And lo! the air is *throbbing* with their song."

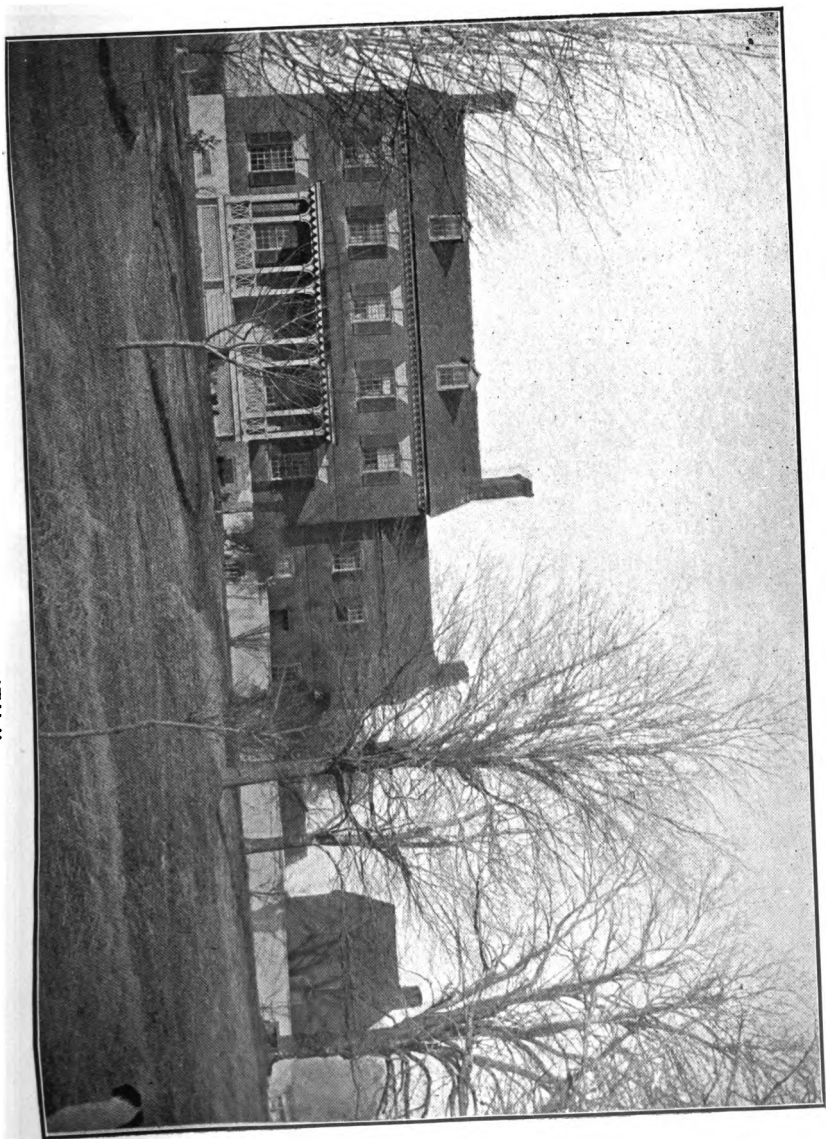
The innocent sheep, too, unattended by a shepherd, browsed and reclined on the soft, green bed that God intended for them, enjoying their liberty and roaming where *they* pleased. They, too, had access to this overflowing natural fountain—the "causeway"—to sip the pure water as it rippled along.

There nature ruled alone. "The beauty of the hill and valley were her own, significant of thought." 'Lovely ferns and mosses flourished beneath the beech and yellow poplar. Handsome magnolias breathed beauty and fragrance around, and the long-beaked little hummingbird flew from flower to flower, occasionally poising over an old-time, single-leaf rose, which crept up to the open window of the old school-house, that still stands, with its ancient surroundings. Oh! the joy of our childhood!

There was sweet music in the wild woods of this happy, peaceful home.

"Could I but be a girl as I was then,  
And all the past be blotted out forever,  
But vain is all regret, the future is mine yet,  
And in it I can make some last 'endeavor.'"

"PEACE AND PLENTY."





## CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Clayton Wright, a splendid specimen of manliness, was twice married ; first to Miss Mary Davidge Emory, daughter of Dr. Emory, of Centreville, and sister to Mr. Stephen L. Wright's first wife. His second wife was Miss Matilda Mummey, of Baltimore, a lively, handsome lady, sister of Maj. Thomas W. Mummey, who was well-educated and an agreeable gentleman. Miss Mummey was the aunt of the gifted Edward Spencer, whose beautiful talent displayed itself in plays, prose writings and "touching poems," one of his choicest productions having been republished in the *Baltimore Sun*, for which he wrote for many years of his life. Mr. Edward Spencer was considered one of Baltimore city's brightest luminaries in the literary world. To me the most touching verses he ever penned were those dedicated to the memory of his faithful wife :

"Before her mind went out to sea,  
My little wife, she said to me," etc., etc.

This gifted gentleman was a son of Edward Spencer, a merchant, of Baltimore, and Guinilda Mummey, and a cousin of Rev. Charles Sydney Spencer, now rector of St. Stephen's Church, Kent Island, whose father was Mathew Spencer, principal of Easton Academy, and married Elizabeth, daughter of Royston Skinner, of Talbot County, Md. Mr. Edward Spencer married Ann Catharine Bradford Harrison, and had children, viz. : Edward, Robert Leigh, Webster Lindsley, Emily Harrison, Beverly Brown, deceased, and Mary Ruth, deceased. Thomas Mummey died very young. Robert Spencer married Emma Radcliffe and had children—Edith, Thomas, Meredith, Edmund and Helen.

"Mr. Edward Spencer was one of the 'most talented and versatile men of the South.' He was a man of encyclopedia information, and of a powerful imagination"—*Obituary, N. Y. World.*

Mr. Clayton Wright's benign countenance, commanding figure and sweet smile impressed strangers at first sight. He was as handsome in his "ducking coat," long boots and "drab kersey cap," which he boasted of having made himself, as most men in a

"ball suit." No artist would have deemed this "home-made kersey cap" unbecoming. It was worn with so much grace and satisfaction. Mr. Clayton Wright was in the "Custom House," in Baltimore, for a long time, and was the admiration of the Charles street belles, some of whom were as beautiful as the June rosebuds, just bursting into maturity.

The fashionable promenade in those times was *up Charles*, out Madison street, beyond the pretty little church that still stands in "sanctity and beauty." A vigorous, *splendid* looking gentleman could not fail to excite admiration. The perfect tranquility of his features, the happy smile that lit up his handsome face riveted the gaze of all passers-by, the sly glances of the Charles street girls, who were noted for their beauty, being returned by a graceful touch of his hat. Everyone who walked the streets of Baltimore knew Mr. Clayton Wright. He was an intimate friend of Marshal Kane, in "Know-nothing" times, when Baltimore was under "mob law," and it was dangerous for persons to walk the streets, even in day-light. Col. George P. Kane was marshal of police when the city seemed to be "at the mercy of desperadoes," calling themselves "Rip Raps," "Blood Tubs," "Ranters," "Plug Uglies," etc, etc.

Mr. Clayton Wright's grandson Clayton is a promising young business man, and, like his grandsire, is pleasant and smiling to everyone he meets. Catharine, eldest child of Mr. Clayton Wright, married Mr. Harrison. Susanna never married; Guinilda married Mr. Charles J. B. Mitchel; Marcella married Mr. Charles Dorsey Wright; Matilda M. married Mr. John Emory, of William. Mr. Clayton Wright had but one son, Bordley. Mrs. Dorsey Wright is the only surviving child, and is universally beloved. Miss Valeria Wright, eldest daughter of Col. Thomas Wright, was a lovely, amiable woman. She was called the "Parish Aunt," for her great popularity, and was a pious and exemplary member of St. Paul's Church, Centreville. The reminiscence of her faithfulness to her church is still fresh in the hearts of the older members of our congregation. Miss Valeria was a punctual attendant and raised the tunes, without the aid of an instrument, and was promptly joined by the whole congregation, simultaneous with the first note of her melodious voice. Her tenderness and love to her family never abated. Her sweet voice is tuned to "heavenly" music.

Mrs. Margaret Wright, youngest daughter of Colonel Thomas Wright, of "Reed's Creek," married her cousin, Mr. Thomas Wright III, and trained and educated a large and interesting family of children. Her eldest child was Margaret Lowrey, who died in the verge of womanhood, a lovely and talented girl, having a natural taste for drawing and painting. Second, Philemon Chew, named for his father's esteemed friend, Hon. Philemon Chew, of Prince George's County. Third, Thomas Clayton, who married Miss Evelyn Taylor, of Baltimore, who afterwards became the wife of Gen. William McKenny. Thomas died in 1876, of consumption. Fourth, Sarah Spencer, first wife of Mr. Stephen Lowrey Wright, Jr. Fifth, Joanna Eaton, an intelligent young girl, who died with consumption. Sixth, Anna Price, who married Mr. William Holmes, of "Lillian Dale," Baltimore County, a beautiful old home, belonging originally to Mr. Lane Emory, father of Mrs. Isabel Emory, Daniel Emory, deceased, and Mrs. John Price, formerly Miss Mary Emory, who graduated at St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, N. J. Anna Price, after her marriage, was called "the beautiful Mrs. Holmes." She was a great favorite and always on the alert to assist her relatives and friends, wherever her help was needed. Mrs. Margaret Wright was a lady of great force of character, a type of perfect womanhood. The storehouse of her mind was well filled with valuable information. Her companionship was most delightful. She took great pride in her family record, and was thoroughly conversant with the history of the old countries, as well as that of her native land. She was a charming conversationalist with old and young. Her soul was full of patriotism and her beautiful dark eyes sparkled with enthusiasm when relating stirring events of her girlhood. Mrs. Wright outlived all of her children and her sisters and brothers. Sad, indeed, was this faithful mother's lot, yet she bore her heart-rending sorrow with supernatural strength, and was a model wife and mother. She was devotedly attached to her grandchildren, many of whom survive her, and instilled into "their" minds the same useful lessons she had taught her own offspring. I have always associated Mrs. Margaret Wright with the old colonial dames.

None could have been her superior. Neither Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Hunter, of Virginia; Mrs. Boudinot, of New Jersey fame, nor Mrs. Cadwalader, formerly Miss Lizzie Lloyd, of "Wye Hall," nor the accomplished Mrs. Ann Frances Tilghman, mother of Col. Tench

Tilghman, of "Revolutionary" distinction—Mrs. Margaret Wright could balance the scale with any of these notable women. Her memory was most remarkable; she discussed important events that had occurred during her life in the most thrilling manner, and related pleasing episodes in the lives of many prominent people with whom she associated. Tall, handsome, reserved, but sociable and sympathetic, none could fail to admire her for her old-fashioned dignity, which few women possess in these days. Mrs. Wright enjoyed the companionship of young people, and always had a smile of encouragement for them on her intelligent countenance. She was a cultured woman, and felt endeared to those who had loyalty in their hearts. She had a veneration for the memory of her ancestors, who were natives of England. Their hearts were knit and interwoven with an electric chain of "love," like the cable links that unite "old England with young America." This quotation revives in my memory some lovely verses, composed by my instructor and guide in my school-life, Bishop George Washington Doane, whom I learned to love as a child's love is entwined around the tender heart of a "fond parent." It was written at "Riverside," the Bishop's beautiful home, on the bank of the Delaware, where I have so often had a "Good-night" kiss imprinted on my forehead by this faithful soldier of Christ.

#### A SONG OF THE CABLE.

"Hang out that glorious old, old cross;  
Hang out the Stripes and Stars,  
They faced each other gloriously  
In two historic wars.

But now the ocean circlet binds  
The Bridegroom and the Bride—  
'Old England, young America'—  
Display them side by side.

High up from Trinity's tall spire  
We'll fling the banner out;  
Hear how the world-wide welkin rings  
With that exulting shout.

But, see, the dallying winds, the stars  
About the cross has blown,  
And see, again, the cross around  
The stars its folds hath thrown.

Was ever sign 'so beautiful?'  
 Hung from the heavens abroad,  
 'Old England, young America,'  
 For freedom and for God."

Mrs. Margaret Wright's stoicism under the deepest affliction was most remarkable. Hers was "silent" grief that finds not vent in tears.

"Full many a 'stoic eye' and aspect stern  
 Masks hearts whose grief hath little less to learn,  
 And many a regretful thought lies 'hid,' not 'lost,'  
 In smiles that least befit who wear them most,  
 By those that 'deepest' feel is ill express'd,  
 The woe that fills the calmest breast lies deep 'down in  
 in the heart.'"

Mrs. Wright was a true Southern woman, and when it was thought that President Davis must be victorious, the animated expression of her lovely face I shall ever remember. Her dark, beautiful eyes twinkled with joy, and a sweet smile of satisfaction passed over her countenance. I can see her now, seated in her favorite chair, moving her "right foot up and down," expressing her patriotic sentiments to attentive listeners. Although she was true to the old "Stars and Stripes" that decorated the American flag, whose "hues were born in heaven," and which the "great Washington" threw to the breezes of Cambridge, her "magnanimous spirit" revolted at the thought of the Southern people being subjected to base insults by invaders usurping her rights. The mention of the Confederate flag after the war filled her heart with sadness, for, although conquered, she "adored it."

In a reflective humor, Mrs. Wright would relate pleasing little incidents of every prominent family in Queen Anne's County, being full of energy of character and love for intellectual, distinguished people. The recollection of the deeds of her Revolutionary forefathers was vivid and full of interest. Then, ask me not why I loved her. She was a brilliant light in the "Wright" family and will long be remembered for her purity of character. Her noble English blood will course through the veins of her descendants, for her posterity have inherited her manners, her sentiments, her patriotism, and they should endeavor to perpetuate her love for their forefathers, to whom they owe their fine traits of character. Their genealogy should be kept in memory. Some there



are who do not know the maiden name of their own mother ; be it to their shame.

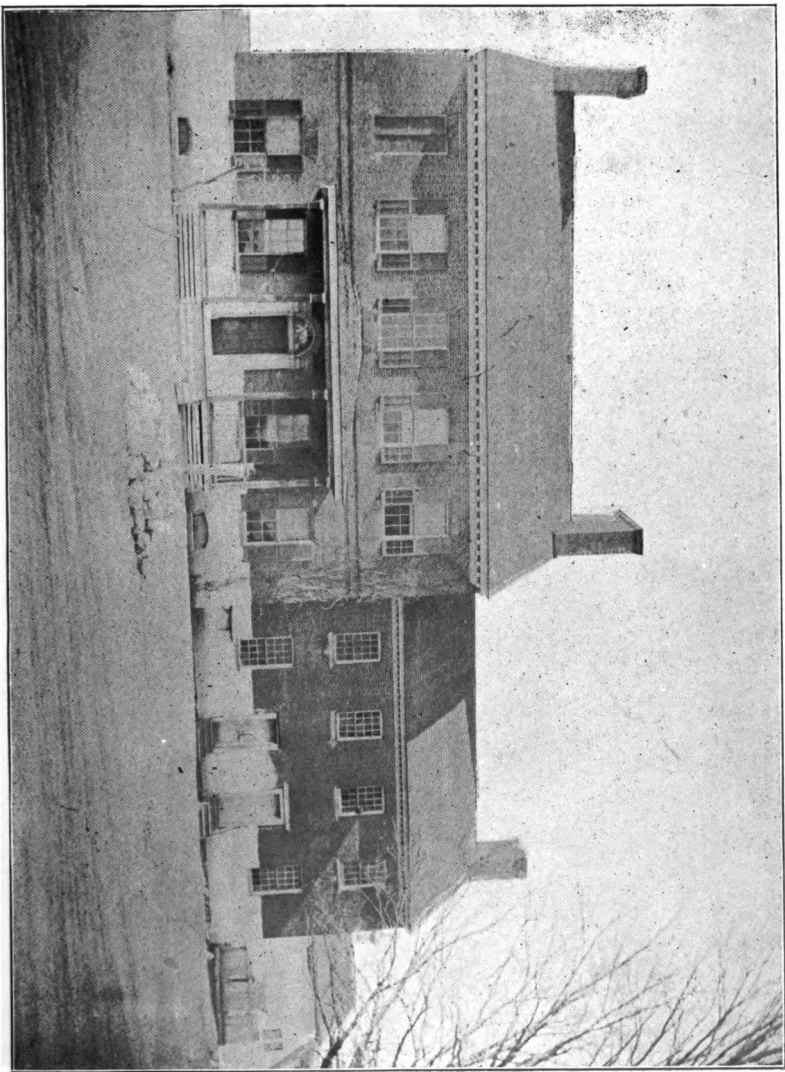
The noble achievements of our ancestors should be chronicled in indelible characters upon the memory of the "young stock." For Mrs. Margaret Wright's sake, let us never forget the glorious victories of the heroes long since laid to rest. I cannot dwell long enough upon the lovely traits of this honorable, exemplary woman.

"The actions of the 'just'  
Will bud and blossom e'n *in the dust.*"

Miss Margaret Wright, her eldest grandchild and namesake, occupies a high position in this community for sociability, industry and generosity to her family.

Miss Joanna Eaton Wright (Mrs. Dr. John DeButts) resembles her grandfather, Mr. Thomas Wright III, and inherits many fine traits of character from her intelligent mother. Mr. Stephen Lowrey Wright's last children are: Stephen Lowrey, Lawrence, (Henry Ennolls), Dorsey, Charlotte, Edward Gray Bourke, and Laura. These seven are children of Mrs. Laura Virginia Wright, daughter of Mr. Henry Ennolls Wright, the "Guilford Bard." Mrs. Margaret Wright's other grandchildren are: Mr. Abbot Holmes, of Baltimore; Mr. William Holmes, Miss Sarah Holmes (now Mrs. Walter Turpin Wright), Mr. Thomas Holmes, and Mary, the youngest of Mrs. Anna Holmes' children, who is a very attractive girl, and is being judiciously trained by her discreet and sensible sister.

Mr. Alexander Wright, the youngest son of Colonel Thomas Wright, of "Reed's Creek," married Miss Ellin Moale Hollingsworth, a young and fascinating belle, of Elkton, Md. He was his father's favorite, who always spoke of him as "my son Alexander." Being such a difference in the ages of his youngest son and the next senior brother, "my son Alexander" sought companionship with boys outside of his immediate family, often visiting Judge Earle's sons, at their pretty inland home, "Needwood." Judge Earle had a large family of boys, who were very congenial with "my son Alexander," who would slip off from his father and remain several days away from home. Mr. Samuel T. Earle was his special playmate. On one occasion he remained away from "Reed's Creek" so long that his parents were very uneasy about



"REED'S CREEK."



him and sent to Judge Earle's to have him brought home. Col. Wright did not approve of "corporal" punishment, but adopted the plan of working on his children's feelings and making appeals to their conscience. When the prodigal made his appearance, his father approached him with great dignity of manner, saying, as he advanced, very deliberately, but emphatically: "Well, Alexander, my son, where *have* you been; at Judge Earle's? Or have you been loitering around the streets of Centreville?" His father's queries were answered promptly and *truthfully*. Colonel Wright then said: "Well, Alexander, my son, I shall employ a carpenter 'tomorrow.' I will have you a house built, either at 'Needwood' or in Centreville, and you may live there, if 'Reed's Creek' does not please you." This brought "tears" to "my son Alexander's" eyes, and had the desired effect. Colonel Wright's slaves were very fond of him. "Ibby," who was a child when Col. Thomas Wright presided at the "old home," is still living, and has the most pleasing recollection of "Mas. Tommy" and "Miss Margy."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Alexander Wright possessed a spirit all sunshine. "No one" was ever refused the hospitality of his old "Eastern Shore home," where the fragrance of flowers and the purity of the air inspired every visitor who crossed the threshold.

"When winter cold brought Christmas old,  
He opened his home to all,  
And while he feasted 'all the great,'  
He ne'r forgot the 'small.'"

"Here the 'kind' Master strayed around his grounds,  
Directing his men and reviewing his hounds;  
If some 'chance' guest arrived in 'weary' plight,  
He 'more' than bade them 'welcome for the night';  
Kind to 'profusion,' spared no pains to please,  
Gave them the 'rich production' of his trees and fields."

"Reed's Creek" was the "seat" of hospitality, hilarity and "unrestrained" enjoyment. Here the young men and girls of the period met, in summer and winter, to enjoy moonlight strolls, rowing, and dancing to the tune of "Uncle Dick Hinton's" fiddle, which afforded "him" quite as much pleasure as the dancers. Uncle Dick would give an occasional grunt of satisfaction, as much as to say, "There's no tire in me or my fiddle, either." When the thermometer was below zero and the snow had fallen to a depth to make sleighing enjoyable, the merry tinkle of the sleigh-bells and the merrier voices of the beaux and belles filled the air with music, as the double and tandem teams drove gaily up the pretty lawn and the skilful drivers whirled around to the inviting "big front door" and were welcomed by Mr. Wright and his sister, "Miss Vallie," who never seemed to grow weary of young company. So great was the enjoyment of the guests at "Reed's Creek" that on one occasion a "lay reader" of our church in Centreville, who had been feasting on terrapin, canvas backs, and Chester River oysters, *went to sleep on his knees, saying his prayers.* Mr. Wright told it as a fine joke, that at day-break next morning "Parson Brown's" assistant was *still* on his knees. The "Reed's Creek" larder was always bountifully supplied with diamond-back terra-

pin, red-head and canvas-back ducks, wild geese and long-necked, black-beaked swan. The old colonial ducking gun, when not in use, always stood with an "important air" in a near corner, ready at any time to perform its duty. This old heirloom is now in the possession of Mr. Stephen Lowrey Wright. Ocean, the huge water-dog, awaited the command of his master to bring in the game that lay motionless on the water. It kept the old dog busy.

"It was a common occurrence for a sportsman to shoot a hundred ducks in a very few hours. 'Water fowl of every species abounded in the 'Reed's Creek' waters.' 'Every point was an oyster bar, every mat of weeds was alive with crabs.' 'Wild geese and swan kept up a continual hissing and flapping of wings, moving in clouds in Chester River.' Foxes were started in the neighborhood of 'Reed's Creek' and were pursued into Delaware, often swimming the rivers and creeks, compelling their pursuers to go around, for miles, to join in the hunt. Whenever the chase ended, the huntsmen were refreshed with a solid repast. 'Corn pone' and mush were supplied the hungry hounds." —*Scharff*.

The Wright family wisely took up land near the water, on account of its rich productions. I have been told that on one occasion Mr. Alexander Wright was of a party of gentlemen who took one of these long tramps and came home without his favorite hound, "Nid." He never expected to see his dog again, and gave him up for lost or dead. Just one year after this famous fox chase, "Aunt Annie," the old "Reed's Creek" cook, rushed into the sitting-room, terribly excited, and exclaimed: "Oh, Mas Ellick! Mas Ellick! Nid's come home! Nid's come home!" Such rejoicing was never witnessed. The lost favorite had found his way back to his master and his old home, after an absence of a year, where he ended his days. The hominy mortar, biscuit block and pestle were necessary adjuncts to the "Reed's Creek" kitchen. "Aunt Annie" could never be induced to give up the old-time fireplace, which still stands as of old, with its iron rack and pot hooks and hangers, in the very same chimney. The Dutch oven and tin kitchen were always bright and ready for use. This last was a singular contrivance to do the roasting of meats and baked poultry. They were sweet and juicy, cooked in this manner. This tin kitchen was placed before the fire, with a spit to turn the meat and fowls, so that they could cook regularly on

all sides alike. "Aunt Annie's" biscuits were celebrated. Her "bachelor's pone" and "persimmon johnny cake," which last she handed around to the young people, between meals, as a "*snack*," as she termed it, never allowing us to know the feeling of hunger, were most enjoyable. She loved her "johnny-cake board" and huge iron pots, and had no thought except to have her cooking "par excellence." This old wowan has left a memorial of an honest and faithful servant, and her place has never been fully supplied in the "Reed's Creek" kitchen. When the master proposed buying her a kitchen stove, she immediately rebelled, and said to him: "Mas Ellick, talk about your bildings that's all het up wid steam; give me an open-fire.

WHERE THE OLD FOLKS NOD AND DREAM.

Bruno on one side drowsin',  
Or barking nigh the door,  
The kitten cuttin' capers  
With the nittin' on the floor.

I'd give the "finest heater"  
In the bidden het by steam  
For the old-time chimbley corner,  
Where we old folks "nod and dream."

Her teakettle was always singing a merry tune.

"There's nothing half so dreary,  
In any household found,  
As a cold and sullen kettle  
That does not make a sound;  
In 'Aunt Annie's' old-time kitchen,  
The quaintest, neatest spot,  
The kettle was always singing,  
The water always hot;  
If you happened to have a headache,  
Whatever the hour might be,  
There was no tedious waiting  
To get a cup of tea;  
I don't know how she did it,  
Some magic she had caught,  
For her kitchen was *cool* in summer,  
But the kettle was always *hot*;  
I do not ask for splendor  
To crown my daily lot,  
But this I ask—a kitchen—  
An 'Aunt Annie' kitchen,  
Where the kettle's *always hot*."

"Reed's Creek" was often a starting point for a fox chase, after a steaming hot cup of Java coffee was enjoyed by the huntsmen, and the dogs were shut up to give Reynard a start, who was turned out of a bag in the front yard, so that the girls could view the sport too. "Uncle Perigrine Tilghman" would stand up in his stirrups and blow the merry bugle horn, which was the signal to start.

The skilful riders were as eager for the chase as the prancing horses, champing their bits and pawing the ground. It was a thrilling sight, the baying of the hounds, the impatience of the huntsmen, and the neighing of the handsome steeds, "eager to go," as they cantered out of the "Reed's Creek" yard for an all-day's sport, the pretty girls waving their handkerchiefs in the air, each one in expectancy of the brush from the fortunate one who would secure it. The day I refer to was a bright, lovely one, the air crisp and invigorating. The loud and continued bay of the eager hounds resounded through woodland, hill and valley. The clanging of the horses' hoofs increased as a second "toot" from Uncle Perry's horn rang on the morning air. Immediately after the sound of the horn died away, his voice was heard, calling aloud for the huntsmen to "form in line." Reins were adjusted, saddles tightened. The whole air was filled with the music of the fleet hounds, and the prolonged cheers of the gay and happy young girls. What "could" be more inspiring as the huntsmen and hounds left the old home, just as the sun peeped out from the cloudless eastern sky.

Big Jim Tilghman, Lowndes Newbold, Headlong Jim, who was the life of the party, never failed to have a "full horn," a full stomach, and full of jokes; John Charles Tilghman, Uncle Perry Tilghman, Emerson Nicholson, Jim Brown, Mr. Alexander Wright (Sandy), and others composed the party. They were a jolly set, beautiful riders and fine-looking men. Their destination was down in "Piney Neck," where they were sure to start a fox.

"There is but one cure for all maladies sure,  
That reaches the heart to its core;  
'Tis the sound of a horn, on a fine hunting morn,  
And where is the heart wishing more?"

"The fiery coursers snuffed the breeze.  
The eager pack from couples freed,  
Dashed through the brush, the briar, the brake,  
While 'answering' horn and hound and steed  
The hill-side echoes startling wake."



Mr. Alexander Wright's pet hound, "Fanny Gray," and "Clipper," a white hound, belonging to Mr. Stephen L. Wright, were considered the fleetest and most reliable in the whole pack. There was great discussion among the huntsmen after the day's sport was over as to the action of the different dogs. It was universally conceded that Clipper excelled all the hounds; her scent was perfect, her endurance wonderful. Her death was a great blow to my uncle, as well as to the huntsmen who had enjoyed her handsome actions. Mr. Henry E. Wright wrote some beautiful verses when she died, "struggling with Reynard." His son, Mr. Lemuel Purnell Wright, has kindly forwarded them to me, and I insert them, knowing they will be interesting to many of the gentlemen of the present day, particularly to the huntsmen who yet enjoy a chase for Reynard.

The reproduction of these inspiring verses takes me back many, many years, and I still seem to listen to their music as I pen them here—"The great fox-hunting song of fifty years ago."

"Hark, boys! to that shout o'er the waves of the \*Grove,  
The 'Squire's' (Uncle Perry Tilghman) old signal, you know 'tis to  
move;

Already impatient, he's chiding our stay,  
And 'Fanny Gray's' piping her musical lay.  
Tally ho! ho! ho tally! ho! tally ho!

Let us off, then, to cover; hark! hark! do you hear?  
'Tis Leopard and Remus and Clipper, I fear,  
There's only a wind seems to cover the fly;  
Proud Roan, I'll bet you on Fanny's first cry.  
Tally ho! ho! ho tally! ho! tally ho!

Look! Look! through yon opening; 'tis Clipper we see,  
She throws right and left just as brisk as a bee,  
By Priest, too, and Jewess (Mr. Emerson Nicholson's hound) she  
soon will be joined,  
And Fan, Rip, and Kelly (Mr. Thomas Ruth's dogs) be thrown far  
behind.  
Tally ho! &c.

Now, listen, my lads, I'll bet you 'Grayzoe,'  
When Reynard breaks out and you sing Tally ho!  
The first time if any the pack you espy,  
'Twill be Clipper ahead 'ably' leading the cry.  
Tally ho! &c.

---

\* "Reed's Creek" was often called "The Grove."

Hark ! hark ! there's a hit, and 'tis Duchess, I fear,  
 The huntsmen on 'Carey' and 'Brandy' do cheer,  
 The dogs are well up and the 'welkin' doth ring,  
 And soon from his cover 'old Reynard' will spring.

Tally ho ! &c.

Now mark, my old neighbor, don't wager too high,  
 For Fan against Kell I can surely rely,  
 If 'Bay Knight' were wagered how safe I should feel,  
 As Fanny is entered against the whole field.

Tally ho ! &c.

List ! list ! there's a double, the pack presses nigh,  
 The storm seems to gather, as clouds in the sky ;  
 Old Reynard, be shift, your fate is decreed,  
 Tally ho ! cross yon highway and Clipper in lead.

Tally ho ! &c.

Long, long has she led them o'er woodland and mead,  
 No 'cutting,' no 'dashing,' with truth and with speed,  
 Loud cheered by the huntsmen, contended the strife  
 'Till 'nobly with Reynard,' she yielded her life.

Tally ho ! &c.

Up rides 'Headlong' Tilghman, who cares not a pin ;  
 He sprang at the ditch, when his horse tumbled in,  
 Just as he crept out he espied the old 'Ren,'  
 With his tongue hanging out, stealing home to his den.

Tally ho ! &c.

Our day's sport is over, our dangers no more ;  
 As to hounds and to huntsmen, our jealousies o'er,  
 We'll to Bacchus and Venus our prowess rehearse,  
 And celebrate 'Clip' in the magic of verse.

Tally ho ! &c.

I involuntary pause here, for I cannot refrain from singing the old "Tally ho !" song from beginning to end, which was so inspiring in my young days, so pleasantly passed in the Wright family. The sweet strains learned in our youth will ever thrill our hearts with old-time memories, and rise and wake—

"Our dying youth and set our hearts aflame  
 With their old sweetness."

Music ! There is "no grief" so intense that it cannot be mitigated by its "soothing power." Then let me sing "the well-known strain which memory makes endearing" :

"Let me sing, for the joy of singing,  
 And sing dull care away,  
 And share with others the gladness  
 That comes to us day by day."

Mr. Alexander Wright was an officer in a company called "The Scott Rifles," which was organized in 1859, to quell any insurrection that might arise similar to the "John Brown" raid. Miss Susie Baynard, now Mrs. Davis, of Centreville, presented this company with a handsome flag, in behalf of the ladies of the town. Mr. Wright made a splendid officer, and was always "Charlie on the Spot," to quote one of his sayings. The "log cabin" and cider contest resulted in the election of Mr. William Henry Harrison for president. At a large and enthusiastic meeting, Mr. R. Alexander Wright and General Tench Tilghman sang a lively and inspiring "Tippecanoe" song, after the speaking, which created much merriment from the many participants. I have heard it said that Mrs. Col. Thomas Wright, of "Reed's Creek," Mr. R. A. Wright's mother, had a charming voice, which was so voluminous that it filled "Old Chester Church," which was large enough to seat comfortably a thousand people, often singing "entirely alone." Miss Valeria Wright, as well as her brothers, inherited her beautiful talent, and it has descended to her granddaughter, Mrs. Marcella M. Wright, who has chanted our Episcopal service for many years, and made herself familiar with the most fashionable church music, now universally sung. Her sweet voice has been "much appreciated" by our congregation.

## CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Alexander Wright was a great admirer of "Lord Byron," and was almost as familiar with his writings as the great poet "himself." He was devoted to his old "Reed's Creek" home. On approaching it in the dusky twilight, he would say to me :

" 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,  
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near 'home' ;  
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming and look 'brighter' when we come."

The young girls considered Mr. Wright a perfect "Apollo," who—

" Could dance in hall, and carve at board,  
And frame love ditties passing rare,  
And sing them to a lady fair,  
And jest and chat so fair and free,  
And step as light as leaf upon a tree."

Mr. Wright won the affections of an Elkton belle. Her bright, languishing, brown eyes, the tender feminine heart, encased 'neath the bosom of this young and lovely girl, impressed him more deeply than any of the charming Queen Anne's girls.

" I never saw an eye so bright,  
And yet so soft as hers :  
It sometimes swam in liquid light,  
And sometimes swam in tears."

They were married April 27, 1852. Mrs. Wright's bridesmaids were the beautiful Elizabeth Poultney, of Baltimore, now Mrs. Richard Pleasants ; Fannie Moale, now Mrs. Gen. John Gibbon, of Washington ; Sarah Spencer Wright, afterwards Mrs. Stephen Lowrey Wright, and Miss Ellen Tassell, of Ireland. Their groomsmen were Mr. Robert Goldsborough, great-grandson of Robert Goldsborough, of the Revolution ; Mr. John M. Robinson, a distinguished judge and one of *the* beaux of the town at that time ; Mr. Emerson Nicholson, and Mr. Richard C. Poultney, of Baltimore. Mrs. Richard Cook Tilghman, Miss Mary Williams, Miss Serena Spencer and a host of others crossed the bay on this

memorable day with this distinguished party. Captain James Tilghman was in command of the steamer, "Hugh Jenkins," who was noted for gallantry to his lady passengers. Many were the congratulations of Mr. Wright's numerous friends when he and his youthful, handsome bride stepped from the gangway of the old "Hugh Jenkins" to the "Corsica Wharf," which was at that time the general landing-place for Baltimore passengers. This fashionable, brilliant wedding party was well worth viewing. It was a smiling April day :

"The youth of Nature 'leaped' beneath the sun,  
Their hearts were glad, and round them danced the lightsome  
blood,  
In healthy merriment."

The sky was perfect, the wild-flowers "dazzling" in freshness and beauty as they peered out from 'neath the brown leaves of winter, just gone by, which were rustling under the budding trees through the winding wood's road, leading to "Reed's Creek." The air was balmy, gently wafting the perfumed breath of anemones, arbutis and violets throughout the whole atmosphere, as the happy pair drove gleefully along to their bright and attractive home.

That bridal day, the "golden" day of their lives, will long be remembered. The rosy cheeks of the beautiful bride grew rosier still as she counted, with quickening breath, every footstep the well-trained horses took, smiling sweetly at the thought of reaching the old "colonial home," of which she had heard so much in its praise. The spring robins and cheerful mocking-birds were singing their sweetest notes from the tall, vigorous trees they had known so long as their "own undisputed home." The whole air breathed a "welcome" to the "Baltimore and Eastern Shore belles," and to the new mistress who was to preside at the "Reed's Creek" mansion.

Mr. Wright's relatives and numerous friends were in readiness to receive the pretty bride and her gay attendants, and gave them a warm reception, appearing at the arched front door to usher them to the large cheerful parlor, a beautiful view of the "noble Chester" meeting the eye as they passed on, which was too grand and inspiring to be unobserved. The aristocratic appearance of this old home at once proclaimed the social standing of the owner and his relatives. The handsome groom made an

appropriate appeal to "Sister Margie," who was mistress of ceremonies and who gave the bride a heartfelt welcome and imprinted an affectionate kiss upon the cheek of this charming young girl as she entered the doorway and passed through the "enchanted hall." "My young wife is everything you could wish, and you will all 'love' her," turning to his nieces and nephews who were present, for—

"Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
You need but look on Ellin's eye."

She will be a bright ornament to the "old home," and "I" rich in possessing such a jewel.

Her eyes sparkled with pleasure, her cheeks flushed, and were as pink as the petals of a new-blown rose. The sweet and expressive voice of this young and lovely bride responded to the tender epithets of the family, and all went merry in the "Reed's Creek" halls for days and weeks. There was more excitement and bustle on this 27th day of April, 1852, than there had been for many years past. The respectful servants stood in wonder before the huge old-fashioned fireplace in the kitchen, where immense logs of wood were "cracking" and "spurting." "Volumes" of steam ascended from the large iron pots that were suspended over the fire, containing a "Reed's Creek" ham, cured by the old family receipt, and a leg of boiled lamb, which was to be dressed with parsley. The frying-pans were filled with plump Chester River oysters, just out of the salt water. India china chafing dishes were near the open fire, containing "canvas-backs" and "red-heads," that had lingered in the river for this "special" occasion. All this preparation clearly indicated that "Aunt Annie," "Peggy" and "Uncle Joe" were busy in serving a "wedding dinner" for "Mas Ellick" and "Miss Ellin." At length this memorable day "departed," but there was a scene of revelry and mirth at "Reed's Creek" for a long, long time. This was in every sense of the word an "Eastern Shore wedding." Everything teemed with love and happiness in and around this hospitable old home. Those happy times are recorded in the hearts of the participants, who enjoy relating to the younger members of the family the pleasing incidents of those "gala days."

Miss Ellin Moale Hollingsworth, who married Mr. R. Alexander Wright, has a "most interesting" lineage. Her Grandmother

Moale was the daughter of an "English gentleman," Samuel Howard, who settled in Annapolis, and held a "life-long" office in the Court of Appeals. His signature is attached to all the old "law" papers of that period. He took up a great quantity of land and had the privilege of naming the river on which his "immense" estate bordered. This river he called Severn, for his "old English home." He also named one of his domestics "Ennolls," for a river in Africa. His daughter Nancy married Col. Samuel Moale, of Baltimore. His other daughter, Susan Howard, married Mr. John Edmunson, of Easton, Md., a renowned lawyer, and uncle of the Plater family and the late gifted Severn Teackle Wallis. Mrs. Ellin Wright's great-grandmother was Ellin North, who married John Moale. John Moale, in 1752, drew a map of Baltimore town, which is now in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society of Baltimore City. In this society there is a subscription paper for keeping up the fence around Baltimore town. Among the subscribers were Robert North, an ancestor of the Moale family, of Baltimore, and Capt. Darby Lux, two very influential gentlemen. Imagine the Monumental City "*fenced in*."

Miss North was a daughter of Robert North, of England, and was named for an old bachelor friend, Mr. Ellin, also of England, who promised her his large fortune for her name. Ellin North is "historical," being the "first" white infant born in "Baltimore town." From the time of her marriage to John Moale, one daughter in each family of the Moales was called Ellin, in expectation of "that" fortune. Mrs. Ellin Wright's daughter was an exception, being named "Flora," for her aunt, Mrs. Henderson, of Elkton, a charming, handsome lady. There were "red-haired Ellin," "black-haired Ellin," "freckled Ellin," and the "beautiful Ellin." Mrs. Wright's mother was the "beautiful Ellin," not only in feature, but in character. Her maiden name was Ellin Moale, daughter of Col. Samuel Moale, of Baltimore. Her sister Susan became Mrs. John Travers, a wealthy wine merchant, living for years in Spain, where her beautiful daughter Ellin was born, afterwards Mrs. William Henry Hoffman. Mrs. Hoffman was celebrated for her beauty, and was one of the belles of Baltimore society. Her elegant home was at the corner of Charles and Franklin streets, an imposing drab stone structure, afterwards occupied by the "Maryland Club," until within the last few years. Mrs. Travers' daughter Mary became Mrs. Prince, of Lowell,

Mass. The son, William R. Travers, was a "banker" and a "New York wit."

Mrs. Ellin Wright's grandfather, Col. Samuel Moale, married twice. His "second" wife was Miss White. They had several children, who were very distinguished. Mary married Gen. John Gibbon, U. S. A., who retired from service a few years ago, and is now a popular lecturer in Philadelphia and Washington. Nancy married Professor Burwick Smith, son of Dr. Nathan R. Smith, one of the most successful and popular physicians in Baltimore. Her second husband was Professor Lincoln, of Washington, now deceased. Miss Ellin Moale, Mrs. Ellin Wright's mother, married Samuel Hollingsworth, who inherited the Hollingsworth estate, near Elkton. There were nine brothers of the Hollingsworth family, who emigrated to this country with William Penn, and took up an immense tract of land, from Philadelphia all down the Brandywine.

Samuel Hollingsworth was made colonel in the war of 1812, in the defence of Baltimore. He was married to the charming Ellin Moale when but nineteen years of age, while his bride was but sixteen. Bishop Kemp performed the marriage ceremony at the same time that Elizabeth Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte were married. They moved in the same circle and their nuptials were spoken of as the two "brilliant" weddings of the day. Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte's father was a loyal citizen and a true patriot. "He embarked all of his property in two vessels to France to procure arms to carry on the war. Only one of these vessels returned, but it came at a most critical time, when Washington had not sufficient powder to fire a salute."—*Scharff*.

Are there any William Pattersons of this day? Not many, I fear, who would relinquish their *all* for the good of their country.

Samuel Hollingsworth, Mrs. Wright's grandfather and her great-uncle, married two sisters—Adams. They were "merchant millers," trading in "large wagons," with eight white, splendidly-caparisoned horses, from Baltimore to New York, with vessels by ocean. Those "snowy white" horses were celebrated for their speed, beauty and blood, and, like their owners, were "spirited and energetic."

Samuel Hollingsworth's children were: Mary, who married Dr. Cheston, of West River; Sallie married Professor William Gilson, of Philadelphia, and Elizabeth, Mrs. Charles Sterritt



Ridgely, of Baltimore. Jacob, brother to Colonel Samuel Hollingsworth, married Miss Goodwin, a little infant "picked up at sea," the captain of the vessel giving her his name and wealth. Her daughter, Mrs. James French, of Hagerstown, died only a short time ago. Sallie, her other daughter, married Edmund, a brother of Judge Watts. Judge Watts was the father of Mrs. Marcia Forman, a popular lady, a devoted mother and remarkable for her industry and energy of character as a married woman, although as a single girl she could not *hem a pocket-handkerchief*. After her marriage—

"It seemed her joy and crown  
To lift, with strong yet *tender* hands,  
The burdens men lay down."

Thomas Hollingsworth's children were Nancy and Lydia. Nancy married John B. Morriss. "Her" children were Lydia and Nancy. Nancy Morriss' daughter Nancy married Henry Winter Davis; Lydia married Charles Howard, of Baltimore. Both are widows and are living at this writing. Samuel Hollingsworth, Mrs. Ellin Wright's grandfather, was engaged in the battles of Trenton and Princeton. This notable family were intimate friends of General Washington.

Mrs. Wright's great-grandfather, Henry Hollingsworth, was Surveyor and Prothonotary of Chester County, Penn. He was very distinguished, liberal and patriotic. During the Revolution he loaned General Washington money to help carry on the war. History speaks of Henry Hollingsworth as being one of the most eloquent patriots of the Revolution. He was a member of the State convention in 1788. Zebulon Hollingsworth was directed to lay out a town at Long Point, in Cecil County. Henry Hollingsworth was lieutenant-colonel in the Bohemian Battalion, Cecil County. In 1779 General Greene appointed him deputy quartermaster general for the Eastern Shore.

Having now reached the end of the (Warplesdon, or Walnut Grove), and "Reed's Creek" Wrights, and having given a brief sketch of Mrs. Ellin Moale Hollingsworth Wright's ancestors, before introducing the other branch of the Wright family, I propose to write a more specific description of "Reed's Creek," their old home.

Here at this beautiful spot, where love and harmony reigned, I spent many of my young and happy days. There are but few bright and enduring pictures of my youth to which I can revert with more pleasure than when I roved about the "sunny" garden at "Reed's Creek" and rocked in the old "grape-vine" hammock, made by nature, which twined round the "oak" and the "elm" trees in the beautiful grove of underwood and wild flowers which led to the edge of the little creek, and listened to the cadence of the many and varied birds that filled the trees and prolonged their sweet and grateful music to the evening hours.

The approach to "Reed's Creek" was beautiful, naturally. On the left of the "Woods Gate" stood a clump of lofty, graceful pine trees, speaking low, tender words of "welcome" to the approaching visitor. The beautiful calm sky above them answered softly their music, approving their grace and beauty as they swayed to and fro and breathed a "duo" of harmony, bidding the young and old to continue their journey to the hospitable mansion, already in view. Further on stood noble forest trees, with names, familiar and innumerable, carved intelligibly on their huge trunks, these branches, too, being filled with happy and musical birds, pouring forth their most pleasing notes and swelling their throats with "rapturous" sounds; I can hear the melody now as I write. 'Neath the bridge at the foot of the little declivity farther on, called the "Lovers' Pass," bright tiger lilies peered out, unfolding their gaudiness to the sunshine and inviting the moisture from the rippling stream that flowed quietly along to quench their thirst. The gnarled Chinese mulberry, a fashionable tree at that time near dwellings, and considered a decorative one, too, threw its grateful shade over an icy-cold well of water, to temper the rays of the midsummer sun, and continued a strain of "welcome" to the entrance door of "Reed's Creek." The "old wooden bucket" rested on a large whitewashed stone, ready to receive the purest water that nature supplied from the well that had been there for years and yielded the best that could be drank.

"How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,  
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips,  
Not a full glowing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips."

"Aunt Annie's" long-handled "gourd cup" was passed around as the playful shadows of the old mulberry moved hither and

thither. Alas! the shady tree and the well of cold water are things of the past. The thought of them alone stirs a memory of departed joys, of old and happy times. The well and the mulberry were the first objects I sought when I visited the old home, two years ago. I looked in vain for its wide spreading leaves. My attachment to the old "Reed's Creek" mulberry, under whose boughs I had so often rested, was as strong as was that of the old gentleman whose friend, Mr. George P. Morriss, was inspired to compose those beautiful and touching verses:

"Woodman, spare that tree."

In a letter, dated New York, February, 1, 1837, the following account was published of the way that Mr. Morriss came to write those pathetic lines, which have been set to music, and are so eminently beautiful, so full of sentiment and so thrilling. Mr. Morriss and an elderly gentleman were driving out on one occasion, when it was suggested that they should turn into a lane, near a romantic woodland pass, not far from "Bloomingdale," to look once more at an old oak tree, planted by this gentleman's grandfather. As a boy he had played with his sisters under its shade and listened to his mother's sweet voice reading and singing to him. Father, mother, sisters—all had departed—but the old oak tree stood in majesty and beauty. This spot was a cherished one to the old gentleman, and he felt that this might be the last time he should ever view this ancient friend of his early life and happy boyhood hours. Just as he halted under the old tree, what should he behold but a man with his coat off, sharpening his axe to cut it down. With choked emotion, the old gentleman said: "You are surely not going to cut down that noble tree?" "Yes," the axeman replied, "I want it for fire-wood."

In breathless anxiety he asked: "What is it worth to you for fire-wood?" "Ten dollars," was the curt reply.

"Suppose I should give you that sum, would you let it stand?" "Yes," the woodman answered. And the young girl of the family promised too, that it should remain as long as she lived. A bond was given to that effect, and the old gentleman who loved this "ancient friend" experienced the greatest happiness.

These circumstances made a great impression upon Mr. Morriss, and furnished him with the material for the lines I insert, which all should cherish who would protect the old trees

that have sheltered us year after year, and are not appreciated by the present generation.

“Woodman, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now;  
'Twas my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot,  
Then, woodman, let it stand,  
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old, familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea—  
And wouldst thou ‘hack it down?  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke,  
Cut not its earth-bound ties;  
O, spare that aged oak  
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy  
I sought its grateful shade,  
In all their gushing joy,  
Here, too, my sisters played;  
My mother kissed me here,  
My father pressed my hand—  
Forgive the foolish tear,  
But let that “old oak” stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,  
Close as thy bark, old friend;  
Here shall the wild bird sing  
And still thy branches bend;  
Old tree! the storm still brave!  
And, woodman, leave the spot;  
While I've a hand to save  
Thy axe shall harm it not.”  
—George P. Morriss.

Will not the sentiment contained in these pathetic verses touch the hearts of those who do not value the few handsome trees that remain to shelter beast and man, that they may prevent their destruction?

## CHAPTER X.

This old home, "Reed's Creek," was furnished according to the prevailing style of that period, with strict regard to precision. The antiquated hair sofa stood exactly in the centre of the right side of the roomy parlor, between the deep-recessed windows which looked out upon the placid "Chester." How often have I heard Mr. Wright apostrophize this lovely, rippling body of water, as Byron did the ocean. "I have loved thee, and my joy of youthful sports was borne like thy bubbles, *onward*. From a boy I wantoned with thy breakers."

The upright chairs were arranged at exact distances from each other, their straight backs touching the walls, and were flanked by beautiful mahogany tables. Opposite the quaint old-time sofa stood a more ancient piano, which had not yet lost its tone, still yielding to the touch of dainty fingers. Here it was that I felt the charm of piano music, singing, to Mr. Wright's accompaniment, "Long, long ago."

"'Tis said that absence conquers love,  
But oh! believe it not;  
I've tried alas! its power to prove,  
Yet 'thou' art not forgot."

Another favorite air of his was the lively song, familiar to all the young people of his day :

"Here's a health to thee, Tom Breeze—  
Tom Breeze of the mountain bellow,  
May peace rest lightly on thy brow  
As 'feathers' 'neath thy pillow."

After an evening repast and we had all adjourned to the front porch, Mr. Wright's musical voice could be heard, just as the moon crept in view and the little stars were doing their best to look bright, singing softly :

"Oft in the stilly night,  
E'er slumbers' chain hath bound me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me."

It is truly sad to feel that we shall never hear his voice again. The white servants who were brought over from England made a great deal of furniture in the "Reed's Creek" house. Mrs. R. Alexander Wright has now in her possession a handsome dining-table that has feasted many of her friends, which was made by English servants. It is beautifully inlaid with satin work, and is a very "valuable heir-loom."

The trig little rowboat, waiting for "Vin" to take hold of the oars, was kept in perfect order, and tied to strong stakes until needed by the young belles and beaux, who strolled along this picturesque and interesting shore, Mr. Wright bringing up the rear, singing, in his clear voice, apropos to the occasion :

"Oh ! have you not heard of Kate Kearney,  
She lived on the banks of Killarney."

Or—

"Swiftly glides my bonny boat,  
Just parted from the shore,  
And to the fisher's chorus note,  
Soft moves the dipping oar."

This gentleman's guests were always treated with the most charming courtesy and generosity. How often have I drank in the light of his expressive dark eyes, as he sang in low, tender tones the old song I can never forget :

"Oh ! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,  
All lonely waiting here for you,  
While the stars above are brightly shining  
Because they've nothing else to do."

How I love yet to think of the old days of unalloyed happiness passed at dear old "Reed's Creek," the card table, the piano, the comfortable, "clean kitchen," as it was called, where a highly-perfumed white rose threw its fragrance into the front windows, had a charm for me. In back, a wild sweet-briar grew in beauty and seclusion, where a dear, trusting little garden sparrow roosted and built its cozy nest and was "never disturbed." Here she brooded, twittered and hopped about all day long.

"This dear little bird of the feathered race,  
That looks unscared on the human face,  
That God has given a wing to flee.  
But prefers with man in his haunts to be."

"What can be more delightful than listening to the happy birds carolling their morning and evening songs, and breathing the perfume of sweet flowers that "touch the heart in seasons of joy and hours of sadness." "Nid," the watch-dog, made himself a comfortable bed under the front porch, and knew the exact dinner hour, when he could be sure of a plate of bones and a huge piece of "light pone," for Mr. Wright's motto was: "Love me, love my dog."

The vista on the left of this lovely spot, the limbs of the trees overlapping and forming a perfect arch, struck the eye with delight. The Virginia Creeper (*ampelopsis veitchii*) twined gracefully around a tree here and there. The bright red trumpet-shaped blossoms hanging gracefully overhead contrasted well with the green leaves of the trees, and the pure white elder blossoms, not far off. One continued line of variety and beauty prevailed, until the placid little creek was reached, which reflected the different shrubs and vines that grew wild and luxuriant on its banks, forming the most picturesque scenery, which was more enjoyable when the moon came out to pour her soft beams over these rural objects, making them as perfect by reflection as though they were the very same shrubs and vines. This calm, lovely stream of water looked from the front porch of "Reed's Creek" like a "white cloud" in the distance, through an archway formed perfectly by nature and draped by "her" skilful hand. On either side of this velvety walk handsome roses grew in luxuriance. All through the old garden lilacs, snow-balls and "flowering almond" added their beauty and odor to the surrounding scenery. "Trailing" roses, honeysuckles and morning-glories were supported by neatly white-washed frames. Circles and semi-circles, laid out by Mr. Wright's "mathematical" hand, glowed with "pretty-by nights" and "bachelor's button." The *Lobelia Cardinalis* colored the banks of the little creek with its bright scarlet, radiant petals; this whole flowery phalanx exuding exhilarating and delicious draughts of pleasure, refinement and beauty.

There were "few" scenes that I enjoyed more than sitting at the large window in the extreme end of the upper hall, just before the evening shadows lengthened, the soft waning beams of the sun sparkling through the gay chintz curtains. It was truly a "charming" outlook, lounging in a comfortable chair, with an old "time-worn" book of poetry, leaning now and then on the wide

wnidowsill and viewing the plying of the steamers and lesser vessels to and from the city of Baltimore. The paddle of the oar from the unsteady little canoe could be heard in the distance and the swelling of the blue waves made delightful music.

The old garret above this extensive hall was an object of "special" interest. There were huge steps, and "dangerous" ones, too, by which we could get a peep into this "labarynth of wonders." The "Reed's Creek" servants told us many a marvelous story of "ghosts in the garret" and their strange noises, candles being suddenly extinguished, chairs creaking, all of which made my brain whirl, bringing out drops of perspiration on my forehead. What! thought I, if a spectre "should" emerge from this dreary, dark old garret, "as I crept by." Mary Gould, the housemaid, declared she heard footsteps every night over her head when the family were, as Mr. Wright expressed it, "wrapped in the arms of Morpheus." No wonder a "horror" seized me when I walked by this lonely doorway to retire to my bed-chamber. To shut out the "gloomy" recollection from my excited brain, I buried my face in the pillow and thought myself "safe."

The old walnut "secretary," as it was called in those days, which occupied a conspicuous place in the lower hall, was filled with wonders. The upper portion of this ancient piece of furniture was used for books and contained a goodly store of ancient literature. Indeed, on the well-arranged shelves a rich mine of reading matter was stowed, to while away a rainy day when conversation grew wearisome and out-of-door pleasure could not be indulged in. From this old "secretary" I learned the beauties of Thompson's seasons, "Young's Night Thoughts," and Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," whose writings have never been surpassed by any modern author for their purity of sentiment. Old documents, quaint letters, that had grown dingy from age, occupied one shelf of this stately piece of furniture. With a capacious "arm-chair," tipped back against the wall, Mr. Wright would quote to the "happy lovers" that were sitting or leisurely strolling around watching the fleecy evening clouds, the most appropriate and touching stanzas from "Childe Harold," looking all the while "Love to eyes that spake again." When poetry grew tiresome, he would strike up an old favorite love song, "Vire l'amour," himself composing verse after verse, in which his young companions joined with enthusiasm and spirit; the merry strains,



swelling the "old halls," till the midnight hour warned us that pleasure must be suspended for a time. Those "by-gone days" will loom up as a pleasing recollection of my early life. The genial atmosphere of old "Reed's Creek," the warmth of enjoyment from being "unrestrained and unrebuked," made us as happy as the "butterfly born in an hour." Mr. Wright's amusing jokes and lively stories, although twice told, were listened to for their "jocularity and originality" with the greatest interest. He was never "solemncholy," even gay when others were grave and sad. He had a soul, a heart, his great desire being to make others happy. He never forgot the courtesy due to females, although he "did" on one occasion, from the "spur of the moment," say to Miss Ann Grason, daughter of one of our governors, "Women are a necessary evil. We can't get along very well with them, and we can't get along very well without them." Mr. Wright really did not mean to be uncivil, for he was constantly eulogizing the "fair sex." Being a great admirer of feminine beauty, he lavished his attentions upon the girls of the period, who thought him a courteous knight, full of chivalry and romance, using the "fatal arrow" to pierce their "tender" hearts.

This courteous gentleman was a man of "distinguished" appearance, "always" philosophical whichever way things went. There was never a tournament that he was not present on his handsome grey charger, "Billy Miller." A fine horse and an expert rider, dashing here and there, occasionally halting to speak loving words to gay young girls, strikes the looker-on with "admiration." On horseback his splendid figure showed to great advantage. He had a nerve of "steel," broad-shouldered and powerfully built, wavy black hair, a pleasant smile, an eye soft and tender, an expression gentle, and the air of a general in command of his men. Mr. Wright's "spirits were inexhaustible." No reprimand ever passed his lips, which young people "so much" dread. His musical laugh which echoed through the "Reed's Creek" halls, as he gracefully walked around with regular, noiseless strides, I seem now to be listening to. "There" all was "sunshine and mirth." The jollity and good nature, the witticisms and the social qualities Mr. Wright possessed, endeared him to the hearts of all his associates, and particularly to his nieces and nephews, who were devoted to him. The scattered leaves, the songs of birds, the murmuring winds, revel-

ling in their mirth, dispensed happiness and contentment there. The impress of hospitality was stamped upon every object around this lovely old homestead. No bars, no locks were needed. The shutters and doors were usually thrown open, inviting the passer-by to enter its hospitable halls. The broad, easy stairway that was never entirely furnished, was handsomely carved on the sides, and "scrupulously" white showing the grain of the best flooring, of which it was made.

The extensive "hall" of this old mansion breathed ease and sociability to the numerous visitors, which, in summer time, was open to admit the fresh river breeze and sweet odors of the eglantine and pine trees. The old dining-room was a "cherished" spot, the blazing, bright open-fire threw "flickering rays" of light throughout this well-furnished apartment, casting a shade of freshness and beauty on every object. An old-time rocker kept its place in a cozy corner, where mothers and fathers sang "lullabys" to "trusting" little ones, who were soothed to slumber by the old nursery songs, "Charlie over the water," "Gaily the Troubadour touched his Guitar," etc.

"The floor is all worn where it rocked to and fro,  
For 'twas used every day in the week;  
When the 'old folks' died the old chair seemed to know,  
When 'twas used the old rockers would creak."

The "Reed's Creek" clock, in the corner, which had occupied the self-same spot year after year, ticked regularly and untiringly with a sweetness which soothed the inmates of the house, and made everything "move" like clock-work in this thrifty, happy family. And the old "lounging chair," comfortably cushioned, which always stood inside the front door. It looked so cozy and inviting, "bidding us rest in its embrace," after a stroll to the river or over the fields, or in the flower-garden, where—

"Sweet and sorrowful words were spoken,  
Hearts were soothed and hearts were broken."

There happy lovers strayed, watching the peaceful moon rising slowly from behind the clouds. There long and "sad farewells" were breathed, bringing tears to the eyes of parting friends, as the old song "Good-bye" filled the halls they were loath to leave. The immense upper story of this dear home had never received the finishing touch of the carpenter. Its original beauty

and antique appearance impressed one and filled the soul with admiration. They were wonderful days, those dear old, old days of "long ago."

"But now they seem  
Like a wistful dream,  
Like a 'picture' out of date."

I must not omit to tell of the weaving room, the busiest part of this old homestead. The huge old-fashioned spinning wheel was kept revolving day in and day out by faithful "Ibby," going round and round as if it would never tire, and could be distinctly heard all through the upper part of the house. The carding had been done, and beautiful white rolls of wool were to be spun into hanks of coarse yarn for the comfort of the happy domestics. "Ibby," who loves yet to tell of those good old times, worked industriously from one end of this long room to the other, spinning, twisting, winding, and completing her important and pleasing task long before night. She was never hurried by her considerate master, and always received a word of encouragement from him, whom she loved to serve. What a pleasure to this faithful woman to join her companions at the comfortable "old cabin," where the bright flames from huge logs lit up the hearth, on which a skillet of meat and "shovey" or a huge "ash cake," hot and wholesome, invited her to her evening meal, her little ones climbing on her lap to share the pleasure with her. The greatest enjoyment to "Ibby" was a "hoe down" by the boys of the cabin, to the merry music of Uncle Dick's well-tuned banjo, picking the old Negro tunes, "Settin on a Rail," "Old Zip Coon," "Dandy Jim," etc. Those were happy times for the old plantation darkies. No care, or sorrow disturbed their contented minds. They were fed and clothed by "willing" hands. For their kind master's thought and solicitude these grateful servants would "wear their muscles to a thread" to serve their owners, in whom they confided and leaned on for protection and guidance. Strange that these "dependent and useful "companions" of our daily life have "gone," ay! gone from us "forever!" Their happiness and ours, too, is turned into sorrow. None but those who have felt the sting can imagine the "poignancy" of this terrible calamity. Inducing our domestics to leave their homes even before their emancipation. Many of our "plantation" hands

were secreted and afterwards taken North by a "Massachusetts" regiment, which was ordered into Maryland to watch her citizens. Some of these soldiers were stationed at "Sandy Bottom" Meeting House, where the colored people worshipped, in the town of Centreville. Little innocent children who loved their "foster mothers" cried pleadingly and sorrowfully for old mammy to "tum" back again. "Old ladies" were filled with wonder who had plied the "Oznaburg" needle, when sewing machines were "unknown," "day and night," to have their maids surpass in neatness and "propriety" every "other" maid servant in the neighborhood, wept bitterly at the thought of losing "faithful Patty," or even the wayward little "July Ann," who, like Miss Feely's "Topsy," was a mischievous elf, although not so ignorant. July occupied a stool near "old Miss," knitting long yarn stockings, more to keep her out of mischief than from "necessity." Then she would take her seat on the steps, awaiting the tap of Miss Ellin's call-bell to assemble her servants to prayers and to commit to memory a verse from the Bible, or to review the church catechism. But the "mothers." It was a "momentous" time for them. "Unaccustomed" to "hard work," they found themselves with large families of children, and no help whatever—no cook, no nurse for their little ones, no housemaid. All was sadness within the "old plantation homes." The grey-haired sire felt at "sea" and down-hearted, for the plow rested in the furrow; the horses and cattle were uncared for. The whole farm machinery had ceased to work. Cæsar and Jack, Tom and Mose, Deb and Lott—all the uncles and aunts, with their fine dresses, silk vests, plaid and striped pantaloons; the women, with earrings dangling in their ears, and showy pinch-beck breastpins, were as bewildered as their disconsolate owners. They knew not which path to take from dear old "Massa and Missus," who had nursed them in sickness, paid their bills and made them "comfortable" in every way. They were told they *must* leave. Their husbands must shoulder the musket and fight in the army.

Those faithful creatures did not want to war against their masters, and "farewells" were "heartrending" between the "mutually" dependent population of Maryland. Some there were of the colored race who were more level-headed and sensible, and could not be persuaded away from their happy fire-sides their wives and children.

I am now living near "Bloomingdale," once the beautiful home of the late S. Teackle Wallis, one of Maryland's "bright and shining" lights, an old colonial homestead, inherited by him from Miss Mary and Sallie Harris, who were the reigning belles of those "good old" times. Their names are perpetuated in the "rustic mill," near by, still called "Miss Sallie Harris' Mill." The "calm" little mill-pond on which the "old mill" is situated and on whose banks the first flower of spring, the "modest," "shrinking arbutis," blooms in beauty and seclusion, inviting the lover of nature to pluck her sweets, looks just as it did a century ago. Miss Sallie's coachman, Eliason, read well and was posted in political affairs. He was "pompous," too. Although harassed by the impunities of Abolitionists, he had a high standard of "right and justice," and felt "skeptical" upon the all-absorbing subject of the day—"freeing" the slaves and "bettering" their condition. "I have everything I want," said he, "good food, good clothes, money in my 'old big chest,' as well as in my pocket, and a fine pair of 'dappled greys' to draw the rein on whenever I choose to harness them up. I can sit back as important as any man in the land. What more do I need?"

And so thought all of Miss Sallie Harris' men and maid servants under "his" influence, as well as being thoroughly sensible of the fact that they were happier under a "kind Mistress' roof" than anywhere else under the sun. The descendants of the carriage-driver, Eliason, still live near the old homestead, "Bloomingdale." His daughter, Lizzie Sheppard, who was the faithful attendant of these estimable ladies, is reaping a rich reward for her untiring services, being well provided for by her appreciative mistress during her whole life. The beautiful yards enclosing this old home "until recently" were kept clean, the grass clipped, the whole atmosphere breathing quiet and precision. "No intruder" is allowed to desecrate their graves, but the "welcome voice" is silent, the light footstep is no longer heard; only a "fond remembrance" of the refined and hospitable occupants exists. Would that we could have them back again. We have not forgotten their happy smile and labors of love in their church and among their confiding servants, who wept tears of misery at the thought of having no one to care for them when they were told the watchful eyes of their protectors were closed forever to all earthly things.

## CHAPTER XI.

Miss Mary and Miss Sallie Harris still live in the memory of many in this community, who "knew them but to love them." It is a beautiful monument to their memory that their slaves were faithful to them, notwithstanding the persuasive influence exerted over them.

But it was not thus with the old "Reed's Creek" slaves, and I could never understand why it was. They had a kind and attentive master, were trusted with everything on the farm, and Mr. Wright would just as soon have suspected his children of disloyalty as his old servants. "Pif," his body-guard, was the "major domo" of the plantation and controlled the whole place, from the stoutest man to the smallest urchin that was ever born at the old home. Attentive to Massa day and night, he had but "one thought," which was to serve him faithfully. He did not want to leave the "old quarters" and all of his gay, rollicking companions, but poor "Pif" was "oversuaded." He could not resist the entreaties of the soldiers, the beating of the drum and the notes of the flageolet. A long sigh, a convulsive sob made his whole frame tremble as he sank into his comfortable bed for the last time, "not to sleep," awaiting the crowing of the "old rooster" at four o'clock in the morning, when he would start away from the scenes of his boyhood. He knelt down by his bedside and "prayed to God" that Massa might be able to supply "Pif's" place, and after parting words were said to his cabin "companions" and tears wiped from sorrowful eyes, in a coarse and trembling voice he bade "good-bye" forever to all that was dear to him on earth. The "last tear" fell sorrowfully upon the old low-seated stool, on which he had so often nodded before going to his bed. One can scarce conceive a more unhappy creature as he turned and looked back at old "Reed's Creek" in the dusky gloom of early morn, with a wistful, undecided cast of countenance, where the unsuspecting inmates were quietly sleeping, little dreaming that Pif would not be at his post, which he had not deserted for "years and years." The old "red-silk" handkerchief protruded from his heavy, warm overcoat, which "Massa "

had given him at Christmas time, and was freely used to dry up the eyes that were almost blind with weeping. Every object seemed to reproach him. He was really to be pitied. He was leaving behind him the best home, where he had "truly" eaten his "white" bread, the "best master," but he "walked on." At the rising of the sun on this "eventful" morning the blast of Pif's horn, which had aroused the family servants at exactly the same hour for years, was "silent."

Consternation pervaded the whole place. "Mas Ellick" and "Miss Ellin" were in close conversation in the "old hall." What could it all mean? The "servants' bell" was loudly sounded. The house-maid was dispatched for "Pif," but "no," Pif appeared. An underservant to Pif was summoned, who made his appearance before his master and announced that Pif was "not about," his bed was empty, and his "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" suit was gone, his old coon dog, "Watch," was missing. Imagine, if you can, the feeling of this confiding master. "Deserted" by one he thought could "never" deceive him—his "constant" attendant.

The world would say: "How foolish to regret an ungrateful servant." Mr. Wright was not of this opinion. "Massa" was wounded, "sorely hurt," that his right-hand man, who had been with him so many long years, could, by "any" persuasive influence, be induced to leave him. After the morning meal was over Mr. Wright ordered his white Beauty ("Blossom"), that Pif took so much pride in grooming and harnessing for his master, and started out in search of his "manager of the farm."

Rumors were in circulation that the Northern soldiers were secreting the slaves with the intention of enlisting the men in the army, but "Massa" could not believe that "Pif," who had always been so respectful and satisfied, could fall into satan's snare. The town was reached in less than an hour. Inquiry was made for the missing servant, and to "Massa's" utter astonishment, he was told that Pif was at "Sandy Bottom" with the Northern soldiers. Still doubting, the master walked down to the old "meetin'" house the soldiers were occupying, approached the captain of the band and asked if his "man Pif" was there. Pointing to an intelligent, well-built fellow, he said: "Is 'that' your man? Pif rose from his seat with the same respectful air that he had always shown his master, and could not for a moment utter a word. At last he said, in a quivering tone of voice: "Mas Ellick, I'm

'sorry,' but I'm going to 'leave' you." Pif's master stood for five minutes with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, his right foot forward, and gave him "one look," that was all, and turned on his heel and left him. His master's trust and confidence in "Pif" had been misplaced, and he returned to the old home disappointed and sorrowful. Pif wandered around the country, a miserable woe-begone fellow. His garment was a "top" coat and an old one. His meal, a "potato," and a "cold one." His vest grew threadbare; his pantaloons were worn out at the knee; his heavy, comfortable, *all-wool* overcoat that Mas Ellick had given him, and touched his ankles to protect them from the cold, needed new sleeves and was "tailless"; his frosted feet were shoeless. He "sighed" for the "plantation mammy" to do his Saturday night patching. Where now was the kind, provident master, to take his measure for the heaviest "water-proof" boots that could be procured in Baltimore city? Where was the good mistress, "Miss Ellin," to administer a hot draught, for a slight cold? Pif now realized that when he left his master and mistress and the comforts of his "Reed's Creek" home that he had parted "forever" from the "best friends" on earth, and if he had found the means to return, his heart would have "failed" him. Ingratitude from one whom he had always trusted had blunted the feelings of his considerate master. Pif well knew that he would never trust him again. The poor misguided man was beguiled into the "same" net that had been heartlessly cast for our happy and willing domestics. All that he could do was to "pray" for himself, and master and mistress, too, before Gabriel should summon him and release him from misery. As a freeman Pif's physical labor was far more arduous than when he was serving his master at "Reed's Creek," with his "privileges." He would "gladly" have redeemed his character and gone back—

"To where his heart was turning 'eber,'  
To de home where de old folks stay."

Some of Pif's companions still live in the neighborhood, and have a grateful remembrance of their indulgent and kind master and mistress and the "beloved home" of their young and happy days, when they knew no want or care. Pif was never known to utter a word of complaint against his good master, and would fain have occupied the old chair in the "Quarters" again; but he had



not the courage to return. Both master and servant may, for aught we know, be united again in heaven—Pif, at his master's feet, a "true penitent"—

"The master that was always so patient, good and true,  
His voice, it used to cheer them when their daily work was  
through."

It is said that most of the brick used in building this old home was imported. It has stood well the test of time, and its halls are now as perfect as the day they were cemented—one hundred and twenty-three years ago. "Reed's Creek," in 1897, stands out as gloriously in the morning and evening light as the first year its foundation was laid, and has defied the blasts of winter and the lightning of summer. Its walls now are as firm as the "Rock of Gibraltar." The family burying place of the "Walnut Grove" and "Reed's Creek" Wrights is at the old ancestral home. There noble forms have mouldered away. No proud marble marks their resting place. "There" they lie in seclusion and sweet repose. Wild flowers bloom o'er the nameless graves of those who await the call to "life and beauty again."

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE WRIGHTS OF "GUILFORD" AND "BLAKEFORD."

[Vide Liber 17, Folio 611, Land Office.]

Nathaniel Wright, brother of Solomon, came to the colony of Maryland in 1673 with his friend, Joseph Baker.

[Vide Liber 13, Folio 1, Registers' Office, Annapolis.]

Nathaniel Wright, the immigrant, married Sarah ———, and had issue—Edward, Solomon, Nathaniel, Uriah, Sarah and Ann Wright. He died in 1710. He gave to his son Solomon "Guilford" (300 acres), which he patented June 30, 1685, and half of Narborough.

[Vide C. C., Folio 634.]

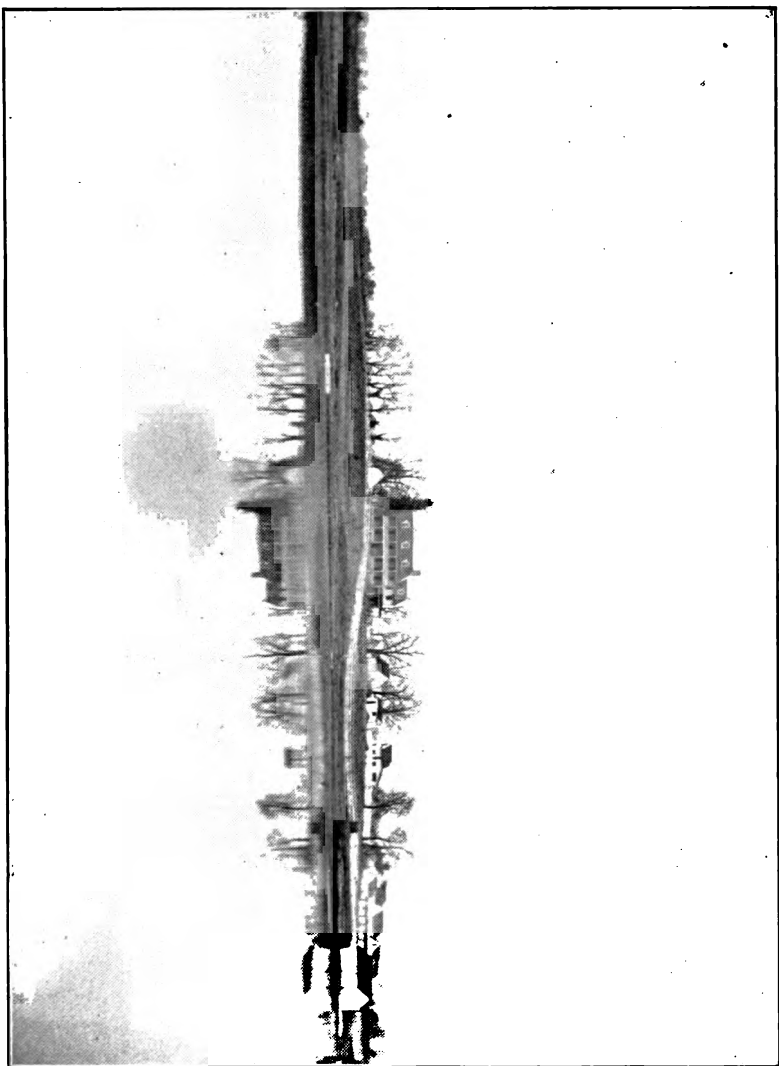
Solomon Wright, son of Nathaniel Wright and Sarah, his wife, married Mary ———, and had issue—Nathaniel, Solomon and Sarah Wright. He died in 1729, leaving his children all minors. He gave to his son Solomon his dwelling plantation, "Guilford," and all the lands thereto belonging, also a tract of 100 acres, called "Hog Harbor." This Solomon Wright was the judge, member of the colonial convention of 1775, member of the Association of Freeman, and progenitor of the "Blakeford" Wrights. He married Ann Sidmarsh, and was one of the first judges of the Court of Appeals, in 1778. John Beale Bordley and Charles Carroll were at this time appointed judges of the General Court. Judge Solomon Wright and Nathaniel Turbutt Wright were two of the four delegates from Queen Anne's County who were appointed to meet delegates at Annapolis from the other counties to form a constitution for the State. He was succeeded by Littleton Dennis. Judge Solomon Wright was a prominent Whig in Revolutionary times, and when General Charles Lee, of Virginia, who was so much opposed to General Washington, came to Maryland to examine the defences on the Chesapeake, he passed several days at "Blakeford," where Judge Wright lived at that time, who thought him true to the American cause. When Judge Wright lived at "Guilford" he had his office near his dwell-

ing and was an able lawyer and a fine speaker. His talents descended to his grandson, Mr. Henry Ennolls Wright. Judge Wright's sons were : William, Robert, Thomas and Solomon. He had but one daughter—Ann—who married Henry Pratt. They owned the lovely estate "Cedar Grove," opposite "Blakeford," the cherished home of her brother, Gov. Robert Wright. "Cedar Grove," now in the possession of Dr. Carroll, is well preserved and beautifully situated on Salt House Creek, a clear and rippling stream of water which flows quite up to the back of the house. This imposing home, in olden times, was the seat of hospitality and good cheer, a rendezvous for the distinguished people of the surrounding country.

This picture, "Cedar Grove," was taken by Col. Robert M. Bates, of the Third Georgia Mounted Infantry, a brave and active band of soldiers, during the late civil war. Col. Bates has been in twenty-four battles ; had his right ankle broken and the flesh torn off his right leg, but he still introduces himself as a "Rebel colonel." While he was photographing "Cedar Grove," a gentleman in the little skiff pointed to "Rock Hall," in the distance, and remarked : "That, Colonel, is the garden of the world. The very weeds are beautiful. Its waste more rich than other climes' fertility." The Colonel replied meditatively : "Well, all that I can say is, it's very near "Hell Point."

The late Mrs. Catharine Emory was a constant visitor at Mrs. Pratt's, and has often spoken of the sociability of this estimable lady, who feasted her friends on all the delicacies of the season. In winter, wild ducks, Chester River oysters and terrapins were every-day dishes. In summer, hard and soft crabs, which latter lay, as if dozing, on the bottom of Salt House Creek, in numbers beyond calculation, tempted the palate of the epicure. Fruit of every variety grew on the farm. The walls of this aristocratic old mansion were decorated with family portraits and antiquated pictures. Handsome and valuable old glass, punch bowls, cut-glass decanters, etc, occupied a conspicuous place on the old-time mahogany sideboard. The table was ornamented with lovely china, delicate little teacups, without handles, and coffee cups, to match, "with" handles, and somewhat different in shape, many pieces being now in the possession of her great-grandchildren—Mrs. Stephen L. Wright, Mrs. John Emory of William, and Mrs. Thomas Emory. Mrs. Pratt owned valuable servants, who were

"CEDAR GROVE."





well trained, respectful and grateful to their kind master and mistress. The head waiter was always at his post to refill the glasses with the choicest wines, which were "used," but not "abused." The Pratt homestead was a scene of mirth and natural enjoyment. The hospitality of this generous and companionable lady, Mrs. Ann Wright Pratt, is not forgotten. No hostess could be more genial and attentive to their guests. Those were enjoyable days, the days of "olden times," when ladies were not compelled to step out of their sphere and be "mistress and maid," too. William, eldest son of Judge Solomon Wright, was sheriff of Queen Anne's County, and deputy commissioner for purchasing supplies for the continental army. He was treasurer of the Eastern Shore, made vacant by the death of Colonel Richardson, of Caroline County, Md., who lived to be 90 years of age, and was a very distinguished officer in the Revolution. William Wright married Miss Emory, daughter of John King Beck Emory, who owned a fine farm near Centreville, called "Welsh Ridge," which he came into possession of in 1706. After his death it fell into the hands of the Seegar family, descendants of Mr. Emory. William died very young, leaving no children. Robert, second son of Judge Solomon Wright, was one of the most distinguished men of his day. He was very popular, a fine orator and a man of brilliant mind and unlimited energy. He was a member of the Legislature in 1784-'87-'91, serving in both house and senate. In 1801 he was elected United States Senator. On the 29th of April, 1860, he was appointed attorney-general in place of William Pinkney, who was made minister to the Court of St. James, but declined the appointment. In the following year Robert Wright was elected Governor of Maryland, without opposition. In 1808 he was again elected Governor. Mr. Wright moved to Chestertown and lived there, when not officially engaged, while he was Governor of the State. On May 6th, 1809, he resigned as Governor, expecting the appointment of the judgeship of the Second Judicial District, embracing Queen Anne's and other counties of the Eastern Shore, but the council appointed Mr. Earle. After Governor Wright vacated the gubernatorial chair, Hon. Edward Lloyd was made Governor. Here let me state that the Earles were some of the first settlers in Maryland. They came here in 1683, from Oglethorpe, England. Mr. George Earle, the eldest of the three living sons of Judge Earle, has recently erected a handsome monument on the lot of

the late Richard Tilghman Earle, in the Centreville cemetery, whose generosity to St. Paul's Church of that town will long be remembered. This monument was erected at Mr. R. T. Earle's expense.

The Earles are noted for their Christian fervor, and I would fain write of the many virtues of the members of this distinguished family, but they are so numerous that to do so would make a large volume in itself. The Earles and Tilghmans have ever been linked together by marriage, as well as by association, and I shall reluctantly omit the genealogy of this family also, as they are quite as numerous, if not more so, than the Earles.

Governor Wright was elected to the Eleventh Congress (House of Representatives), and was re-elected to the Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Seventeenth Congresses. During the war of '12 he was chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. In May, 1823, he was appointed associate judge of the Cecil, Kent, Queen Anne's and Talbot districts, with Judge Richard Tilghman Earle. Judge Earle was the father of a large family of "Tilghman Earle's"—George Tilghman, James Tilghman, Richard Tilghman, Samuel Tilghman. All of Judge Earle's children had Tilghman in their names except his youngest son, who was Dr. John Charles Earle, and were intelligent, influential, Christian gentlemen. Tilghman is not only an aristocratic, but a sweet sounding name, and has adorned the pages of history for centuries. It is associated with many families in Queen Anne's and other counties in Maryland. There are Tilghman Earles, Tilghman Davidsons, Tilghman Emorys, Tilghman Pacas, Tilghman Goldsboroughs, etc., etc., thus indicating the great popularity of this old English family. Matthew Tilghman was called the patriarch of Maryland. He was the youngest son of Richard Tilghman II, of the "Hermitage," and Anna Maria Tilghman. He married Ann Lloyd, wife of his brother, William Tilghman, and daughter of James Lloyd and Ann Grundy. He was adopted by his cousin, Matthew Tilghman Ward, and inherited from him the large landed estate, "Bayside," in Talbot County, since owned by Colonel Tilghman, father of Mr. Lloyd Tilghman, Mr. James Tilghman, Mr. Matthew Ward Tilghman and Miss Catherine Tilghman, who married Hon. James Tilghman Earle.

Mr. Peregrine Tilghman Foreman and his brothers, Harry, Ezekiel and William, came from the old stock of this noted

family, their mother being Miss Maria Tilghman, daughter of Peregrine Tilghman. These gentlemen are influential citizens of Centreville and possess fine traits of character, courteous and amiable. The most beautiful feature in the life of these exemplary sons was their "devotion to their mother," for whom they always had an encouraging smile, which, like the breath of the dew drop upon drooping plants, fell gently upon that mother's heart, refreshing its withered tendrils and soothing its "woes." Ah, who can estimate the value of kind words from our children when the "soul" is bowed down, and like a broken harp, the chords of pleasure cease to vibrate. They are truly the light rays of a mother's existence, especially "at home," where she is waiting to welcome her loved ones to the happy fireside. These faithful sons and daughters always carried pleasure to this tranquil home, and the tender heart of their faithful mother was a fountain of "pure" love, that never ceased to flow for them. It must now be a sweet reflection to them to feel that they soothed her declining years and endeavored to repay her for a long, long life of solicitude for "them." The pure and ardent affection, the unremitting attention, the sweet caress of those tender-hearted children were a beautiful reward for their mother's life-long love. On one occasion the eldest son said to me, with so much delight: "'My' mother has nothing to do now. She can rest in her rocking chair and fan herself all day long, if she likes. I was once dependent upon her and she 'never' failed me. 'Now' she must depend upon 'me' for comfort and support in her declining life." They have laid the faithful mother to rest. Home is no longer home without her patient smile, without her good-night kiss. Sweet thought! They may go to her. Would that all sons and daughters would imitate the example of these mother-loving children. Miss Sarah Tilghman, Mrs. James Tilghman, formerly Miss Harriet Tilghman, are the living descendants in Queen Anne's County of this old English family. Miss Nannie Tilghman, now Mrs. Beddenfield Spencer, and her brothers, John and George, Miss Henrietta, now Mrs. Edward Bourke Emory, Miss Mamie, who recently married Mr. Summerfield Tilghman (the last two, children of Mr. Lloyd Tilghman, deceased) are among the younger members of the Tilghman family. Mr. Sommerfield Tilghman, Miss Mamie, Wm. McKenny and James McKenny Tilghman are also descended from the Tilghmans of old colonial times. There are other



descendants of this family, among them Capt. James Tilghman's sons and daughters, Daniel, James Cook, Frank, Peregrine, Julia, and Harriette. Julia Tilghman married Dr. E. A. Smith, and has a daughter, Anna Tilghman. James Cook Tilghman married Miss Elizabeth Haughton.

To return to Governor Wright. This distinguished gentleman was a private in Captain Kent's company that marched, in February, 1776, to Northampton County, Virginia, to fight Lord Dunmore's Tory force, about Cherry Stone Creek. In the Governor's speech on the bankruptcy bill, in Congress, he said: "If I could enlist your respect thereby, I would tell you that I had fought upon the banks of the 'Cherry Stone' against Dunmore; that as a captain in the Fifth Maryland Regiment, I had fought under the banner of our beloved Washington at Germantown and Paoli, and had always been devoted to the liberties of our country." Governor Wright in this speech referred to the fact that, under resolution of Congress, troops were ordered to be raised in Queen Anne's County, to serve under Colonel Richardson in the continental army, and that on July 7, 1778, he was made captain of one of the companies, which company was added to Col. Richardson's battalion. In 1803 he was one of the two Maryland delegates to the National Farmers' Convention. His best speeches were his reply to John Randolph, of Roanoke, December 11, 1811, and the one in favor of the great turnpike over the Alleghany Mountains, also the one in behalf of Queen Anne's County welcoming the Marquis de LaFayette to Annapolis, January 11, 1825.

Robert Wright was one of the ablest debators in the United States House of Representatives on the question of peace or war, when trouble with England seemed unavoidable. In his powerful speech in reply to Randolph, he asserted it to be the duty of this country to resist the impressment of seamen as a stroke at the vitals of liberty itself. He also defended General Wilkinson, whom Randolph denounced as a felon. The determined efforts of such men as Robert Wright and Joseph Nicholson, both born on Queen Anne's soil, had a great influence in compelling England to confirm the rights won by the war of Independence and which she was now seeking to infringe upon. In our Revolutionary struggle the patriots of Queen Anne's presented a bold, determined and united front, and this should not be forgotten by the descendants of our loyal ancestors. Governor Wright's

course in Congress, and, indeed, in every position he filled, was warmly commended by his constituents. Simon Wickes, of Chestertown wrote of him, that if Robert Wright were toasted by every citizen of the United States, as a devoted lover of his country and a firm supporter of the rights thereof, and those toasts published in every newspaper with "letters of gold" and "pictures of silver," his proceedings would justify such distinction.

Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie was celebrated in Centreville, Tuesday, September 28, 1813, by a large assembly of people from different parts of the county. The town was handsomely illuminated. Hon. Robert Wright presided at the dinner, which was the feature of the day's celebration, and patriotic toasts were tossed off with salutes of cannons. After the regular toasts were drank, Mr. Wright was *borne by the company* from the table, amidst shouts and huzzas, to the court-house, where he delivered a short but stirring address. Governor Wright presided at "Chaplain's Hotel," Centreville, July 4, 1814, where a splendid repast was given. A national salute from the cannon's mouth proclaimed joy to the patriots, and toasts were drank with great hilarity—one to Governor Wright, "The Maryland Patriot." As I have said, one of Hon. Robert Wright's best speeches was the one welcoming General LaFayette to Annapolis. The visit of this distinguished French soldier and statesman to America was a matter of great public interest to the citizens of Queen Anne's county, especially to the old soldiers who had fought with him in the Revolutionary war, among whom was ex-Governor Wright, the Hon. Robert Wright, Peregrine Wilmer, Esq., and P. B. Hopper, who were appointed to wait on General LaFayette. Judge Wright made a beautiful speech on the occasion. He said: "We hail you as a political luminary of both hemispheres. Forty years ago the patriots of Maryland recorded the admiration of your virtue and patriotism by a solemn act of the General Assembly constituting you a citizen of this State. We are instructed to assure you that they fondly hope that the evening of your days may be as serene and happy as their dawn and meridian were brilliant and glorious, and to express their wish that it may suit your convenience to make 'America' your future home. While Columbia enjoys the great charter of her liberties, she will always feel grateful for your distinguished services in her glorious

Revolution and continue to teach her loving children to lisp the name of 'LaFayette.' "

The General replied : " The honor I had forty years ago, to be peculiarly adopted by the State of Maryland enhances the gratification I now feel in the testimonies of kindness and esteem expressed in the name of Queen Anne's County and by you, sir (Governor Wright, who was a member of the House of Delegates when the LaFayette act was passed), to whom at the time of that adoption I have been under a special obligation. It is my eager and affectionate wish to visit the ' Eastern Shore of Maryland.' I anticipate there the pleasure to recognize several of my companions in arms, and among the relations of my departed friends to find the honored widow of a dear brother in Gen. George Washington's family (Colonel Tench Tilghman, Washington's aid-de-camp), as well as a daughter of my friend Carmichael (William Carmichael, great-uncle of the late Judge R. B. Carmichael), who first received the secret vows of my engagement in the American cause (when a diplomatic agent of this country in France), the last suspicion of which by the French or British government it was at that time momentous for me to prevent. As to my future destinies, gentlemen, they are duties which may supersede the fondest indications, but in every case I shall be attached to the citizens of ' Queen Anne's County ' by the most cordial sentiments of gratitude and respect."

## CHAPTER XIII.

After the surrender of Cornwallis General LaFayette made a speech in which he said: "My campaign began with a personal obligation to the inhabitants of Baltimore. At the end of it I find myself bound to them by a new tie of 'everlasting gratitude.'" A historic old tree under which this distinguished general ate his mid-day meal when the continental troops were marching from Rhode Island to Connecticut has lately felt the stroke of lightning. Trees, too, have their time to fall.

Governor Wright was toasted at a celebration on the 4th of July, in Centreville, as a "Hero of '76, as true to the Republic of America as the needle to the pole." During the war of '12 he was chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. After reaping political and military laurels this patriotic gentleman retired to his handsome country home, "Blakeford," where he attained prominence as a farmer, raising "thoroughbred" stock, including celebrated race horses, which he had trained on his own track. His racers were famous, and one of his horses, "Silver Heels," by Oscar, was progenitor of many horses celebrated today. His best horses were "Red Jacket" and "Lady of the Lake." He took first premium for milch cows at the Maryland Fair in 1822. Although Queen Anne's County has been represented in the Governor's chair and other important offices, it has had but one United States Senator, and that one was "Hon. Robert Wright." He married Sarah DeCourcy, sister of Mr. Edward DeCourcy, who was the grandfather of Mr. William Henry DeCourcy, one of the present judges of the Orphans' Court of Centreville, a gentleman of the "old school," possessing ability to advise in important matters, a constant friend, courteous to all and lofty in his sentiments. The DeCourcys, ancestors of this polished gentleman, held the ancient Barony of Kingsale, which is over seven hundred years old, and are traceable to the old monks and Irish peers. King John granted to John DeCourcy, Earl of Ulster, and his descendants the privilege of wearing their hat in the royal presence. Dr. William H. DeCourcy, who still lives at his lovely home, "Ches-

ton-on-the-Wye," is said to be the rightful heir to these titles, but he cares not for laurels of this description and is content to enjoy the quiet and healthfulness of his ancestral home, where he has lived many, many years as a bachelor, and "lord of all he surveys." The first home of the DeCourcy family was "My Lord's Gift," near Queenstown. This is one of the quaintest and oldest buildings in the neighborhood of historic Queenstown, and was a direct gift to Col. Henry DeCourcy from Lord Baltimore, in recognition of the Colonel having remained his loyal friend during the Puritan ascendancy in Maryland and of his having headed Lord Baltimore's forces in the fight which broke their power. Tradition says that Lord Baltimore gave DeCourcy as much unpatented land, represented on a certain map, as his thumb would cover. The Colonel covered the land mentioned and a great deal more in the neighborhood, including the lower part of "Blakeford."

Dr. DeCourcy takes great pride in keeping the old homestead in its pristine condition. The long stretch of beautifully cultivated fields, dotted here and there with handsome Southdowns and thoroughbred cattle and horses, strikes one with admiration. After leaving a dense woods, which encircles part of this well-kept home, and the moon appears to soften the landscape, a lovelier picture can scarce be conceived. The beautifully-clipped green sward yields to the tread of dainty feet in summer, when relatives and friends usually visit this cherished spot, and are hospitably entertained by their courteous host. "Cheston" wears its most attractive garb in the month of June, when the voluptuous wheat is waving in the sunshine, and the linden, the elm, the locust and osage orange are doing their best to spread out their interlacing boughs over the bright green lawn to lessen the warmth of the summer sunbeams. These capacious grounds slope gradually to the banks of the murmuring "river," which is a pleasant walking distance from the house. Here and there a weeping willow may be seen, drooping and speaking softly of scenes that are past and gone forever. The most attractive object to my eye on visiting this beautiful home was a pretty little island, which was formerly attached to the mainland, and, with the Doctor's permission, I will call it the "Emerald" Isle. He has done a great deal to make it an island, and greatly enjoys sitting on his back verandah, viewing this diminutive spot, where trees of several varieties loom up

in the distance, and are reflected on the surrounding river, which washes the flowery banks where languidly flow—

“The limpid waters of the lovely Wye,  
Leaping the shore, and with unfruitful sand,  
Washing the island and adjacent land.”

This beautiful and productive river is said, by some, to be called for the Wye, in England. Others affirm that it is shaped like the letter “Y.” Another opinion is that the first settlers on its banks were from the Wye region, in the old country, and in early colonial times was called in honor of the emigrants to our little State. “There are very few who know that, in 1860, there was a flourishing town, called York, situated on Skipton Creek, which empties into the Wye. York was then the county seat, and it was there that the first court-house was built. When Talbot County was changed, it was determined to move the county seat to Oxford, then Williamstadt. In 1712 a court-house was built at Easton. The old town “York” was burned by the British in 1814. Its ruins are yet visible on the ‘Jim Arringdale’ farm.”—*Copied from Centreville Observer.*

It is very sad to know that the little island I have described will gradually waste away after the name and memory of those so long connected with this aristocratic old home shall have been forgotten. Ah me! It is a solemn thought that neither “philosophy nor eloquence” can guard the dearest haunts from the rude touch of desecrating time. “Nothing” stands, nor may endure to the end, except alone the Spiritual Temple, built with living stones. Everything around “Cheston” is tranquility and happiness.

“Sweet are the stars that tremble in the sky  
As we look up across the shadowy trees,  
Whose branches softly meet in heaven’s seas  
And mix with stars as griefs with destinies—  
Sweet—the sleepy air  
That scarce can hold the moonlight in its arms  
For dreaming—and for sleeping—  
Sweet—All things here, ’twixt rivers and the skies.”

Governor Wright, his wife, Sarah DeCourcy, his daughter, Louisa, and his son, Gustavus William Tidmarsh, were interred at “Cheston-on-the-Wye,” in the southwest corner of the family burying-ground. Caroline and William H. DeCourcy Wright rest

in Greenmount Cemetery. It is thought that Governor Wright's mother and grandmother were buried at old Chester Church. There are no slabs or stones to mark the resting place of Governor Wright, and I have been told that Dr. DeCourcy is the only person who knows the exact spot where this distinguished gentleman was buried. Why will not some of his descendants honor the memory of one of Maryland's governors by placing a monument over the grave of him whose heart was full of love for his country, and who served his constituents most faithfully.

Governor Wright's second wife was Miss Ringold, of Kent County, an attractive, handsome woman. She combined industry with beauty and had a contempt for men who were "born tired," otherwise "lazy." In speaking of one of her gentlemen friends who did nothing but lounge and loaf, she said she could make a better man than he of "two clap-boards and a turnip." Governor Wright's children were Robert Theodore DeCourcy Wright, Caroline Augusta, Gustavus William Tidmarsh, Victoria Louisa, Clinton and William Henry DeCourcy Wright.

Robert Theodore DeCourcy, eldest son of the Governor, was a member of the Governor's council. He married Deborah Thomas, of Chestertown, Kent County, by whom he had one son, Gustavus A. T. Wright, who married the handsome Miss Nicholson, sister of Mr. Emerson Nicholson, well known in Queen Anne's County. She died a good many years ago and left several daughters and one son. Mr. Robert T. DeCourcy Wright married for his second wife Mary Feddeman, niece of Judge Earle, the proprietor of the old "Needwood" home, near Centreville. She was the daughter of Col. Philip Henry Feddeman, who was the grandfather of Mr. Henry Feddeman, recently deceased. Robert Theodore DeCourcy Wright, by his second marriage, to Mary Feddeman, had two sons, Clinton and William Henry Wright. Clinton married the whole family of Clayton "girls," except one, not all at once, however, but consecutively, thus showing his ardent love for them. His first wife was Anna Maria Hackett Clayton, daughter of Walter Jackson and Sarah Hackett Clayton, by whom he had two sons and a daughter, Robert Theodore DeCourcy (deceased), Mary Feddeman (Mrs. James T. Earle), and Clinton Wright, who married Miss Frances Kirby, of Tennessee, and has two children, Clinton and Nannie. Clinton Wright's second wife was Henrietta Maria Clayton. She had a daughter, Henrietta Clayton, who

married William Samuel Carroll, and has a son, James Lambert Carroll. Clinton Wright's third wife was Sarah Hackett Clayton. They had two sons, William Henry DeCourcy and Thomas Clayton Wright. Miss Mary Feddeman, the eldest daughter of Clinton Wright and Anna Maria Hackett Clayton, married Hon. James Tilghman Earle, and has two interesting "Earles," who will doubtless perpetuate the stock of Earles. Mr. William Henry DeCourcy Wright married Miss Wroth.

Thomas Clayton Wright was drowned in Corsica River, about three years ago, plunging into the waters in perfect health, viewing as he went down the home which contained the object of his affections. The treacherous waters engulfed him and he sank to unexplored depths, never to rise again, the waters rippling on and on as tranquil as ever. A near relative of his, on his mother's side, Mr. Solomon Clayton, met the same fate of this unfortunate young man, in the same river. He was a son of Solomon Clayton, who married Henrietta Maria Earle, daughter of Richard Tilghman Earle and Ann Chamberlaine Earle, and was register of wills in Queen Anne's County.

Mr. Robert Theodore DeCourcy Wright's third wife was his second wife's half-sister, Margaret Feddeman. He lived and died at "Narborough," not far from "Hope" or "Clucktown," since owned by Gen. Wm. McKenny. His house stood on a high elevation, sloping gradually to a level plain. Across this beautiful green plain ran a limpid stream of water that leaped, gurgled and sparkled in the beautiful sunshine as it flowed rapidly along. The yards were lovely to behold, and contained fine "natural fruit" peach trees, the peaches being allowed to hang until thoroughly ripened and were luscious to the taste. It is far different in this day with fruit. We seldom see a perfectly ripened peach, being usually sent to market while in a green state. The garden attached to Narborough was studded with sweet-scented thousand leaf roses and many other flowers of brilliant hue and great variety. Handsome oak, elm and linden trees ornamented the yards, and everything looked inviting around this well-kept home. Henry Wright owned Narborough addition, Clinton Wright's farm, adjoining the other two. Mr. Robert Theodore DeCourcy Wright was extremely popular, a whole-soul, companionable gentleman. Governor Wright and other members of the



Wright family owned handsome water situations and, as they expressed it, lived "in" the world.

Chesapeake Bay and the beautiful rivers that empty into this grand body of water were a means of subsistence to the early settlers, as well as of social intercourse, for they traveled, traded and lived on the water and visited in canoes. There were as yet no country roads. Scharff says that the bay and its tributaries gave tide-water Maryland a facility of communication with one another and the outside world not possessed by any other agricultural community on the face of the globe. The forests in "Back Woods" were unsettled, and to this day families who live distant from the water are called "Foresters." Some members of the Wright family sought homes in what was then and is still called the "Wild Cat" region. Mr. Robert Theodore DeCourcy Wright, as I have stated, settled in this part of the county, and was always called "Forest Bob."

Gustavus William Tidmarsh Wright, second son of Governor Wright, was born September 7, 1784, and was educated at Washington College, where he had the degree of A. M. conferred upon him. He married Eliza Clayland, by whom he had several children: First, Robert Clinton; second, Alphonso Eloisa, who married Hugo Fiddes; their daughter Selina married Judge Bond, of Carroll County, Md. A son named Hugo, for his father, lives in Carroll County. Third, John Skinner Wright, who married Miss Olefield, a charming lady and daughter of the English consul at Baltimore; fourth, Louisa Ellen Wright, who married Edward Hamilton Gowland, an English gentleman, lately deceased and a former resident of Monte Video, South America.

Gustavus William Tidmarsh Wright owned "Wyoming," a beautiful spot, situated on Wye River, which was the residence of the late Charles H. Tilghman, who married a daughter of Judge Richard Bennett Carmichael. Robert Clinton Wright and John Skinner Wright were merchants in Rio, Brazil, and were indebted to their uncle, Mr. William H. DeCourcy Wright, for their success in life. Robert Clinton Wright was at one time a merchant of prominence in Baltimore, and was a candidate for mayor of the city, but was defeated by Mayor Swann. Mr. Wright was the Democratic candidate and Mayor Swann a "Know-nothing." Swann was elected October 8, 1856. On September 11th of this year

the first Republican election held in Maryland assembled. This election will not soon be blotted out of the history of Baltimore.

John Skinner Wright was engaged as a shipping merchant between this country and Rio. He left several children, all of whom married well. Robert Clinton Wright, who married his cousin, Miss Anna Selina Anderson, had ten children : First, Caroline Anderson, married John Frizzell, of Westminster, Md. They had two children, Giraud and Selina, who married C. P. Kennedy, of Virginia. Second, Gustavus W. T. Wright (deceased). Third, Ellen DeCourcy Wright, who married George Nicholas Moale, now living in "Green Spring Valley." They had no children, but adopted their niece, Miss Keighler, whom they took in infancy. Fourth, Daniel Giraud Wright, now Judge Wright, of Baltimore, who married November 8, 1871, Miss Louise Sophia Wigfall, daughter of the late ex-Senator Louis Trezevant Wigfall, of Texas, who was also in the Confederate States' Senate, and brigadier-general in the Confederate army. General Wigfall was originally from South Carolina. Judge Wright has one son, William Henry DeCourcy Wright, who was born June 17, 1873. Sixth, Alice (deceased), who married John Cheekly Keighler, of Baltimore. They had one child, Selina. Seventh, Louisa Gowland Wright (now deceased), who married Albert Neilson, son of the great architect, Crawford Neilson. They had two children, Louisa Wright Neilson and Alice Neilson. Eighth, Joseph Maxwell Wright, who was twice married—first to Miss Lottie Poor, of Washington, D. C., and had one son, Robert Clinton Wright. His second wife was Adaline Dyott, of Rio de Janeiro, by whom he has several children. Ninth, Clinton Anderson Wright, who married Mary Nesbit Turnbull, of Baltimore. Tenth, Mary Henshaw Wright married Robert H. Grosvenor, of Providence, R. I., and is now a widow, residing in Baltimore. The children of John Skinner Wright and Miss Olefield were Gustavus Granville Wright, who married Miss Anna Law, of New York ; Bell, who married Waldron Brown, of same city ; Clara, who married Henry Barclay, of Lenox, Mass.

Judge Daniel Giraud Wright left the University of Virginia to join the Confederate army, who, like his illustrious ancestors, needed no persuasion to buckle on his armor in defence of the rights of his native State. After the war he practiced law in Baltimore until several years ago, when he was elected one of the

judges of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, which position he still holds. Judge Wright is an exemplary, sensible gentleman and possesses the fine traits of character that are embodied in the Wright family. His son, W. H. DeC. Wright, is a young and promising lawyer of Baltimore. Miss Eliza Clayland Wright, sister of Judge Wright, is a beautiful character, and is engaged in charitable work. She is well known in Baltimore for her untiring attention to the poor of the city. Well may Mr. Teackle Wallis' touching poem, "The Blessed Hand," be applied to this estimable lady :

"Kind hands, oh ! never near to you  
May come the woes ye heal ;  
Oh never may the hearts ye guard  
The griefs ye comfort feel.

Oh ! loving, open hands that give,  
'Soft' hands, the tear that dry ;  
Oh ! 'patient' hands that toil to bless,  
How can ye 'ever' die ? "

Mrs. Grosvenor, formerly Miss Mary Henshaw Wright, possesses a heart full of loving kindness, and spends her spare moments writing stories and giving the proceeds to the poor.

## CHAPTER XIV.

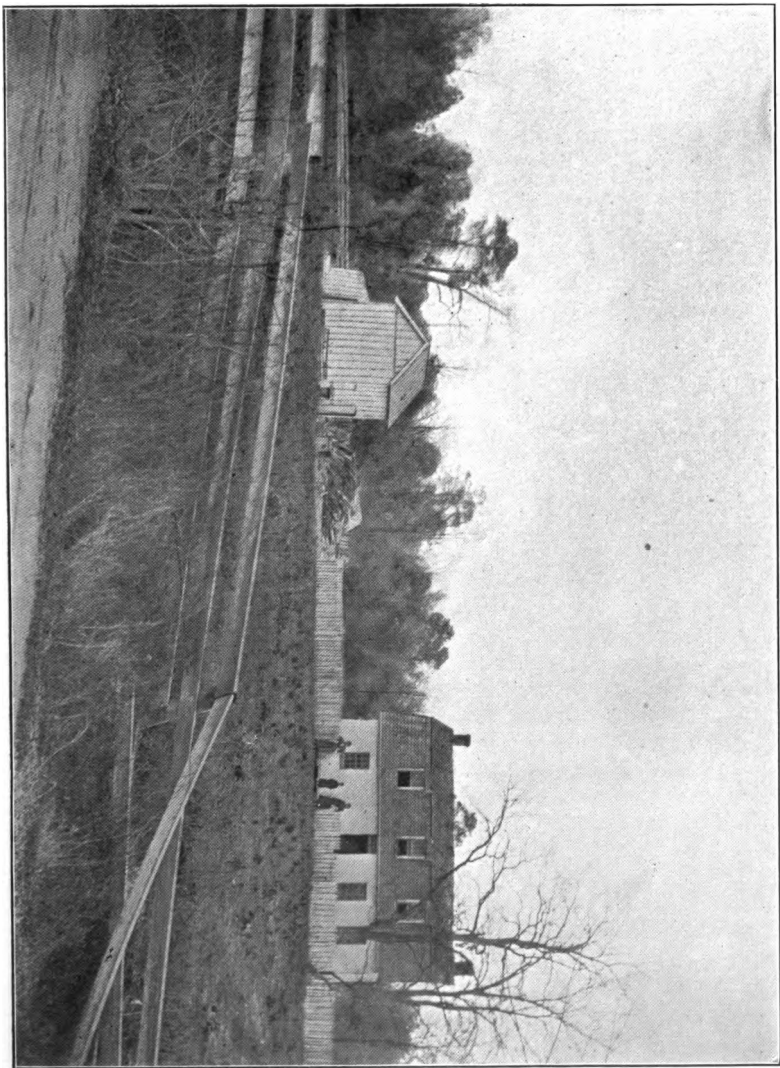
Miss Louisa Ellen Wright, daughter of Gustavus William Tidmarsh Wright, son of Governor Robert Wright, married Mr. Edward Hamilton Gowland, of London, England, and had issue as follows: Rosario Ellen, Eliza, Edward, Alphonsa Eloise, and Selina. Rosario Ellen died in 1848, in the city of Baltimore, in her fourth year, while her mother, Mrs. Gowland, was visiting Mrs. Eliza Beech, formerly Mrs. Gustavus W. T. Wright, Mrs. Gowland's mother. Eliza Gowland married Dr. Lawrie, of Edinburgh, in 1863. Dr. Lawrie died three years ago, leaving seven children, two of whom are married. Lizzie Gowland Lawrie married Mr. Alfred Douglas Vignoles. This gentleman is descended from a follower of William the Conqueror, who came from Normandy with him. Mr. Vignoles' grandfather was the celebrated engineer who had the planning and direction of the great "wonder of the world," in those days, the famous bridge across the Dnieper, in Russia, which he presented to the Emperor. A model of this celebrated work was exhibited at the British Exhibition in 1850. Dr. Lawrie's third daughter married Dr. Walker, whose father is a tea planter in India. Edward Gowland, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hamilton Gowland, died in Rio from yellow fever, at the early age of 22, while visiting his uncle, Robert Clinton Wright. Alphonsa Eloise Gowland married, in 1880, Mr. Ballack, of Manchester, England, who settled in South America as an "estanciero" (a farmer on a large scale), which is an important industry in that country. Selina Gowland married, in 1882, Mr. John Johnson Hore, a well-known merchant of Monte Video. This gentleman was born in Cheshire, England, and went to South America in 1864. Mr. Hore is agent for any number of English companies. Mrs. Dr. Lawrie has children, as follows: Thomas, Alec, Edward Gowland, John, Louisa Margery, Lizzie Gowland, and Janet Robertson. Mrs. Ballack has three sons, John Edward, Louis and Enrique (Henry, in English). Her daughters are Eloisa, Ellen Adelaide and "Euriqueta Carina," a very beautiful and and sweet-sounding name Mrs. Hore has three sons, William Henry, Alfred DeCourcy and Guy Gowland.

Her daughters are Louisa and Dorothy Mary. The mother of these ladies, Mrs. Louisa Ellen Wright Gowland, was born in Maryland, in 1819, presumably at "Wyoming," near Queenstown, once the home of her father, Gustavus W. T. Wright. She went out to Rio, at the early age of 14, with her uncle, Mr. W. H. DeC. Wright, and when 23 years of age married Mr. Gowland, a gentleman of high standing, whom she met in Monte Video, having gone there with her sister, Alphonsa Eloise (Mrs. Fiddes), to visit the American minister, Mr. Hamilton, and his wife. When 13 years of age, Mr. Gowland entered the house of John Jackson, a very wealthy merchant, and when 21 was taken in with him as a partner, and separated partnership about 1840. The two brothers, Edward and John Gowland, then did business together.

The father of these gentlemen, Mr. Thomas Gowland, was sent to South America by the English government to look after the effects left there by the English army after their evacuation of Monte Video in 1808. In 1812 Mr. Thomas Gowland took his family out to South America. The two eldest sons of Mr. Thomas Gowland settled in Buenos Ayres, where they amassed a fortune, and have left innumerable descendants, some of whom have married into the most prominent families of that city. The two youngest brothers settled in Monte Video. Mr. Thomas Gowland was a cousin of Sir Charles and Sir Edward Hamilton. This Sir Charles would have inherited the Marquisate of Abercorn, about 1813, had not an infant lived that was extremely delicate. The present Duchess of Abercorn has 101 living descendants. The following explains how the Gowlands and Hamiltons are connected: Two Misses Chamberlayne married, one a Roman Catholic gentleman, Gowland; the other a Baronet Hamilton, related to the Sir Charles Hamilton mentioned. The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn is a daughter of the Duke of Bedford. A description of the celebration of her 82nd birthday came out in the *Graphic* not long since, which brilliant family gathering will doubtless be read with interest by the North American relatives of the Gowland family.

#### "A FAMOUS GATHERING AT MONTAGUE HOUSE.

"Such a scene as was witnessed some days since at 'Montague House,' the town residence of the Duke of Buccleuch, was not only unique, but touching and impressive. On the occasion of the 82nd



“SLIPPERY HILL.”



birthday of the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn someone was happily inspired to celebrate the event by gathering together all of her Grace's children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, numbering in all '*one hundred and one.*' The Duchess having taken her place in the ball-room, the various families filed by her, headed by her Grace's eldest daughter. The Dowager Countess of Litchfield, with her 13 children and 13 grandchildren; next followed the 13 children and 15 grandchildren of the Countess of Durham, succeeded by the Duchess of Buccleuch, with her 7 children and one grandchild; next in order came the 4 children and 4 grandchildren of the late Countess of Mount Edgemcombe. Her Grace's remaining sons and daughters, the present Duke of Abercorn, the Countess Winterton, Lord Claude Hamilton, Lord George Hamilton, the Marchioness of Blakeford, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Lord Frederic Hamilton, Lord Ernest Hamilton, with their respective children, passed in succession before their mother. In addition to the direct descendants of the Duchess, there were also present her Grace's sons and daughters-in-law, Lady George Hamilton, Lady Ernest Hamilton, &c., &c. Later in the afternoon, Her Grace was presented with an 'illuminated' list of her descendants. The Duchess of York sent gorgeous flowers."

The mother of the present Duke of Marlborough, who has recently wedded Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt and whose dowry is said to be \$10,000,000, was lady Alberta Hamilton, daughter of the Duke of Abercorn. Some years ago she obtained a divorce from the 8th Duke of Marlborough, who married Mrs. Louis C. Hammersly, once the beautiful Miss Price, of Troy, N. Y. The Duke's mother is still living in England, and is known as Lady Blandford. Her son is said to resemble the Hamiltons and inherits their amiable disposition and other fine qualities. He is very fond of his father's second wife, who a short time ago was married to Lord William Beresford.

In a letter written to Mrs. Judge Bond by one of her South American cousins, Mr. Gowland's life is spoken of as a beautiful illustration of resignation in misfortune. He lost all of his possessions during the nine years' siege of Monte Video, but never repined, and relinquished all he owned to a Frenchman named Larodelle. The homes of Mr. Gowland's two eldest daughters lie in the province of Cordova, 100 leagues west of Buenos Ayres. The Alfalfa business in South America is a most profitable one.



The lands of these ladies where it is grown are very promising. Mr. Edward Hamilton Gowland was born in London in 1805, and died 27th March, 1894, at Mrs. Ballach's, his daughter "Estancia," at the ripe age of 88 years and some months. He was a man of calm, philosophical mind, and bore the reverses of fortune with the most wonderful tranquillity and resignation. The remains of this model gentleman were laid to rest by his faithful children, in the family vault, at Monte Video.

"His slumber will be broken ere his  
Name shall be forgot."

Clinton, third son of Gov. Robert Wright, was a very brave and fearless man, priding himself upon his military skill. He had charge of a recruiting station at Centreville for the United States Army. He was an officer in the regular service. On the 4th of September, 1812, he left Centreville for Niagara, in full uniform, at the head of 30 dragoons. At the time of his sad death, Clinton Wright had attained the rank of major in the regular army. He fought a duel with a French officer during the Canadian war. Friends tried to reconcile them, but Clinton Wright insisted that the fight should go on. At the second fire the Frenchman was killed. Mr. Wright boasted that he would "die with his armor on," which he did, in endeavoring to swim the St. Lawrence River. He was a most prominent and efficient officer, and was named in compliment to his father's intimate friend, the distinguished statesman, DeWitt Clinton, of New York, who was a federal candidate for the presidency when James Madison was the Democratic candidate, in 1812. Clinton is a very popular name in this branch of the Wright family and this is its origin. There are yet a good many Clintons in the family, who should feel proud to be able to trace their name back to so distinguished a man as DeWitt Clinton. All of Governor Wright's children served in the War of '12, except Wm. H. DeCourcy Wright, who was too young. They were very brave and war-like men. Governor Wright fought a duel with Governor Lloyd, of Talbot County. Governor Lloyd was a very poor shot, and the custom then was, if one of the party chose to reserve his fire, he could advance as near his opponent as he chose, which Governor Lloyd did, and demanded of Governor Wright what he should do, saying at the same time: "Your life, sir, is in my hands." Governor Wright "stood his ground"

stoutly, as brave as "Fitz James," with his pistol clubbed, when his son, Gustavus William Tidmarsh, who was as heroic as his father, then only "12" years of age, and was acting as his father's second, exclaimed vehemently: "Papa, tell him to shoot and be d—d to him." Fortunately for Governor Wright, he had wounded Governor Lloyd in his right arm, causing his hand to give way. Governor Wright was wounded in the foot, which ended the difficulty. Robert, son of the Governor, fought a duel with Alexander Stuart, who lived at "Denbeigh," not far from Mrs. Charles Dorsey Wright's well-ordered home, "Peace and Plenty." Robert was shot in the shoulder. Gustavus William Tidmarsh, son of Gov. Robert Wright, fought a duel with Benjamin Nicholson. Both of these gentlemen expected to be killed, and their escape was most marvelous, as they stood but six feet apart and each one had two shots.

"Both looked to sun and stream and plain,  
As what they ne'er might see again."

At the first fire, Nicholson was shot in the hand. The second ball entered his side. The wound being considered mortal, the affair ended. Nicholson recovered and fought under Brigadier-General Pike, in the war of '12, who, with 300 of his men, was blown up at Little York, now Toronto, Canada, by the explosion of a powder magazine 13th May, 1813.

This memorable duel between Gustavus W. T. Wright and Benjamin Nicholson was fought at "Slippery Hill," near Queens-town, on the Piney Neck road, not far from Governor Grason's hospitable old home. This is one of the many historic spots around Queenstown, where a battle was fought in the war of '12. There is a tree, not far from the dwelling, under which a British soldier was buried. This property is now owned by the Reeves' family, and still bears its time-honored name, "Slippery Hill."

Mr. Gustavus W. T. Wright fought a duel, too—with Captain Watson, whom he killed. Clinton Wright had a duel with Lieutenant Jarmin. They had two shots. At the second shot Wright was wounded in the arm. After this he fought another duel with Major Hook. Wright was shot down at the first fire, and proposed to Hook, not being able to rise, to lie side by side and "take another shot." His second objected to this, but agreed that if they could make Mr. Wright stand he and Hook could again exchange

shots. Wright drew from his pocket a handkerchief, requesting his second to place it under his arms and tie him to a tree near by—

“He manned himself with dauntless air,  
Returned the man his haughty stare;  
His back against the tree he bore  
And firmly placed his foot before ;  
Come one, come all, this trunk shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I.”

Hook received from Wright what was supposed to be a mortal wound. Both of these brave fellows recovered. The Wrights, I have understood, were never known to provoke a quarrel or to send a challenge. They were too honorable, however, not to accept one and never refused to fight to defend the right. In their day duelling, a “barbarous” practice, was resorted to to settle what would now be considered “minor” difficulties.

Caroline Augusta, oldest daughter of Governor Wright, married Samuel Anderson, of Chestertown, Kent County, who was a naval agent. They had one son, Clinton, who married Miss Gibson and died very soon after his marriage. Victoria Louisa, youngest daughter of the Governor, was a most accomplished woman, but only lived to see her eighteenth birthday. This lovely girl died of a broken heart. She had been engaged to a celebrated lawyer of Philadelphia. Mischief was made between them, possibly, by one who wished to secure her affections. The gentleman to whom she was betrothed showed his enduring love, for he never married.

Thomas, third son of Judge Solomon Wright, married a beautiful girl, daughter of Wm. Price, and lived on the “Wakefield” farm, adjoining “Guilford.” He grew very pious, and when the Judge heard he had attended Methodist meeting, being an Episcopalian himself, as all of his family were at that time, he became enraged and used his walking cane to pounce him out of the house. He thought better of it, however, and forgave him. He was a lawyer by profession and transacted a great deal of business. He was called Thomas Wright of Solomon, was several times elected to the legislature and finally became a licensed preacher in the Methodist church. “He was one of a committee that formed resolutions declaring the war of '12 to be just, necessary and politic and pledging their ‘lives, fortunes and sacred honor’ to support the constitutional authorities against all

enemies." Thomas Wright of Solomon was one of the trustees of the county school in 1794. At the time that this gentleman became a Methodist they had no particular place of worship. Their first church in Centreville was a frame structure, erected on ground presented to them by Miss Elizabeth Nicholson, of, "Chesterfield." This old homestead, "Chesterfield," was once presided over by the Claytons and more recently by Dr. James Bordley. It is now owned by Mrs. Newman.

Mr. Thomas Wright of Solomon, late in life, lived at "Guilford." He then married Miss Susan Keene, of Dorchester county, Md., by whom he had four children, Henry Ennolls Wright, Ann, Mary Tidmarsh and Susan.

Henry Ennolls Wright married his cousin, Charlotte Ann Pratt, by whom he had five children, Richard, Lemuel Purnell, Charlotte, Laura Virginia and Fanny.

Richard was lost at sea on his return from Rio, Brazil. Lemuel Purnell is still living the life of a bachelor and is yet a great admirer of the fair sex, always having a pretty speech for the girls. Although his locks are somewhat dashed with grey, he is full of romance and poetry, as the following lines will indicate :

"How often I think in my trim swallow tail  
At parties when flowers, their fragrance inhale,  
Of times when my head was a burden of cares,  
And I danced with the mothers and all the young girls.

I look on the charms that their beauties unfold,  
They 'seem' the same damsels, while I have grown old;  
I feel like white winter, without a warm day,  
'They' look like the roses that blossom in May.

But winter may look, with its shiver and chill,  
Through the window at flowers that bloom on the sill;  
And I may ask L—, with ringlets of jet,  
If she will dance with me the next minuet.

I go to all parties, receptions, 'first-nights,'  
I'm a 'merry old bird' in my 'fanciful' flight;  
I may 'look' like old winter, a 'snowy old thing,'  
But deep in my heart dwell the blossoms of Spring.

I "know" that I am not as old as I look,  
My voice has no crack, my back has no crook;  
Most happy I'd be if to L— I could kneel,  
And she'd treat me as one who's as young as I feel."

## CHAPTER XV.

Charlotte Wright, daughter of Mr. Henry Ennolls Wright, married Mr. John Emory, of William, a prosperous farmer. Laura Virginia became Mrs. Stephen Lowrey Wright; Fannie, Mrs. Thomas Emory. These ladies are domestic in their disposition, intelligent, kind-hearted, and ornaments to their homes, faithful wives and devoted mothers, bearing the perplexities and burdens of life with great patience and resignation. In all the wide, wide world, there is nothing that contributes more to domestic happiness, than forbearance and affection from mothers. Interest in their offspring and high aspirations for them are beautiful attributes that adorn the lives of these exemplary wives and mothers. Not "fashionable" mothers; but mothers of the "old school," pure in character, elevated in thought. Mothers who have brains and hearts, mothers who do not attempt to usurp the place of men, but leave to men the occupations that naturally belong to the sterner sex. Mothers of refinement, possessing feminine virtues; mothers of a meek and quiet spirit. Such mothers as these, who have faithfully performed the duties God has assigned them, are well worthy the imitation of their children and their virtues can never be entirely obliterated from their memory. An effeminate man may be laughed at, but a woman who endeavors to be "mannish" is contemptible. A true woman should ever adorn herself with the ornaments of modesty, refinement and gentleness.

Mr. Henry Ennolls Wright inherited Guilford from his father, Thomas Wright of Solomon. He was first cousin to Mr. Wm. H. DeC. Wright of "Blakeford," and was a remarkably intelligent gentleman, faithful in friendship, independent in his sentiments, and beloved by the whole community. In 1845, he was the Whig candidate for Congress, but was defeated by Mr. Constable, not for want of merit, for this intellectual gentleman was well qualified to occupy even "higher" positions in life. In 1829, he was a candidate for the State Legislature; Henry R. Pratt was a candidate at the same time. In 1848, Gen'l Zachary Taylor, whose command of the U. S. Army in Mexico brought him into

public notice, became a candidate for the Presidential chair. Mr. Henry E. Wright was chosen the Whig electoral candidate for the Fifth Congressional District. In 1844, Henry Clay being candidate for President, he wrote several poetic strains on Zachary Taylor, and "Harry of the West." When General Taylor was a candidate for President, he delivered a stirring and eloquent address to the citizens of Centreville, endorsing him for President and advocating his claims. His audience was an enthusiastic and appreciative one. Judge Richard Bennett Carmichael and Mr. Albert Troup Emory addressed the meeting on this occasion. "Prince Albert," as his family called him, for his stately appearance and measured step, made a fine speech and was loudly encored. This gentleman, Mr. Emory, was nominated for the House of Delegates, in 1851.

Mr. Henry E. Wright composed several famous hunting songs, which many lovers of the fox chase quote to this day. He was a great fox hunter himself, and has won the brush in many a ride to capture Reynard. One of his poems was called "The Hunt on Eastern Shore." Many of his Baltimore friends visited his old home to enjoy an old time Eastern Shore frolic. The most laughable verses he ever penned were those written on "Tom Potts." Potts shot a formidable looking "Booby Owl" in a tangled wood, not far from Mr. Wright's dwelling, which in endeavoring to get out of his grasp, caught Potts by the nose with one claw. He tried his best to conquer the hawk and make him relax his hold on his nose. When he thought he had conquered in the battle, the hawk stuck his other claw into the right hand of the struggling Potts. The poor helpless man had to abandon his gun and went to Mr. Wright's house for assistance. It was such a laughable sight to Mr. Wright to see Potts completely conquered by a bird, that he was at once inspired to write up the coincidence in a most amusing strain. I regret not being able to reproduce the poem. Mr. Wright was a great adept in breaking dogs. He had some of the most intelligent and handsome pointers that could be found. One of his favorites, named "Charcoal" for his color, seemed to understand every word his master said to him and was in the habit of carrying notes to his neighbor, Wm. Glenn, who lived about a mile from "Guilford." Mr. Wright on one occasion was some distance away from home, when his powder and shot gave out. He was surrounded by a

large covey of partridges, who were concealed in the bushes. He was very much excited and did not want to leave the birds. A happy thought came into his mind. He tied the empty powder flask and shot pouch round "Charcoal's" neck, with a note to his wife, requesting her to fill them as quickly as possible, without removing them from his neck, and send the dog back to him, which she did. The intelligent animal, his "handsome black retriever," was soon at his master's side with the ammunition. Mr. Wright was at least three miles from home. The sagacious dog made a "B" line for "Guilford" and was back again in the shortest possible space of time. He was a successful bird trainer. He would start a hawk after a bird and it would return to him with the innocent victim in its huge talons. Mr. Wright inherited the pastoral tastes of his ancestors. His farm abounded in choice fruits, apricots being cultivated in great perfection. His garden had three falls and must have been graded by experienced hands, for it was beautifully laid off. "Uncle Dick" was his regular gardener. Fine vegetables were always ready for his table. It was a rare thing for Mr. Wright to return to his home, where the bright rays of a sparkling fire shone throughout the cozy sitting-room, without a bag crammed with game, for his shot was a deadly one. He loved his gun and his dog, and could be seen almost any sunshiny day, tramping the woods and forest around "Guilford" and the adjoining farms. (There were no game laws then.) His beautiful pointer dog, "Charcoal," was always at his master's side, snuffing the morning breezes, Mr. Wright singing gaily—

"Ah! the Hunter's life is the life for me,  
My steed, my dog and my cheerful song  
To carol my morning lay."

Every field, meadow and hillside knew his voice, his bugle call, the baying of his hounds, the foot clang and neigh of his favorite riding horse "Badger." Mr. Wright still lives in the memory of friends as well as relatives. He was a genial, delightful man, possessing sparkling wit, sociable and agreeable to all.

Ann, sister of Mr. Henry Ennolls Wright, married Bishop John Emory of the Methodist Episcopal church. Bishop Emory's first wife was Miss Sellers, by whom he had one son, Robert, who was one of the Professors at Carlisle College. They had a num-

ber of children, Mrs. George B. Crooks, Mrs. Asbury Morgan, John Emory and a great many grandchildren.

"Bishop Emory was the most distinguished man of his day in the Methodist Church and was converted at 'Hall's Crossroads,' Queen Anne's county, at a 'Bush Meeting,' which was a fashionable way of serving God in those days. He was born in 1789 and preached a very eloquent sermon at a camp-meeting held at 'Old Wye Camp Ground' in 1808, when he was but nineteen years of age. In 1817 he became involved in a controversy with Bishop White of the Episcopal church, which he conducted with great ability."—*Copied*. In 1835 he was killed from falling off a very spirited horse. His son Robert was a man of great intelligence and graduated with distinction at Columbia College, N. Y., indeed, with the very highest honors. He was Professor of languages at Dickinson College, afterwards President, and was selected to attend the Evangelical Alliance in London in 1847. He spent the last winter of his life in the West Indies, hoping to regain his health, but did not improve and died on his return to Baltimore, May, 1848.

Mary Tidmarsh Nevitte Wright, Mr. Henry Wright's sister, married Henry R. Pratt as his second wife. They had five children, all of whom are now dead. Susan, the other sister, never married and died at thirty five years of age.

Solomon, fourth son of Judge Solomon Wright, married Anna M. Price, sister to his brother Thomas' first wife, by whom he had four children, William, Robert, Thomas and Solomon. "Uncle Sollie," as he was always called, was mild and gentle in his disposition and was a great favorite with young and old. Solomon seems to have been a favorite name in this branch of the Wright family and signifies "peaceable."

Mr. Solomon Wright's second wife was Editha Medford, by whom he had one son, Gustavus Medford Gleaves Wright, and was called "Big Gus" to distinguish him from Gustavus A. T. Wright, who was rather a small man. Gustavus M. G. Wright married Miss Baynard, of "Relief," Queen Anne's county, daughter of Col. Nathan Baynard, by whom he had one son and three daughters. Solomon married Miss Mary Robinson and had two girls and a boy. Ellen married Mr. Richard Nichols, brother of Mrs. Nannie Bordley, a popular and agreeable lady. Miss Elizabeth and Sallie Wright have a comfortable home in Baltimore



city, the fruit of their own and their mother's industry, are noted for their musical taste and neatness in housekeeping and are living on the love that flows from the life-giving Fountain above. Mrs. Rachel Wright lived to be eighty-six years of age, surviving her husband just half a century and retained through life her cheerful, happy disposition. She was a sincere, Christian woman and devoted to her family. Her resting place is at her old country home, "Relief," a fitting spot for a final sleep.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Nichols have three sons: 1st. Harry Nichols married Emma Ringold Blackiston. They have a son and daughter, Henry Ringold and Anna Elizabeth. 2d. Wright Nichols married Miss Katharine Sadler Dickey. 3d. George Baynard Nichols married Lucy Riley, of Virginia, and has a daughter, Lucille Orrick.

William, second son of Mr. Solomon Wright, married Miss Hughes, of New Orleans, and died at 30 years of age, leaving his widow and two daughters.

Dr. Robert Wright, third son of Solomon, married Francis A. W. Turner, daughter of Edward Turner. They had twelve children. His wife died in 1849, when he married Mrs. Susan Seeny, daughter of Henry R. Pratt, and had two sons, Frederic Purnell and Gustavus Medford Gleaves Wright. Frederic died when twelve months old. Gustavus now resides in Baltimore.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Dr. Robert Wright was educated at West Point, where he graduated with honor, and outlived all of his classmates. This noted school has not only turned out brave soldiers, but fine orators and distinguished statesmen. Dr. Wright preferred domestic life and settled in Queen Anne's county, where he studied medicine and became a successful practitioner. Although he was blessed with long life, he never grew too old to be cheerful, was very entertaining to young and old, and told many amusing jokes. One of his sons was a great fox hunter and was called Solomon, the "Mighty Hunter."

Mr. Thomas Wright, brother of Dr. Robert, married his cousin, Miss Margaret Wright, daughter of Col. Thomas Wright, of Reed's Creek.

Mr. Thomas Wright was in the Legislature of Maryland a number of times, first in 1824, then again in 1834. He was Speaker of the House, and Secretary of the State under Governor Grason, the last year of the Governor's term, and Judge of the Orphans' Court of Queen Anne's County, at the time of his death. When Mr. William Grason, who was an intimate friend and a great admirer of Mr. Wright's intellect, was nominated for Governor of Maryland, Mr. Wright addressed the meeting in the most eloquent manner and received prolonged applause from the attentive audience. "Governor Grason was the first Democratic Governor elected by the people, and he felt the great honor bestowed upon him."

"Mr. Thomas Wright was with Governor Grason when he took the oath of office as Governor of the State, January 7, 1839, while the glorious flag of their country was unfurled and floated majestically over the State House in Annapolis. The 'roar' of artillery thundered forth from the capitol and was distinctly heard for miles and miles around."—*Copied.*

Governor Grason owned a beautiful home in "Piney Neck," called "Hollybrake," near the Wye River. His sons inherited

their father's talents. The daughters possessed powerful minds. They, too, had a happy home, but—

“One by one those links were severed,  
One by one those ties were broken ;  
Mother, father, sister, brother,  
All are scattered far and wide,  
Seas and mountains, streams and wild wood,  
Doth this broken band divide.”

Miss Ann Grason, who was greatly admired for her intellectual ability, indulged in writing poetry. One of her productions, which has been handed me, I consider very beautiful. It was written at her old home. She signs herself “Junia.”

“THE RACE.”

This was a famous boat race between Capt. Ogle Tilghman and Mr. Edward Bryan, and was witnessed by a large party of ladies and gentlemen, in olden times :

Like bird that blumes its wing to fly,  
Behold, upon the winding “Wye,”  
Two little barks their sails unfurl  
To meet the winds that gaily curl,  
In many a light and graceful spray,  
The waves upon their bounding way.

As swiftly from the silvery strand,  
As arrows from the archer's hand,  
Behold ! upon the smiling deep,  
Two little barks the billows sweep,  
And now ahead the “Hero” flies,  
Like lightning in the stormy skies.

She darts along and dashes back—  
The angry foam upon her track,  
Unto the breeze she lightly bends  
With sportive grace—an instant sends  
Her sail into the bounding wave,  
As if a “parting” kiss she gave.

Oh ! wildly now the cruel blast  
Has borne away her gallant mast ;  
Yet soon again the swelling sail,  
Is fluttering in the rising gale,  
And once again in graceful pride,  
Those little barks are side by side,  
And once again they part,  
While brightly as the dashing spray,  
Hope bounds upon their joyous way  
From many an anxious heart.

Like fairy clouds that come and go  
In skies of softest azure hue,  
Oh! many a skiff in morning's glow,  
Is floating on the waters blue;  
But fairer far than all beside,  
Behold upon the Eastern Bay,  
As if they spurned the winds and tide,  
Two little barks, like swans at play;  
Oh! wildly with the billows there,  
They sport in morning's changeful light;  
Now like a snow-flake, bright and fair,  
One gently fades away from sight,  
And now we see her once again,  
Exalting in her liberty,  
Dance gaily o'er the distant main  
Unto the wind's sweet melody;  
But, oh! as if she longed to lave,  
Her wing within the crystal wave  
Of Wye, her "own bright Wye."  
The freshening breeze she does not heed,  
But comes with truer, swifter speed,  
In many a playful course around  
The distant buoy, homeward bound,  
As if she fain would fly.

She comes upon the rising swell  
As graceful as the wild gazelle,  
And leaves the "Hero" far away,  
Upon the waves of Eastern Bay;  
She "comes," and gaily, wildly now  
In rippling music round her prow,  
The winds and waves a welcome sing,  
Are singing as she flies along  
Like spirits of the deep,  
While men with anxious heart and eye,  
Bright, watch upon the banks of "Wye,"  
In expectation, keep—  
Oh! radiant in the evening beams.  
On high her pennon proudly streams  
Upon the closing race,  
And as a silent last adieu,  
It waves unto the gazers' view,  
Unto her home she lightly springs,  
And folds her beauteous snowy wings  
With faultless winning grace.

Miss Ann Grason's brother, Mr. James B. Grason, was a great favorite, and addicted to poetry, also. One of his favorites among the ladies was Miss Sallie Price, to whom he dedicated the following lines :

"THE DANCE."

We met in a circle so gay,  
At the widower's lovely retreat,  
To dance to the *viol's* sweet tones,  
With fantastic and nimble feet.

It was but a moment's call,  
And damsels, all charming and fair,  
Had come, with their presence so sweet,  
To drive away thought and dull care.

But, hark ! 'tis the viol again ;  
Now a queen-looking maiden in blue  
Sweeps gracefully over the floor,  
In the maze of the dance, sweet and true.

And, see now ! another bright gem  
Steps lightly—fawn-like—to the sound,  
Scarce touching her beautiful feet,  
Or hem of her dress on the ground.

Aye ! a lovely, sweet virgin is she ;  
Though a price (Price) is attached to her name,  
No rich compensation on earth  
The beautiful treasure can claim.

Now, here let us say to the host,  
To the ladies and gentlemen all,  
We shall ever revert with pride  
To that merry and pleasant call,  
To that beautiful Isle of the Bay.

KENT ISLAND, *May 14, 1857.*

— "*Pelayo.*"

"In 1840, by an Act of the Legislature, relating to the Eastern Shore Railroad, in which Gen. Thomas Emory, of 'Poplar Grove,' was so much interested, Governor Grason appointed, with others, Mr. Thomas Wright commissioner for the Eastern Shore of Maryland. In 1839, John White, of Baltimore City, and Thomas Wright, of Queen Anne's County, were appointed representatives of the State of Maryland in meeting joint stock companies for making roads and canals in which Maryland was interested. In 1824, the year that General LaFayette was in Annapolis, the members of

both Houses gave him a grand ball and a sumptuous dinner. That same year the Jew question was before the House for discussion—rights and privileges to be given them, &c. Mr. Thomas Wright took an active part in their favor, and afterwards received from Mr. Solomon Etting, a prominent Jew of Baltimore, a letter of sincere thanks, in the name of the Jews, for his efforts in their behalf."

Mr. Thomas Wright was a man of tenderness of heart, and he felt that the Jew nation had borne patiently and perseveringly sorrows and persecutions entailed upon them by their far-away ancestors. An act for their relief was passed at the December session, 1824, when Joseph Kent was governor of the State, entitled, "An Act for the Relief of the Jews in Maryland, shall be, and the same is here, confirmed."

#### MRS. MARGARET WRIGHT'S SKETCH.

There were few men more faithful and earnest in the performance of "home duties" than this accomplished, companionable gentleman, Mr. Thomas Wright. His sensible, bright, happy face is stamped on my memory never to be erased. One of his greatest pleasures was to instruct his children. He left no means untried to explain subjects that seemed obscure to their young minds. His tenderness to his wife, the late Mrs. Margaret Wright, a lady of remarkable intelligence and vivacity, sweet manners and even-tempered, was a beautiful feature in the life of this model husband and father. I have often heard it said that this happy couple were never known to speak an "uncivil" word to each other in their whole married lives.

"To keep one sacred flame  
Through life, unchilled, unmoved,  
To 'love!' in wintry age the same,  
That first in 'youth' we loved.  
This is love, 'perfect' love."

Mr. Wright took great pleasure in his fruit trees, which were generally loaded with the most luscious fruit, of great variety. The industrious and numberless bees sang grateful songs as they flew around from blossom to blossom sipping the sweets from their hidden depths. He was one of the first farmers in this community who paid special attention to the cultivation of "small fruits," and supplied the Centreville market with fine grapes, rasp-

berries and strawberries. "Uncle Perry" felt his importance, for there was no opposition to him and he knew his pockets would be well filled with the proceeds from his sales, when he returned to his kind master and mistress.

Mr. Thomas Wright was a public-spirited man and a beautiful declaimer, but devoted to country pursuits. When he returned to his home and familiar fireside, after the performance of public duties, where little ones climbed on his proffered knee for a gentle caress from "Father," a happier man could not be found. The affairs of State had been adjusted by a wise head, and he felt that his course was appreciated. It was the pleasure of his life to pace around "Walnut Grove" on his black pony—monarch of the woods and fields. Yes, far more pleasant than to mingle with the great men of the country, for he loved his wife, his children and his peaceful home. "He had a brain and a heart, too." "Words of wrath were strangers to his tongue."

"Kind was his heart, his passions quick and strong,  
'Hearty' his laugh and 'jovial' was his song."

As a child, I was impressed with the happiness that pervaded this household, and can never forget the tender expressions of Mrs. Wright to her husband. I can see her now—

"Giving her own, her fond caress  
And looking her eloquent tenderness."

Oh! how priceless is woman's love.

"'Tis bright as the stars' shining light,  
'Tis mild as the calm summer evening,  
'Tis sweet as the whip-poor-will's song after night,  
And gentle as dew-drops from heaven.

'Tis soft as the murmur of some hidden stream,  
'Tis pure as the azure-decked sky,  
'Tis lovely as spring in her first robe of green,  
'Tis enchanting as beauty's bright eye.

When the high soul of man is by sorrow oppressed,  
On the rocks of adversity driven,  
How sweet is its voice to his care-stricken heart;  
It speaks like a blessing from heaven.

If mortals can know in this drear wilderness  
A foretaste of blessings above,  
If anything savors of heavenly bliss,  
'Tis virtuous woman's love."

This dear old home, "Walnut Grove," was one of contentment and happiness, where "cold water" was the only potion used in the family. In olden times there were good, "sober-minded," affectionate and considerate husbands. How many heart broken wives of this period would now be enjoying domestic happiness—yea, a wealth of comfort—if the sterner sex, like Mr. Thomas Wright, would be content to quench their thirst in the ever-pure and life-giving "fountain of nature." Some men think brandy a cordial to the palate, "warming in winter and cooling in summer." It was not so with this sensible and exemplary gentleman. The Germans consider cold water the meanest drink on earth, and it may be that this race have corrupted our people. True it is that the Americans have become "Dutchy" in their tastes, and it is sad to contemplate the great increase of this terrible evil.

"Said the glass of cold water, I cannot boast  
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host,  
But "I" can tell of hearts once sad,  
By my crystal drops, made light and glad;  
Of thirst I've quenched and brows I've laved,  
Of hands I've cooled, of 'souls I've saved;  
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,  
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,  
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,  
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye;  
I have made the thirsty feel happy and gay,  
And saved from destruction those gone astray;  
All of "these" are my works, so noble and grand,  
Which God, in His mercy, placed at my command."

What is more enviable than a comfortable, cheerful home?

"Is it wealth that makes a home,  
Is it pillar, tower or dome,  
Mossy floors, your steps that hush,  
Gorgeous furnishings of plush?

If "these" make the home you say,  
I will quickly tell you—'nay,'  
For I know a blissful spot  
Where superfluous things were not."

The use of "cold water" insured happiness there. Not only Mr. Thomas Wright, but the whole family loved it, pure and unadulterated. There was not a spring in the circumference of



Queen Anne's County, I have been told, that Mr. Wright had not drank from.

"They seemed to say, Oh! drink and rejoice,  
I'll never becloud your brain or voice."

He knew them all, and discussed the qualities of these "reservoirs of nature" as many men test the brands of whiskey. How he used to smack his lips after every glass he drank, which numbered dozens in an hour or two. Every night as the old "Walnut Grove" clock struck nine, a two gallon stone pitcher was filled and placed at Mr. Wright's bedside, by his attentive maid, "Nancy," who never forgot her master's requirement. At sunrise every morning this faithful attendant tapped at his sleeping apartment, to replenish the "stone pitcher" from the cool spring, in the green meadow, near at hand. This was his morning "julep." He asked no better stimulant. Would that the "old stone pitcher" filled with healthful "spring water," could stand unadulterated near the cut-glass tumblers, on every side table in every home in this habitable globe. The example of Mr. Thomas Wright, who was called the "cold water Wright," is worthy of imitation by all men. Long may he be remembered for his "pure tastes." He was a wise Legislator, a useful man, a domestic man, and a man who loved "cold water,"

"Then drink of this cup, the water within  
Is fresh from Nature's stream,  
'Twill make the past with all its sin  
And all its pains and sorrow seem  
Like a long-forgotten dream."

## CHAPTER XVII.

Ann Wright, daughter of Judge Solomon Wright, who married Henry Pratt, of "Cedar grove," had four children, Charlotte, Charles, Henry R., and Edwin. Charlotte Pratt married Judge Lemuel Purnell, of Centreville; who resided in the house formerly owned by Dr. John C. Earle, then by Mrs. Lloyd Tilghman, and now in the occupancy of Mr. Snyder. Charles died soon after arriving at age. Henry R. Pratt married Miss Ann Fassett, of Worcester county; niece of Judge Lemuel Purnell, by whom he had five children, Charlotte, Alzira, Ellen Fassett, Fannie and Henry. Charlotte Pratt married her cousin, Henry Ennolls Wright. Alzira married William Turbutt Wright. They had two daughters and one son. The son, William Turbutt Wright, now deceased, resided in Santos, Brazil, and was engaged in the coffee trade, went to Brazil with his cousin, Mr. William DeCourcy Wright, when quite young, and was a clerk in the house of Maxwell, Wright & Co., for years, and was a great favorite. When twenty-eight years of age, he returned to his home and relatives, but only to remain a short time, went back to Santos and established a house there, and was most successful. He married a beautiful and accomplished lady, and had a large and interesting family of children and grandchildren. He was appointed United States Consul and held this office for many years.

Mr. William Turbutt Wright married Carlota Marquet Lisboa. Their children are, Henry Lisboa, who married Ida Broad, and have three interesting children, Herbert, Clotilde and Nellie Broad, an infant.

The first daughter of Mr. William Turbutt and Carlota Marquet Lisboa married Edward O. Broad. They have four children—Sylvia, Lucy, Adele and Beatrice. Third child, Charles Edward Wright; fourth child, William Turbutt, IV, who married Miss Marian Wilmer Brown, in St. Paul's Church, Centreville, 1895. Miss Brown is the daughter of Dr. Madison Brown and Miss Priscilla Emory. They have a son, William Lisboa Turbutt Wright, making the fifth Turbutt Wright; fifth child of William

T. Wright and Carlota Lisboa, John Francis; sixth child, Carlota Elizabeth; seventh, Frances Ellen. Their plantation is in the County of Itabita, State of St. Paulo. Some of the family reside at Saptos. Mr. William Turbutt Wright, father of the children just named, who has long been engaged in the coffee business, died a short time ago, deeply regretted.

Mrs. Elizabeth Massey, daughter of William T. Wright, the Methodist Minister, is still a very handsome woman, and resides in Greensboro, Caroline County, Maryland. She has an interesting daughter, Lelia. Mrs. Sylvester, the other daughter, lives in Baltimore, and has children—Harry, Lottie and William Turbutt Sylvester.

Henry Pratt, son of Henry "R." Pratt, died of yellow fever, when quite young, in New Orleans.

Ellen Fassett Pratt married Madison Brown, Esq., a lawyer by profession, a cultivated and intelligent gentleman, who loved his home and made use of every moment of his time to guide and instruct his children. Mr. Madison Brown was at one time a school teacher at the old Spaniard Neck School House, and carried out Solomon's rule: "Spare the rod, you spoil the child." It is to be regretted that there are no Mr. Browns in this day—to manage refractory boys. Mrs. Madison Brown was considered a great beauty and had hosts of admirers. I have heard that one of her lovers came a long distance to claim her as his bride. "Love will find out the way, over the mountain and over the wave." Mr. Brown had secured the affections of this lovely girl, and the disconsolate and disappointed suitor implored in vain for kindness from her hand.

"The lost one, whose beauty he ever adored,  
To his heart, seemed to murmur, no more, never more."

Mr. and Mrs. Madison Brown had five children, who arrived at maturity—Mr. John Brown and Edwin Henry Brown, who are successful lawyers at the Centreville bar. Rev. Joel Brown is a popular minister in the Methodist Church. Miss Ellen Fassett Brown, named for her mother, married Dr. James Bordley, one of Centreville's popular physicians.

Dr. Madison Brown, who died in 1881, leaving quite a family of handsome sons and daughters, married Miss Priscilla Emory, daughter of Mrs. Catharine Emory, who presided so long in "old

time" dignity at "Landsdowne," the handsome home of Mr. Perry Wilmer. Miss Marian Wilmer Brown, the eldest of Dr. Brown's children, has recently been led to the Hymeneal altar by her cousin, Mr. William Turbutt Wright, of Santos, South America, the grandson of William T. Wright, of ministerial fame, who owned and was buried at "White Marsh," the pretty home of Mrs. John Spenser Wright.

Henry Ruth Pratt, a wealthy planter, lived at the old colonial home, at "Ruthsburgh," which, doubtless, was called for the family. Ruthsburgh was then known as the "Cross-Road by Henry Pratt's." This imposing old mansion has been converted into an alms house. He married Mary Tidmarsh Wright, sister of Mr. Henry Ennolls Wright, and had five children.

Mr. Henry R. Pratt entertained handsomely—luxuriously. The fine mansion where he resided retains much of its ancient splendor. The ceilings are high, the windows large, the carved balusters, the commodious hallway, where Mr. Pratt parleyed with his besiegers, all remain eloquent reminders of "departed glories." Above the door, at the front entrance, are thirteen stars, emblematic of the thirteen States of the Union. At a short distance from the main building is the family burying-ground. Mr. Pratt must have been very extravagant, for I have been told he used ten-dollar bills for gun wads and lighted his cigars with twenty-dollar notes, which must have been very plentiful in his day. His fox-hunts were affairs of national interest, for they were attended by the planters of Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas. He was succeeded by his son, Henry Pratt, who made headway against a sea of troubles, and was born to inherit broad lands, exhausted coffers and expensive law-suits. He made a gallant fight for his domains, and for a time succeeded, but was finally compelled to hang out his flag of surrender. Henry Pratt, the last of his princely race, retired to Baltimore, where he lived on a moiety of his estate. This is an instance where "wilful waste makes woeful want."

Edwin Pratt, brother to Henry, R., married Elizabeth Maxwell. They had two sons, Charles and Edwin. Charles died young. Edwin Pratt married Miss Elizabeth Gibson, sister of Woolman J. Gibson. Their children were: Mary Louisa (Mrs. McWilliams), Cornelia Amanda, Antoinette, Frank and Edwin. Miss Amanda and Miss Antoinette reside in Centreville, and are

intelligent and agreeable. The virtues which true Christian women possess adorn their character and emanate from tender, sympathetic hearts. William T. Wright, father of the Methodist minister, was killed on the streets of Centreville, from checking his horse too suddenly, which reared and fell back on him. He left a young and interesting family, and was buried at "White Marsh." He was an officer in a troop of horse, under Capt. Joseph Nicholson. The grandfather of William Turbutt Wright, the Methodist minister, was named Nathaniel Samuel Turbutt Wright and was the son of Thomas Hynson Wright, of "Walnut Grove." He adopted schemes for a militia establishment, two companies of minute-men being raised in Queen Anne's County. He was, also, appointed to collect gold and silver, to be paid in paper currency, and was ordered to devise means to put the province in a state to defend herself, and bore a most prominent part in colonial matters. William Turbutt Wright, of Santos, South America, is a great-great-grandson of Nathaniel Turbutt Wright, and great-great-great-grandson of Thomas Hynson Wright.

William Turbutt Wright, the Methodist minister, was very wild in his youth, witty, cheerful and proverbial for his jokes, one of which he successfully played on Judge P. B. Hopper, who was a zealous worker in his church. The Judge had tried over and over again to "touch Mr. Wright's heart" and make a convert of him. He was always hunting up sinners in his congregation—those who possessed fiery dispositions and were rapidly "going to destruction." Judge Hopper, at the time I refer to, lived near Centreville. His home was always open to ministers of his church. Rev. Mr. Stockton was his guest on this particular occasion, a very talented, but a sensational preacher. Mr. Stockton had just preached a very flowery sermon on the resurrection, when "Gabriel's trumpet would sound, and all would arise." Mr. William T. Wright got Henry R. Pratt to join him to play the joke successfully. They procured a loud-sounding, shrill, tin horn, such as was used at camp-meetings to "call to preaching." They selected a dark night for their fun. The Judge's house was only a short distance from the public road, and being a narrow, single house, with the blinds raised, these gentlemen could see them when they went to prayers. They gave three toots of their ponderous horn, a little distance down the road. When they halted "opposite" the house, they gave another, and repeated it as far

down the public highway as they could be heard, the sound dying away gradually. They were mounted on fleet steeds and did not apprehend being caught. This was more than the Judge and "Brother" Stockton could stand, being but a few days after the "stirring" sermon delivered in Centreville. The Judge "jumped" from prayers and exclaimed vehemently, "Brother Stockton! Brother Stockton! that's Gabriel's trumpet."

This joke seemed to give the Judge a great liking for William T. Wright, and he was constantly talking to him and beseeching him to reform his wicked ways. Some years after this little episode in Judge Hopper's life, there was a "protracted" meeting going on in the Methodist church, and William T. made his way there. It was a week day and the Judge happened to be at his house, across the mill stream, only a short distance from what is now "Hall's Flour Mill," when a despatch was sent him that William T. Wright was at the "mourners' bench." He was so surprised and pleased that he started off at a rapid pace, and in crossing the step-way, fell into the stream, but, "drenched" as he was, he kept on to the church to get William T. through.

Mr. Wright from that time, to the Judge's "great delight," became a professor of religion, shortly after studying for the ministry, and was one of the best of men, although so wild and reckless in his youth. He never, however, gave up his jokes and always retained his sprightliness of disposition. His daughter, Mrs. Massey, inherits her father's gay and happy temperament, and like him, too, is fond of playing innocent pranks. On one occasion she was visiting Mr. Henry E. Wright, who always kept a pack of fox hounds, as well as pointers. Her lover was to take tea with the family, and it was proposed that he should attire himself as a "ghost" and rap at the front door "after night," to make a little merry making. The young lady was "prepared" for him and had the dogs in the room. As soon as she heard the tap at the door she let them out and started them after him, yelping and barking as loud and eagerly as if they were chasing Reynard to his den. The poor frightened fellow had to take to a tree for safety, where she let him remain in the cold for some time, before she would quiet the barking of the eager hounds. Mr. William T. Wright became a most zealous worker in his church and an eloquent preacher. His language was so persuasive that it touched the hearts of his hearers and he made

many converts. His countenance was so placid that it would be difficult to forget it, and although so wild in his young days, in his after life he was exemplary in every particular, and a great favorite with the citizens of Centreville, who still remember him almost with veneration. He was born May 18, 1808, entered the ministry in 1848, and died 8th May, 1862. Luther J. Cox and William T. Wright, are two names which stand out conspicuously in the Methodist Church. Mr. Cox was born 27th December, 1791, and died July 26, 1870. He was a good man, an eloquent preacher and composed many beautiful hymns. His son, Dr. C. C. Cox, inherited his father's talent for writing and was an accomplished, elegant gentleman. In connection with these earnest workers in the church, I would mention my first instructor, Mr. William H. Bordley, who was a model Christian, worshipping his God in "spirit and in truth."

Dr. Francis Waters, at that time principal of Washington College, Chestertown, said of this noble man, that he was a fine linguist, a chaste and *belle lettres* scholar. The style of his preaching was not only correct, but ornate and without effort. When his subject called for it, his language was strikingly beautiful and elegant. These three gentlemen were bright and shining lights in the Methodist Church and have been greatly missed.

Methodism was first preached on the Eastern Shore of Maryland by Robert Strawbridge, at the home of John Randle, in Worton, Kent County. The first peninsula church was erected in Queen Anne's County in 1738, and was known as the "Old Dudley Meeting House."—*From the Centreville Observer.*

Many of the Dudley family are of this religion at the present time.

When Mr. William T. Wright and Judge Hopper met, they always had a smile for each other and often referred to the "tin horn" joke beyond the mill. He was an ardent worker in the cause of religion when he died in Frederick County. His heavenly countenance is photographed in the hearts of numberless friends. In a quiet sequestered spot at "White Marsh" he sleeps. The green turf envelops him. The wild birds chant a requiem o'er the grave of him who rests his head upon the bosom of his Father and his God.

"Let his memory still be our pride,  
And forget not, he "smiled" when he died."

Mr. William Henry DeCourcy Wright, who was born at "Blakeford," December 9, 1795, was the youngest son of Governor Robert Wright, by his first wife. This beautiful home, "Blakeford," is a small peninsula as it were, bounded by Chester River on the northwest and by the old Courcy Creek for the rest of its periphery. The present "Blakeford" house, which is of colonial architecture, was built by Mr. William H. DeC. Wright, in the place of a temporary building erected when the old large square mansion was burned, in 1806, during Gov. Robert Wright's first term as Governor. Mr. W. H. DeC. Wright married Miss Eliza Lee Warner, of Delaware, widow of Samuel Turbutt Wright, his cousin, who was a half-nephew of Thomas Wright, of "Reed's Creek," and son of Maj. Samuel Turbutt Wright, of the Revolution. Samuel T. Wright lived at the "Green Lot" farm, near "Walnut Grove" and "Reed's Creek." Mrs. W. H. DeCourcy Wright was a most attractive woman—pleasing manners, a fine musician, and devoted to literature. Her father was consul to Havana. Mrs. Wright's children by her first marriage were: Valeria (Mrs. Paul Forbes) and Anna Matilda (Mrs. Wm. Hemsley). The children of Wm. H. DeC. Wright and Eliza Lee Warner were: Clintonia, Gustavia, who died in Rio de Janeiro; William Henry DeCourcy, born in Rio; Gustavus W. T., Caroline Louisa, Victoria Louisa and Ella Lee, who was born May 2, 1837, and died January 25, 1861. Miss Clintonia Wright married for her first husband Capt. Wm. May. Her last was ex-Gov. Philip Francis Thomas. Both were polished, intelligent gentlemen. Mr. Thomas was Secretary of the Treasury under Buchanan, in 1840. He made a speech at a Democratic meeting held at Harris' Shops, equidistant between Church Hill and Centreville, to the largest concourse of people that ever assembled in Queen Anne's County.

"When Governor of the State he laid before the Legislature a message of great force and power, upon the question of Constitutional Reform, and determined to use every effort to pay off the State debt. Under his administration it was accomplished, and Maryland was restored to a high and honorable position. The noted Mason and Dixon's Line, which separates the Northern from the Southern States, was determined by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two Englishmen of acknowledged merit.

"In 1835 a law was passed appropriating \$8,000,000 for the internal improvements of the State. Judge James Buchanan,



Gen. Thomas Emory and George Peabody, whose name is a household word, were appointed commissioners to proceed to England to negotiate loans, on account of the financial depression of the State. For Mr. Peabody's services, this philanthropic gentleman refused to receive 'one dollar' as commissioner, not wishing to add to the burden of the State. Governor Thomas wrote him a most complimentary letter, in which he said : ' The action of the General Assembly reflects faithfully the feelings of gratitude which your generous devotion to the interests of your State has awakened in the bosom of every loyal citizen of Maryland.' In 1847, Governor Thomas carried the city of Baltimore 1,566 majority over William T. Goldsborough, and the State by 6,384."—*Copied*.

Governor Thomas' daughters are : Mrs. Sophia Kerr Trippe, Mrs. Maria Thomas Markoe and Mrs. Nannie Bell Hemsley, who are handsome, attractive ladies. Mrs. Markoe has four children, viz.: Francis Ignatius, Agnes Barry, Nannie Thomas and John Sutherland. Markoe. Her daughters are considered very pretty and winning in their manners, and are great favorites. Miss Agnes, the elder of the two daughters, married Mr. Hammond Dugan ; Miss Nannie married Mr. Clarence Sibley ; Francis Ignatius married Miss Mulligan ; John Sutherland is still enjoying a life of single blessedness.

Mrs. Trippe has two sons—Philip Francis and Richard Trippe. Mrs. Hemsley has two daughters—Maria Kerr and Elizabeth Tilghman Hemsley. The mother of Mrs. Markoe, Mrs. Trippe and Mrs. Hemsley was Miss Sarah Maria Kerr, daughter of David Kerr, who died early in life.

Mrs. Clintonia Thomas has outlived all of her sisters and brothers, and is remarkable for her gentleness of manner, sweet, amiable disposition and love for little children. She enjoys returning to the old home of her parents in summer, and occasionally takes a row in the Blakeford batteau, where she has so often, in her girlhood hours, inhaled the refreshing breezes that are wafted from the river to Queenstown Creek

Victoria Louisa Wright married Samuel Levering, and had several children—Ella Lee, who died in infancy ; Elise, unmarried ; Martha, who married Henry Orrick, and has four children—Louisa, Johnson, Harry Abert, and a fourth child, William H. Decourcy Wright Orrick. Pauline M., fourth child of Victoria Louisa and Samuel L. Levering, married Louis R. Levering, and has had

children, viz.: Victoria, Ella Lee, Annie L., Paul, Dorothy, Elise, and Louis (now deceased). "Ella Lee," a sweet name, youngest child of Mr. W. H. DeC. Wright, married Captain J. Pembroke Thom, of Culpepper County, Va., and had two sons, Wm. Henry DeCourcy Wright-Thom, born October 14, 1858, and Pembroke Lee Thom, born January 11, 1861. Mr. DeCourcy Wright Thom married Mary Pleasants Gordon, of Rappahannock County, Va., October 29, 1885. She died May 3, 1892, leaving two lovely little girls—Anne Gordon, born October 18, 1888, and Mary Gordon, born April 15, 1892.

Pembroke Lee Thom, the youngest son of J. Pembroke Thom and Ella Lee Wright, married Isabel Rieman. They have two children, Isabel Rieman and "Ella Lea."

Mr. DeCourcy Wright Thom is a polished, intellectual gentleman, amiable and gifted. He possesses the admirable traits that adorned the character of his grandfather. At one period of his life he was a banker in Baltimore. He shows a rural taste in spending much of his time at his lovely country home, "Blakeford," in which he seems greatly interested, and enjoys the peaceful surroundings of the dwelling place of his forefathers. Mr. Thom is literary, having translated and published, with copious notes, a history of panics, and the condition of agriculture in the United States.

Mr. Pembroke Lee Thom was formerly a lawyer, and has been in the Legislature of Maryland. At this time he is in the tobacco business in Baltimore. Mr. William H. DeCourcy Wright spent the greater part of his life at "Blaketord," which he cultivated with judgment; was a very successful farmer and raised thoroughbred stock. Shortly after being appointed consul to Brazil, Mr. Wright saw at once an opportunity to make Baltimore the "world market" for Brazilian coffee. He accordingly established, with Joseph Maxwell, a Scotchman, the great house of Maxwell, Wright & Co., which celebrated firm handled all the production of the imperial coffee plantations, which business had been promised him.

*The Baltimore Sun*, speaking of the coffee trade of this country with Brazil, hails "Mr. William H. DeCourcy Wright" as its founder. During the lengthy Brazilian war, Mr. Wright was sole representative of the United States' interest in Brazil, acting as charge d'affaires in consequence of the death of Mr. Tudor. He was a volunteer in the patriot forces in the war of independence,

in Bolivia, and was a man of superior mind and unbounded business capacity. He realized as a boy that "Blakeford" would have to be sold at his father's death. A life spent in politics had impoverished the Governor, and his far-sighted youngest son resolved to make money to keep it in the family, and to this day "Blakeford" remains a monument to his energy. The Governor died while the son was in Brazil, and hearing of its being advertised for sale, he purchased it. Eight years after this he returned to Maryland a wealthy man. He introduced the Brazilian bean into Queen Anne's County, which makes a rich, palatable soup, quiet equal to turtle soup, when served with hard-boiled egg and sherry wine, and much more digestible, having been given to invalids. My uncle, Mr. Stephen L. Wright, was never without this "William Wright" bean. It is still held in high favor by many families in the county. In Rio it is called Feijao, and is a staple in Brazil. There they serve it entirely different from what we do. They have it for dinner and supper, and it is considered an indispensable article. Properly prepared, it makes a soup Prince Albert, who loved the luxuries of life, would have thoroughly enjoyed.

Mr. Wm. DeC. Wright was extremely generous, and extended a helping hand to many of his connexions, as well as to his immediate family circle. He was always willing and ready to assist those who would help themselves, but could not tolerate idleness and "loafers." He enjoyed life thoroughly, evincing friendship and esteem to all of his acquaintances, his conversation being cheerful, his manner affable. He possessed a heart full of generosity, was kind and thoughtful in his family and devoted to their interest. Mr. Wright was widely known as a benefactor to the needy. He presented St. Luke's Chapel, Queenstown, with a handsome bell, which was said to have as fine a tone as any in the State of Maryland. This "bell of Portugal" bears the following inscription :

"Sancta Maria—Delos Dados,  
Mater Nostra Defend nos  
A fulgere et tempesta. Amen..

I. H. S.

Maria Joseph San  
Augustine ora pro nobis.

1746.

Retizo Dindo Pr. Or.  
Secunda vey El Pr. Fr. Pedro  
de San Augustine."

"Here, in its third home, in tolerant old Maryland, in the county named for good Queen Anne, in ancient 'Queenstown,' it has proclaimed for more than half a century its sweet old story, and still repeats from the belfry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, 'St. Luke's,' the calls to prayer, to praise, which its silver voice for many and many a year ago in foreign lands and this, has rung out 'bravely' to all who hear may 'heed.' What matters if once it rang over Romanist, but now over Protestant worshippers. 'Believe and worship.' 'Look up and pray,' has always been its gentle summons, and that is enough for 'anyone,' of any faith."—*Copied.*

The chime of this South American bell now falls upon the ears of the Davidsons, the Carmichaels, the Pacas, the Cockeys, the Tilghmans, and others, whose devout ancestors obeyed its call on Sabbath mornings, "long, long" ago. Yes; it is a gentle reminder of the generous giver as it clangs out its musical tones to the "favored few" who now respond to its pleasing, regular call, worshippers in the same hallowed sanctuary, where loved ones, long since laid to rest, humbly knelt in prayer, and who yet may be present in spirit.

"It is a beautiful belief,  
That ever 'round our head  
Are hovering on angels' wings  
The spirits of the dead."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Mr. William H. DeCourcy Wright reared and educated his nephews, Robert Clinton and John Skinner Wright. He also trained and educated their sisters, Alfonsa (Mrs. Hugo E. Fiddes) and Louisa (Mrs. Edward Hamilton Gowland). His own children, whom I have mentioned, were very lovely and accomplished women. But one of this interesting family remains—Mrs. Governor Thomas. The death of his son, William H. DeCourcy Wright, who died in Rio, was a terrible blow to his mother. He was very promising, and died on the verge of manhood. Mr. Wright at that time occupied his handsome house on Charles Street, Baltimore, which was the most fashionable part of the city, a home of refinement and hospitality. He rented a pew in St. Paul's Church, Centreville; also in St. Luke's Chapel, Queenstown, when he spent a great deal of his time in Baltimore, thus showing his great generosity to the country churches, while contributing to his church in the city. He has been greatly missed. Mr. Wright showed no difference between his own children and Mrs. Forbes and Mrs. Hemsley, who, as stated, were daughters of his wife, by her first marriage. I have often heard Mrs. Hemsley speak of her stepfather's great kindness and liberality. She was the recipient of many handsome presents from him, and he kept a home for her as long as he lived. He presented her with jewelry of great value and variety from South America. Of all his lovely and costly gifts, she seemed most to prize a pair of pansy earrings, with a diamond in the centre. These she usually wore. They suited her style and were admired extravagantly by her associates.

"And they were fondly treasured  
For the words of love they bore."

Mrs. Hemsley's friends who survive her will remember them as a lovely and becoming ornament.

"Over and above the rest,  
Those 'little heart's ease' suited best."

This accomplished lady was a proficient in music. Her touch was soft, sweet and inspiring. Those original strains came from

a soul full of sentiment, full of music. Her touching notes have died away, but many hearts who have felt their influence still beat with pleasure at the remembrance of the sweet melodies that once brought tears to their eyes. Her beautiful voice could well compare with the Swedish nightingale who sang in Baltimore to spell-bound listeners, in 1850, and who produced more excitement and applause than any vocalist who ever visited this country. "Her concert tickets sold at exorbitant prices, and the people were roused to a state of admiration and excitement never before experienced. The cultivation of the voice became general and many aspired to be a 'Jenny Lind.'"—*Copied.*

I can never forget my emotion when the last notes of "Home; Sweet Home" died away. Although I was honored by having a "Prince" for my escort at her concert, her bird-like voice charmed me. I cared not for titles, but I loved "music," and her sweet notes touched my heart, while the chivalrous "Prince" failed to make the slightest impression. Mrs. Hemsley's style of singing was her own. The pathos of her lovely voice impressed everyone who listened to her well-selected songs, causing an emotional feeling that could not be suppressed. This beautiful gift of nature, combined with Mrs. Hemsley's conversational powers, contributed greatly to the pleasure of her many friends. Mr. Wm. Hemsley, her husband, used to say that he won his accomplished wife by presenting her with the pretty, old song:

"Oh! share my cottage, gentle maid,  
It only waits for thee  
To add fresh beauty to its shade,  
And happiness, happiness to me."

Mr. Hemsley had a beautiful home on the Easton Road, "Woodbury." He was a widower with a lovely daughter, Mary; now Mrs. Sterrett, of Baltimore; who fully appreciated her step-mother's kindness. One of Mrs. Hemsley's favorite airs was the sweet, little Scotch ballad, "Annie Laurie." Another, "Oh! the Ingleside for Me." Still another, "Where's the Snow?" And now she lies under the snow, at rest—

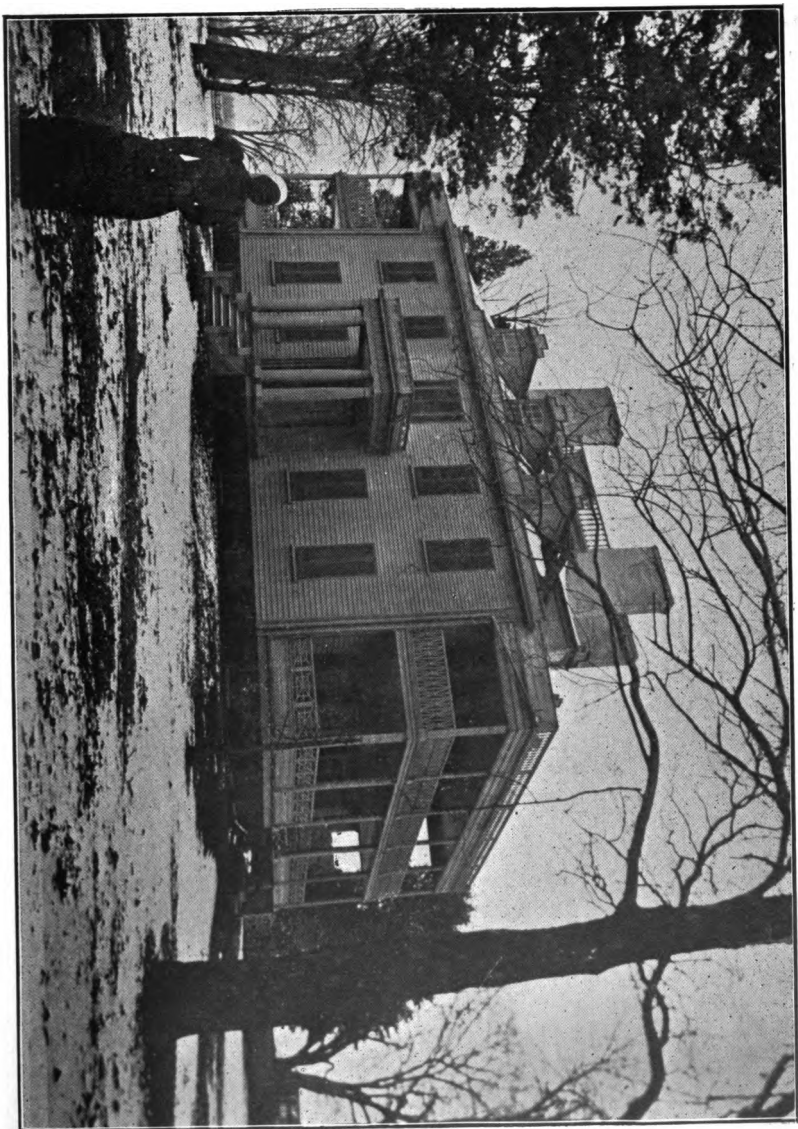
"May the grass grow green above her,  
Sweet clover 'round her tomb,  
Bright purple pansies 'bove her,  
Blossom, with a sweet perfume."

"Her spirit is loose from mortal bars,  
Somewhere away, among the stars,"—  
where she will sweetly sing "forever and forever."

Mrs. Hemsley's sister, Valeria, (Mrs. Paul Forbes) was called for Miss Valeria Wright, of "Reed's Creek." Her husband was a native of New York. She bore him the following children: First, Thomas, who died young; second, William Howell, living in the State of New York, who married Dora Delano (no children); third, Grant, who died in childhood; fourth, Ella Wright, who died early; fifth, Pauline (unmarried); sixth, Frances, who married Odillon Barrett, member of the French Chamber of Deputies, and nephew and heir of the great French statesman of the same name. She bore her husband five children—Odillon, died in youth, Marie, Reta, Andre and Pauline; seventh, Henry DeCourcy, son of Mrs. Valeria Forbes, lives in New York, and is unmarried; eighth, Eliza Wright Forbes, who married Gaston duc de Choiseul Praslin, and had seven children—Gaston Marie, Hughes Marie, and five children. The Choiseul Praslins live in Italy. Ninth child of Mrs. Forbes, Florence, is unmarried and resides in Paris; tenth, Charles Stuart, is an artist, living in Paris; eleventh, Paul Revere, a mining engineer, and has been studying in Freiberg, Germany.

[NOTE.—"The original 'Annie Laurie' was one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwalton, whose wife was a daughter of Riddell, of Minto. This sweet song which, as stated, was a favorite one in Mrs. Hemsley's collection, was written at the beginning of the eighteenth century, by Mr. Douglas, of Finland. It is a sad reality that this poetical lover did not obtain the bonnie 'Annie Laurie,' 'whose face it was the fairest, that e'er the sun shone on.' She married Mr. Ferguson, of Craigdar Rock."]

There were three generations of Blakes that owned "Blakeford." The name of this old homestead originally was Blake's Fort. This family had in early times a fort they called Blake's Fort, where Fort Hawkins now is, on the yellow embankment not far from Queenstown Creek, which is known by its present name, by the fishermen and oystermen who frequent these waters. This fort was successfully used during the Revolution to repel the English forces. In the war of '12 they effected a landing, however, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of the American Army, under Major Nicholson, to Centreville from Queenstown. Gustavus W. T. Wright, son of the Governor, who lived at that time at "Blakeford," commanded the artillery in the patriot



“BLAKEFORD” IN WINTER.





forces. I have been told that pieces of cannon may still be seen at Fort Hawkins.

"Old Uncle Ned," a colored centenarian, who lived in a dilapidated hut, on the Churchill Road, and was called "The Hermit of Frogmore," had a remarkable memory for recollecting dates. He gave a glowing description of the landing of the "Britishers" on "Blakeford" shore; told the very day and how they embarked.

#### MANY REMINDERS IN MARYLAND OF THE WAR WITH ENGLAND.

At a historical spot in Talbot County, until within the last few years, a cannon ball has rested on a very ancient oak tree, lodged there by the British in 1814, when they attacked St. Michael's. This place was appropriately named "Royal Oak," which name it yet retains. The mammoth old oak tree has mouldered away. To perpetuate the history of the cannon ball, Mr. Henry O. Banning, President of the Bank of Delaware, whose ancestors owned extensive plantations near "Royal Oak," was fortunate in finding the ball, which had been used by an oysterman, as an anchor for his boat. Mr. Banning had it suspended to a massive post, where the old tree once stood in its importance, telling of the din of battle. "Old Uncle Ned's" account of the battle of Parrott's Point, Talbot County, where the enemy lost twenty-nine killed and wounded, while our American forces, under Captain Kerr, Major Hendricks, and Lieutenant Vickers, did not lose a "single man," was a most thrilling one. This patriotic old man would rise from his three-legged stool, in his weather-beaten cabin, gesticulating to the "young gemmen," "and impressing upon them in a boasting, excited manner, that 'our' men did not lose a single man." Uncle Ned also gave a glowing description of the skirmish at "Slippery Hill. He was respectful and reliable, a great favorite, and lived to be 101 years old.

Judge Solomon Wright, father of the Governor, was the first Wright who owned "Blakeford." Luther Martin, the "great Maryland lawyer," who was known as the "Federal Bull Dog," studied law and lived with Judge Wright. Martin taught school at the old Queen Anne's County Academy, near "Reed's Tan Yard," was master of the school in 1767, at a salary of £20. He

was a man of remarkable talent and was admitted to the bar in 1771, and an attorney in the courts of Somerset and Worcester, acquiring a lucrative practice. When General Smallwood condemned the Legislature at Annapolis, Luther Martin, then Attorney-General of the State, laid before this body the ablest argument extant against the fundamental principles of the proposed government. He was a native of New Jersey and graduated at Princeton with the very highest honors. Upon the invasion of the State by Lord Howe, he answered his proclamation in the most eloquent and forcible manner, and was one of the defenders of Judge Chase, who was impeached by the House of Representatives, and was the political friend of Aaron Burr, and was instrumental in his acquittal for treason. He died while a guest of Aaron Burr, in New York, 1826.

Dr. Robert Wright, who owned a fine farm near Queens-town, stated that the failure of the British to capture Major Nicholson's men was due to the fact of their landing at "Blakeford" instead of at "Bolingly," the late residence of the Mitchell family, Queenstown Creek lying between "Blakeford" and the mainland. Their embarking farther down the river gave the Americans time to effect their retreat from Queenstown. It was at this ancient town, "Old Queen Anne's Town," that the first and only blood was spilled on Queen Anne's soil. The American forces did not amount to 400 men, while Major Nicholson's account to Colonel Thomas Wright, of "Reed's Creek," who was not in this engagement because of indisposition, stated that the British had fully 3,400 men. In the skirmish below Queenstown, "Sir Sidney Beckwith's horse was shot under him. Two of the British soldiers were buried by Captain Wilkinson, father of the late Captain John Wilkinson, who was the father of Mrs. W. W. Busteed, of Centreville."

The entrance to "Blakeford" by land is quite as imposing as the approach by water. With the grand "old Chester River" and Queenstown's Creek for a background, almost surrounded by handsome trees and shrubbery in front, a more imposing and attractive home can scarce be found. The wide avenue through the woods is shaded by handsome forest trees on either side, making the drive cool and shady in summer, while the cold wind of winter is checked and dispelled as it comes rushing along from the river. The road on "Blakeford" soil, after leaving the

home gate, is bounded, too, by beautiful trees which speak encouraging words to the welcome visitor. These luxuriant trees have been spared the axe for many, many years and have grown to full development and beauty. This is a lovely drive, when the last notes of the many happy birds have died away with the setting sun.

“And down the lane is cool and sweet,  
The sparrows sing adown the lane,  
Above, the arching branches meet,  
And in the grass beneath your feet,  
Their shadows stir and wave again.

And through the grateful, bracing air,  
Come faint, half fancied sounds that tell  
Of ‘pleasure’ brooding every where,  
The call of quail and here and there,  
The distant clinking of a bell.”

During windy weather, when the “White Caps” are dancing and frolicking over the river, in their own fashion unrestrained, and at liberty to do as they please, the smaller wavelets sparkling and glistening in the sunshine, the view from the brightly polished windows of this well-kept home is grand and inspiring. The “Blakeford” shores are often a refuge for shipwrecked sailors, who are unable to battle against the restless waves, and vessels have been tossed about and stranded on its coast.

“The prow of the ship rides high and free that baffles the savage gales,  
And the wind and the rain are a requiem for the wreck of the ship that fails.”

Here the “sea gulls” fly gracefully over the troubled waters and the swan and wild geese take refuge on shore, ‘neath the overhanging shrubbery. In summer—

“When gentle winds and waters near,  
Bring music to the listening ear”—

boats of every size and shape may be seen sporting on the waves, from the unsteady little craft to the huge Baltimore steamers. The pure white geese disporting in this quiet stream, forming a long line, one ahead of the other, add life and variety to the scene, particularly at the close of day, when the rays of the sun shed

their lingering brightness upon the bosom of the little creek and the beautiful tints of the clouds above delight the admirer of nature's beauty. How I love to hear the washing of the waves against its shores. The adroit angler may find amusement here, while the happy school-boy, with his trusting sister near him, may throw out his "approved" hook, too, which is oftentimes a "bent pin," that fully answers his purpose. Ever and anon he brings up a little sunfish and strings it with others to take home for his evening meal, with as much pleasure as the old experienced fisherman piles up his rock and taylor for the Baltimore market.

"The tide comes up and the tide goes down,  
And still the fisherman's boat,  
At early dawn and at evening shade,  
Is 'ever and ever' afloat.

The tide comes up and the tide goes down,  
And the oysterman below  
Is picking away in the slimy sands,  
In the sands of 'long ago.'"

The sailor here may dip his strong oar into the rippling waters and steer his bark safely and swiftly to the quiet shore, where lofty trees, more humble shrubs and clambering vines, grow voluptuously and gracefully all along the natural banks of the river, bending and stooping over the water, looking "here" for moisture to quench their thirst in this "inexhaustible" basin, instead of upward to the vaulted sky, which oftentimes withholds its promised drink. The changing scenes on this little Creek is worthy a place in the artist's sketchbook, especially at the close of the day, when the waves are glistening, with the dim shadows of night growing fainter and softer, as the moon ceases to shed her rays and the pretty, placid stream sinks sweetly to rest. Who does not love to read the changing sky, listen to nature's music and dwell in the rustic home-made bower?

Who does not love the health-giving country breezes? Who would be a captive and dwell in crowded halls and bustling streets? Who could fail to be happy in a home like "Blakeford," where the bright stars will never cease to shed their soft rays and the night-birds forever keep watch from the surrounding woods, where the oak, the pine and the red-berried holly offer them a safe and enduring shelter. True, to recall one of Mrs. Hemsley's

sweet songs, which have so often re-echoed through the "Blakeford" halls :

" Friends have been scattered,  
Like roses in bloom,  
Some at the bridal,  
Some at the tomb."

It was a happy, "cherished" home for the family and friends, while they lived, provided for them by a wise and discreet father and benefactor. This generous friend has been sadly missed by more than his immediate family. He has reaped a rich reward for his loving care and charitable deeds to "hundreds" who revere his memory. He, too, has enjoyed the songs of the happy birds at "Blakeford," singing their varied and melodious notes the live long day, making the surroundings of this beautiful home bright and cheerful—a home of peace and love. He, too, has seen the evening shadows gather, and viewed the gorgeous sunsets and the grand water view. The sunsets are the same, dying away in the distance, leaving the varied clouds tinged with their glory. The same moonbeams dance over the pretty yard and garden, throwing subdued light over every shrub and blossom. Here—

" The tuneful nightingale seeks her rest,  
And the weary world is rocked to rest."

The generous hand that secured this attractive home is laid softly on his bosom. His soul is anchored safely in heaven.

Long may this ancestral home remain in the family, as a beautiful monument to the memory of Mr. Wm. H. DeC. Wright, who not only tried, but succeeded in reclaiming it and relieving it of debt, and has made it a charming home for his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, who should keep in memory the wisdom of their "benefactor."

## CHAPTER XIX.

The Wright family are a handsome type of Eastern Shore gentlemen, and have stood at the head of political affairs of the State of Maryland ever since their emigration here from England, and have served their country faithfully in peace and in war. Thomas, Turbutt and Solomon Wright were near relatives, and were prominent throughout the American Revolution. In 1771, Thomas and Solomon Wright represented their county. In 1774, the delegates were Turbutt and Solomon Wright. During the reign of George I the delegates were Charles Wright and Solomon Clayton. Turbutt and Solomon Wright were appointed to try all persons for treason on the Eastern Shore. Henry Wright, Jr., was made, during the Revolution, assistant deputy quartermaster-general for all the counties of the Eastern Shore, except Cecil. Turbutt Wright was one of the leaders identified with Independence in the Province. Turbutt Wright was justice of the county court in 1777.

"In 1790, an act was passed for the better administration of justice. The Governor and Council appointed to the benches of the several counties men of integrity, experience and sound legal judgment. A connexion and friend of the Wright family, Judge Benjamin Nicholson, was the gentleman selected from Baltimore County, and was one of the most distinguished judges in the State of Maryland."

The Wrights were appointed to lay out towns on the Eastern Shore. In 1775, three members of this patriotic family—Turbutt, Thomas and Solomon—were, at the same time, members of a convention pledging themselves "true and loyal" to the American cause, one of these gentlemen being chairman of the convention. Samuel Turbutt Wright, who had been such a brave commander in the Revolution, and had distinguished himself, winning undying laurels, was appointed adjutant-general by Governor Wright of all the militia forces in the State of Maryland. Samuel Turbutt Wright was one of the justices of the peace. He was also authorized to levy a tax on "bachelors" to raise money for the expenses of the French and Indian war. Turbutt Wright was several times

chairman of the Provincial convention of 1776. Thomas, son of Thomas Hynson Wright, was the first military commander under the Revolutionary organization. Queen Anne's County did her full share in this trying contest. Her brave men never flinched in their duty, and were engaged in some of the fiercest battles that were fought—at Brandywine, Germantown, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Elizabeth, N. J., and at the storming of "Stony Point."

"At Cowpens the Maryland line behaved with the greatest gallantry, under John Eager Howard, who was one of the most distinguished officers in the Revolutionary war, serving through the 'whole' war with the greatest perseverance and gallantry. His grandfather, Joshua Howard, came to America in 1667, from Manchester, England, settled in Baltimore County and married Miss Joanna O'Carroll, whose father emigrated from Ireland. Cornelius, father of John Eager Howard, married Ruth Eager, whose grandfather, George Eager, purchased, in 1668, the estate of Howard Park, which once included a large part of Baltimore City. John Eager Howard was at the battle of 'White Plains.' At the battle of Cowpens he decided the fortunes of the day by a successful bayonet charge. At the battle of Eutaw the Maryland line swept the field with their bayonets, when Colonel Howard was severely wounded. At the conclusion of the war, in 1787, he married Margaret Chew, daughter of Benjamin Chew, of Philadelphia, the grandson of Colonel Chew, who came to Maryland in 1671, from Chewtown, Somersetshire, England. Colonel Howard had a large family—ten in number—and his descendants are very numerous. He was a member of the Continental Congress and Governor of Maryland for three successive terms. He declined the Secretaryship of War, tendered him by Washington, and was a member of the Senate of Maryland."—*Scharff*.

General Howard was one of those men, says *Hanson's Old Kent*, whose name and history will always be cherished with veneration by the people of Maryland. In 1814, after the destruction of Washington, an attack was meditated by the English troops upon Baltimore. A suggestion was made that it would be wise to capitulate. As soon as it reached Colonel Howard, the "old Revolutionary soldier" burst forth in the following indignant denunciation: "I have," said he, "as much property at stake as most persons, and four sons in the field; but sooner would I see my



sons *weltering in their blood* and my property *reduced to ashes*, than so far disgrace my country."

Three of the principal streets in Baltimore are named in honor of these illustrious families and will be an enduring monument to their memory. John Eager, the eldest son of Margaret and John Eager Howard, married Cornelia Arabella Reed. To return to the Wright family again :

"Solomon Wright was present at a court held in Queenstown, in 1714. General Samuel Turbutt Wright was chosen as the best qualified person in his county, to take charge of the public magazine and to lead the troops of the county in the event of military operations. Turbutt and Edward Wright were visitors to King William's School in Annapolis."—*Copied.*

"This school was situated on the south side of the State House, on a lot presented by Governor Nicholson. Governor Nicholson convened the assembly to meet at Annapolis and made every effort to make it a flourishing town. William Pinkney, the celebrated lawyer, was a student at the school the Governor established. King William presented this school with very valuable books, many of which are now in St. John's College."—*Scharff.*

The Wright family have always been interested in church matters, most of them adhering to the mother church. Mr. Robest Norrest Wright was appointed to run the division line between St. Luke's and St. Paul's Parish. Mr. Nathaniel Wright, in 1694, was one of the vestry of "Old Wye," and with other members of the vestry ordered a *pulpit and reading desk* to be placed in the church. This was during the reign of William and Mary, King and Queen of England, Scotland and Ireland. Solomon and Charles Wright held pews in "Old Chester" Church, paying for them 600 pounds of tobacco. In 1727, Solomon Wright and Solomon Wright, Jr., were the "only" members present at a meeting of the vestry at "Old Chester Church." In 1727, Thomas Hynson Wright was a vestryman at "Old Wye." In 1722, Thomas Hynson Wright was one of the vestry at "Old Chester Church," at the same time that he was acting in that capacity at "Old Wye."

"At the outbreak of the revolution, Queen Anne's was one of the most prosperous counties in the State. As early as 1776, the practicability of separating the Eastern from the Western

Shore was agitated. Turbutt Wright being the spokesman on the occasion. He was also one of the commissioners to lay out towns on the Eastern Shore and to purchase lands for this purpose. It may be gratifying to the present generation of this family to know that one of their ancestors, Mr. Nathaniel Wright, purchased from Judge Nicholson, of 'Chesterfield,' the land on which our progressive town, Centreville, is located, and which reached, December 26, 1897, its one hundred and third year. In 1779, Samuel T. Wright was one of the commissioners of Centreville and owned a home and lot there. Benjamin Wright and Stephen Lowrey were also property owners there in 1812."—*Copied.*

Baltimore City is quite made up of descendants of old Eastern Shore families, who refer with pleasure to their homes "across the Bay."

Elizabeth Davidge and Basil Warfield, who left Queen Anne's County many years ago, owned plantations near "Chester Mill." The Noble family, too, and many others I could mention, were natives of Queen Anne's County. Thomas Lane Emory's old home, which is said to be over 200 years old, still stands in an excellent state of preservation, and is almost concealed by beautiful English ivy, "emblem of strong attachment." This ancient homestead is now owned by Mr. Robert Willson and his kind-hearted, intelligent sisters, Miss Martha and Miss Ella, who inherited it from their grandmother. These estimable ladies love to relate the pleasant events of their young days, and are very precise in their information.

"Here the skies are always blue  
And hearts forget to grieve."

The Wrights, as I have said, bore many heavy burdens during our protracted and trying struggle for independence, and when Governor Paca, in 1783, proclaimed that a treaty of peace was concluded with England, they hailed the joyful news with the greatest satisfaction and returned to their cheerful firesides with happy faces and renewed life.

One admirable trait in the character of the Wright family was and is their "secrecy" in giving alms, never boasting or speaking of their charity. This surely enhances the value of a gift. There are many generations of Wrights in America, separating

them from their English forefathers, who venerate the memory of their ancestors. This family were stoical in life and stoical in their last moments when the spark of life burnt but feebly. Many of their death-bed scenes have been glorious ones. Like the Stoics of ancient times, were it required of them, they would shed blood without fear or trepidation. I have often heard them express the following noble sentiments: "True beauty"—is excellence; true happiness "virtue."

"Minds are of supernal birth,  
And we should make a heaven of earth."

"Their" idea is that a man must himself "stand upright and not be kept up by others; that it is better that great souls should dwell in small houses, than live in mansions and be slaves to debt and worry." Like the old Roman who "deserved" the greatest praise, and when he received it "blushed," so with the Wrights, they take no credit to themselves, however much their works may be appreciated by others. What a moral world would this be, if all men practiced the maxims the Wright family have ever adopted.

"Grant me, kind heaven, an independent mind,  
Above the vulgar meanness of mankind;  
Let no "low" action e'er my conduct stain,  
Altho' by it I might a kingdom gain."

The Wright family detest "suobblishness" and "lying." Some think there is no sin in telling a falsehood where no harm is intended. It is not thus with this exemplary family. They would suffer their best hand to be cut off sooner than be guilty even of a "white lie." They never "romance." Truth is the bright and guiding star of their lives. Their advice is, and they practice it faithfully—

"Don't look for flaws as you go through life,  
And even if you should find them,  
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,  
And see the 'virtue' behind them.

For the cloudiest night has a tint of light  
'Somewhere' in its shadows hiding;  
It is better by far to hunt for a star  
Than for spots on the sun abiding.

Don't waste a 'curse' on the universe ;  
Remember, it lived before you ;  
Don't 'butt' at the storm with your puny form,  
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself  
To suit your whims to the letter ;  
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,  
And the sooner you know it the better.

It is folly to fight with the Infinite,  
And go under at last in the wrestle ;  
The 'wise' man shapes into God's good plan  
As the water shapes into a vessel."

This upright family have ever practiced the good old law :  
"Live honestly, injure nobody, render to every man his due."

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE SPENCER FAMILY.

This prominent family were antecedents of the Wrights of Maryland, on the maternal side. They came from Bedfordshire, England, and settled first in Lynn, Mass., afterwards in East Haddam, Conn.

John Spencer married Ann, of Bedfordshire, and died June 9, 1568. Their son, Michael Spencer, married Elizabeth, of Bedfordshire, about 1563. Their son, Gerard Spencer, married Hannah, and came to America in 1638. Their son Samuel married Miss Willing. Their son Isaac married Mary Seldon, and had three sons—Rev. Elihu Spencer, of Trenton, N. J.; General Joseph Spencer, of the Revolutionary army, and Major Israel Spencer. Gen. Joseph Spencer married Martha Brainard. Rev. Elihu Spencer married Joanna Eaton. This Joanna Eaton, wife of Rev. Elihu Spencer, who was ordained at Boston, in 1748, was the daughter of Joanna Wardell, who married John Eaton. Both of her parents were interred in the Episcopal Church, at Shrewsbury, N. J. The sisters and brothers of Joanna Eaton were: Dr. Joseph Eaton, Annie Eaton, Thomas Eaton, Valeria Eaton, who married Peter LeCompte; Sarah Eaton, who married Richard Tole (called by the family Aunt Tole); Lydia Eaton, who married Capt. William Wanton, and Elizabeth Eaton, who married John Berrian. The parents of Joanna Wardell, who married John Eaton, were Joseph and Sarah Wardell. Their grandparents were Eliakim Wardell and Lydia Perkins Wardell. This Lydia Perkins Wardell was a daughter of Isaac Perkins, of Massachusetts, a Puritan and freeman of the colony. The Wardell family owned extensive tracts of land not far from Shrewsbury River, New Jersey, near the present site of "Long Branch." Both Eliakim and Lydia Perkins Wardell, his wife, were Puritans, but became Quakers not long after their marriage.

The first monthly meeting of Quakers, or Friends, in the province of New Jersey by families from New England, was held at Shrewsbury in 1666. George Fox stopped there in 1678.

Eliakim Wardell was a member of this meeting. It is not known at what time he embraced the Quaker religion, but in 1662 he was fined for absence from the Puritan Church. In the same year, for the same reason, Ann Coleman, Mary Tomkins and Alice Ambrose were stripped from their waist up and tied to a cart, in the coldest weather, and driven through several towns and cruelly whipped on entering each town. Eliakim Wardell, who witnessed these cruel proceedings, reproved their persecutors, whereupon he was put in the stocks. Wardell was repeatedly fined for his and his wife's absence from church, and was rendered almost penniless by repeated seizures of his property. Lydia Wardell, in a wifely way, shared the troubles of her husband, to which they had been mercilessly doomed. She had witnessed the flogging of her dear friends, Ann Coleman, Mary Tomkins and Alice Ambrose, and had heard the laughter and derision of the *Christian* ministers as the lash descended upon their "marked bodies." Four of her friends had been hanged and scores of others tortured. The guest of her fireside had been kidnapped under her own eyes. The burden laid upon this youthful bride, who is described as a tender, pure woman, was too heavy for her young spirit, and it is but reasonable to suppose, produced mental aberration. The original narrative of the sad experience of Lydia Wardell states that while these troubles fell thick and heavily upon her, she was repeatedly sent for and importuned to go to church; to give a reason for her separation from it. Pestered and goaded by these demands, and probably with an imagination disordered by her terrible suffering, she answered the summons in May, 1663, by disrobing her body and entering the church in this condition, as a sign of the "spiritual nakedness" of her persecutors. This dreadful scene occurred in the church at Newberry. It was exceedingly trying, says the narrator, to Mrs. Wardell's modest disposition to pass through this terrible ordeal. The sequel to this strange episode in the life of Lydia Perkins Wardell was far more shocking than the deed itself. She was arrested and sentenced by the court at Ipswich to be severely whipped and fined costs and fees. She was tied to the fence-post of the tavern, stripped from her waist up and lashed with twenty or thirty cruel stripes. This historical account of Lydia Wardell is taken from the "Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts." The family baptismal silver bowl of Joseph and Sarah Wardell has been owned by six generations of the family. First,

by Joseph and Sarah Wardell ; by Sarah Wardell, their daughter ; by Sarah Eaton (Aunt Tole), their granddaughter ; by Sarah Spencer Lowrey, their great-granddaughter and great-great-grandmother of Mrs. Sarah Holmes Wright, of Centreville ; by Sarah Lowrey Collins, their great great-granddaughter ; by Sarah N. Collins McCandless, their great-great-great-granddaughter. This valuable heir-loom, which must always go to a " Sarah," will be inherited by another Sarah. It may at some future time fall into the possession of Mrs. Sarah Holmes Wright, who has a cultivated taste, a love for old-time treasures, and will value it highly.

Rev. Elihu Spencer and Joanna Eaton had twelve children, viz : First, Annie Spencer ; second, Annie Spencer II. ; third, Margaret Spencer ; fourth, Sarah Spencer, who married Colonel Stephen Lowrey, of Maryland, afterwards a resident of Pittsburgh ; fifth, Mary Spencer ; sixth, Margaret Spencer, who married Jonathan Dickinson Sergeant : seventh, Elizabeth Spencer, who married George Merchant ; eighth, Valeria Spencer, who married Richard Fullerton ; ninth, Lydia Spencer, who married William Macfunn Biddle ; tenth, John Eaton Spencer, who married Charlotte Wright, sister of Thomas Wright, of " Reed's Creek " ; eleventh, Elihu Spencer ; twelfth, Joanna Spencer.

Sarah Spencer and Colonel Stephen Lowrey had issue as follows : First, Margaret Lowrey, who married Thomas Wright, of " Reed's Creek " ; and second, Sarah Lowrey, who married Thomas Collins, attorney at law, Pittsburgh, and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. Margaret Spencer, who married Hon. Jonathan Dickinson Sergeant, had issue, viz : First, William Sergeant, who married Elizabeth Morgan ; second, Sarah Sergeant, who married Rev. Samuel Miller, D. D., L. L. D., one of the three original professors of Princeton College, and had six sons. John Miller married Margaret Benedict. His second wife was Miss McDowell. Two of Rev. Samuel Miller's granddaughters are living at this time in Princeton, the Misses Margaret and Sarah Sergeant Miller. Third, John Sergeant, member of Congress and candidate for Vice-President, who married Margaretta Walmough ; fourth, Henry Sergeant ; fifth, Thomas Sergeant, twins. Thomas Sergeant, who was Judge of the Supreme Court, married Sarah Bache, granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin ; sixth, Elizabeth Sergeant ; seventh, Jonathan Sergeant ; eighth, Elihu Spencer Sergeant, who married Elizabeth

Fox Norris. Elizabeth Spencer, who married George Merchant, had issue, viz: General Charles T. Merchant, cadet at West Point, who married Sarah C. Laffin. Valeria Spencer, who married Richard Fullerton, had issue: Elihu Spencer Fullerton and Richard Alexander Fullerton. Lydia Spencer, who married William Macfunn Biddle, had issue as follows: First, Lydia Spencer Biddle, who married Mr. Samuel Baird; second, Valeria Biddle, who married Charles B. Penrose; third, William Macfunn Biddle, who married Julia Montgomery; fourth, Mary E. Biddle, who married Major George Blaney. Their daughter, Valeria Blaney, often visited "Reed's Creek" and was very much beloved. Fifth, Edward W. Biddle, who married M. Julia Watts. John Eaton Spencer, who married Charlotte Wright, had issue—John B. Spencer, William, Samuel and Serena Spencer.

Margaret Lowrey, daughter of Sarah Spencer and Stephen Lowrey, who married Thomas Wright, of "Reed's Creek," had and issue—Thomas, Stephen, Valeria, Clayton, Margaret, Valeria II; Samuel, and Stephen Alexander. Sarah Lowrey, daughter of Sarah Spencer and Stephen Lowrey, married Thomas Collins. They had children, viz: First, Margaret Collins, who married William Duff Duncan; second, Valeria Collins, who married Evan Ross Evans. Their daughter, Sarah Frances Evans, married Alfred B. McCalmont. This lady was a classmate of mine at "St. Mary's Hall," a great favorite and full of animation. Third, Lydia Spencer Collins, who married William Blair McClure, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania; fourth, Stephen Lowrey Collins; fifth, Sarah North Collins, who married William McCandless, United States Circuit Judge.

William Sergeant, who married Elizabeth Morgan, had issue: First, Mary Valeria Sergeant, who married George Wain Blight; second, Sarah Sergeant, who married Rev. Samuel Miller and had issue: First, Margaret Miller, who married Rev. John Breckinbridge, of Kentucky; second, Elizabeth; third, Edward; fourth, Sarah, who married John T. Higeman; fifth, Mary; sixth, Jonathan Dickinson Miller; seventh, Samuel; eighth, E. Spencer Miller, who married Ann Hare; ninth, Rev. John Miller, who married, first, Margaret Benedict; second, Mrs. E. P. C. McDowell. John Sergeant, who married Margaretta Walmough, had issue: First, Margaretta Sergeant, who married George G. Meade, Major General, United States Army; second, Anna



Sergeant, who married Benjamin Gerhard; third, Sarah Sergeant, who was the great-granddaughter of Rev. Elihu Spencer and Joanna Eaton, married Henry Alexander Wise, Governor of Virginia; fourth, Maria Reed Sergeant, who married Harrison Smith; fifth, John Sergeant; sixth, John Sergeant; seventh, Spencer Sergeant; eighth, Katharine Sergeant, who married Henry A. Cram; ninth, William Sergeant, who married Eliza Espy; tenth, Ellen Sergeant.

"Governor Wise's 'Seven Decades of the Union,' dedicated to the Rector, the Board of Visitors, Alumni and students of William and Mary College, Virginia; a memoir of its Rector and Chancellor, John Tyler, tenth President of the United States, is a valuable and interesting production. Mr. Tyler's life ran through seven decades, from 1790 to 1862. It is full of the themes of many and mighty events and thoughts. It has a divine moral in its teachings and lessons for the deepest study of mankind. This book is handsomely bound and delineates salient points and parts in the important and impressive life and actions of a good and great man, and should be universally read."—*Copied.*

Governor Wise had children as follows: Richard Alsop Wise, who married Maria D. Peachy; Margaretta Ellen Wise, who married William C. Mayo.

John Sergeant Wise, attorney at law, New York, to whom I owe thanks for the chart of the Spencer family, married Evelyn Douglas. His children are: Hugh D., Henry A., John Sergeant, D. Hamilton, Eva Douglas, Jennings C., Margaretta Walmough, and Byrd Douglas.

Hon. John Sergeant Wise was born under the United States flag at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, 27th December, 1846, and represents the seventh generation of a distinguished Virginia family, who came from England and settled in Accomac County, Virginia, in 1635. Mr. Wise served in the Confederate Army when very young and had the distinction of carrying the last dispatch from General Lee to President Davis. Mr. Wise wrote articles for the American Field, signing himself "Plover." He has recently published an interesting book, "The Life and Observations of a Dog," called "Diomed," which has already reached the sale of over a thousand copies and reflects great credit upon his labor of a year.

Thomas Sergeant, who married Sarah Bache, had issue : First, Henry Jonathan Sergeant ; second, Frances Sergeant, who married Christopher Grant Perry ; third, Thomas ; fourth, William ; fifth, Elihu Sergeant, who married Elizabeth Fox Norris. They had children : First, Elizabeth Norris Sergeant, who married John Lambert, Esq., and had a son, John Lambert, Jr. ; second, Jonathan Dickinson Sergeant (unmarried); fifth child of Thomas Sergeant and Sarah Bache was Margaret Spencer Sergeant.

Gen. Charles Merchant, who married Sarah Lafkin, had issue : First, Charles Merchant, who married Eliza Stone ; second, Sarah Merchant, who married Lieutenant Chase, U. S. A., secondly, Fred Walcott ; third, Valeria C. Merchant, who married William M. Penrose ; fourth, Anderson Merchant ; fifth, Stephen Lowrey Merchant, who married Elizabeth Wolcott ; sixth, Clarke Merchant, who married Sarah T. Ware ; seventh, Virginia Merchant, who married Mr. Maben ; eighth, Lydia T. Merchant, who married George Bowman.

Lydia Spencer Biddle, who married Samuel Baird, had issue : First, William M. Baird, who married Harriett Holmes ; second, Samuel Baird ; third, Spencer F. Baird, recently head of Smithsonian Institute, who married Mary Churchill ; fourth, Lydia Spencer Baird ; fifth, Mary D. Baird, who married Henry F. Biddle ; sixth, Thomas Baird, who married Mary Bell.

Valeria Biddle, who married Charles B. Penrose, had issue : First, William Macfunn Penrose, who married Valeria G. Merchant ; second, Richard Alexander Fullerton Penrose, M. D., who married Sarah H. Boies ; third, Sarah E. Penrose, who married William T. Blight ; fourth Clement B. Penrose, judge of Orphans' Court of Philadelphia, who married Mary Linnard ; fifth, Charles B. Penrose, who married Clara Andarise.

William Mcfunn Biddle, who married Julia Montgomery, had issue : First, Lydia Spencer Biddle ; second, Thomas Montgomery Biddle, who married Margaret Irvine ; third, Edward Macfunn Biddle, who married Mary Lisper ; fourth, Mary W. Biddle, who married, first, DeGarme Whiting and, second, Henri A. B. Moen ; fifth, William Macfunn Biddle ; sixth, Julia Montgomery Biddle, who married Charles T. Hemtington.

Mary E. D. Biddle, who married Major George Blaney, had issue : First Valeria Biddle Blaney (Val Blaney), who married Gen. Washington Elliott, U. S. A. ; second, Catharine Blaney, who

married A. B. Sharpe ; third, William Biddle Blaney ; fourth, Lydia Spencer Blaney, who married William B. Lane, colonel United States Army.

Edward W. Biddle, who married Julia A. Watts, had issue : First, David W. Biddle ; second, Lydia Spencer Biddle ; third, Charles Penrose Biddle, who married Gertrude Bozier ; fourth, William Macfunn Biddle. The Biddle family were very notable people. The young, as well as the old stock, are families of intelligence, wealth and influence. In carefully reviewing the chart of the Spencer family, kindly furnished by one of them, I conclude that Mr. Richard Alexander Wright, of "Reed's Creek," was named for his cousin, Richard Alexander Fullerton, and that his sister, Miss Valeria Wright, received hers from Valeria Spencer, who married Richard Fullerton, Sr. Valeria is a very uncommon name, except in the Spencer and Wright families.

Maj. Israel Spencer, a younger brother of Rev. Elihu Spencer, had a son, J. Wilson Spencer, whose eldest son was also J. Wilson Spencer. This J. Wilson Spencer, Sr., was the grandfather of Mr. Harold Eldridge Spencer, now a promising lawyer of New York City, and who has kindly furnished me a sketch of his family.

J. Wilson Spencer, Jr., married Charlotte Billings, of Pomfort, Conn. She was descended from Sir Thomas Billings Knight, Lord Chief Justice of England in King Edward IV. time, and from many other distinguished families. J. W. Spencer, Jr., had several children, of whom Henry Worthington Spencer and James Seldon Spencer married. Henry Worthington Spencer was consul to Paris during the presidency of Buchanan, and lived there until his death, in 1893. His eldest son, Henry Ward Spencer, was a lieutenant in Garibaldi's army, in Italy, and now resides in California. Rev. James Seldon Spencer, father of Mr. Harold Eldridge Spencer, was rector of Christ Church, Tarrytown, N. Y. He married twice and had two sons by his first wife. The eldest, Seymour Hobart, is a priest in the Roman Catholic Church—a Dominican—and was at one time prior of the order in the United States. Rev. James Seldon Spencer married for his second wife Mary F. Mounsey, daughter of John Mark Mounsey, of New York, member of an ancient family in Cumberland and Westmoreland Counties, England. Rev. James T. Spencer, by his last marriage, had children : First, Rev. Brighton Spencer, B. A., of Columbia College and rector of St.

George's Church, Hempstead, Queen County, N. Y.; second, Rev. Irving Spencer, B. D., of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., and assistant at St. Andrew's Church, Stanford, Conn; third, Frederic Mounsey Spencer, of Tarrytown, who married Helen, only daughter of Frederick Martin Lawrence, Esq., of New York, and has one son, Lawrence Girard Spencer, born August 18, 1894; fourth, Harold Elridge Spencer, of Tarrytown, L.L. B. of Columbia College and member of the New York Bar; fifth, Ernest Knowlton Spencer, of Tarrytown; sixth, Katharine Kingsland Spencer, died October 18, 1881; Kingsland Noil Spencer, student at St. Paul's School, Garden City, N. Y. Rev. Creighton Spencer, eldest son of Rev. James Seldon Spencer, married, April 26, 1898, Joanna Livingstone Mesier, daughter of Henry Mesier, Esq., of New York.

The descendants and connexions of the New Jersey and Connecticut Spencers, to quote one of the family, are so numerous that the mention of them all would fill two sides of a large room. There are the Spencers, the Wrights, the Sergeants, the Collins, the Wise family, the Biddles, the Millers, the Fullertons, the Merchants, the Montgomerys, the Duncaus, the McCandless family, the McClures, the McCalmonts, the Breckenridges, the Penroses, the Baches, and a host of others. There was of course a "Smith" among them, but no "Browns" or "Jones" that I ever knew of. I hope that I have furnished a satisfactory genealogy of the Connecticut and New Jersey Spencers, and that their descendants will be able to trace the names they bear to their distinguished antecedents. Joanna Eaton, Elizabeth Sergeant, Margaret Lowrey, John Duncan, Stephen Collins, John Spencer, Stephen Lowrey, Richard Alexander, etc., etc., etc., are names very familiar to the Wright family now living. By reviewing this sketch of their ancestors, they will know exactly whence they derive their christened names.

Another Spencer family, no doubt relatives of the New Jersey branch, consisting of two brothers, Robert and Nicholas, came from Bedfordshire, England, in the year 1657, and settled in Virginia. They were accompanied by the two brothers, John and Lawrence Washington, John being an ancestor of General Washington. Nicholas Spencer came into possession of large tracts of land in Maryland, and owned these lands as late as 1667. He finally settled permanently in Westmoreland County, Virginia,

where the Washington family established themselves, and was very intimate with General Washington's predecessors. Mrs. Alexander Harris (Maria Louisa Spencer), of Kent County, has in her possession a piece of silver with a crest upon it, which is the same as that engraved upon the seal of General Washington, and the one used by Lawrence Washington. This piece of silver is supposed to have been the property of Richard Spencer, son of James Spencer, of Talbot County. James Spencer, Jr., it is thought, was the founder of "Spencer Hall," Talbot County, which is situated north of the main road leading from St. Michael's to Easton, through the village of "Royal Oak."

A son of James Spencer, Jr., of "Spencer Hall," named Joseph, served in the Continental army throughout the whole war. Nicholas was warden of St. Michael's parish in 1757. Henry Spencer, grandson of James Spencer, Jr., removed to Kent County and went to sea with Capt. James Nicholson, and it is supposed was taken prisoner and died. Captain Nicholson was a native of the Eastern Shore, and was a gallant officer. He was appointed the senior captain of the Continental navy, in 1776. He commanded the colonial vessel "Defence," also, the "Virginia," which latter vessel struck upon ground at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay, and was captured by a superior British force. Captain Nicholson and part of his crew escaped. It is probable that Henry Spencer was taken at this time. Perry Spencer, of the fourth generation of the Talbot Spencers, was a man of strong character. In 1776 he joined the independent company of troops raised in Talbot County for the defence of the province, which afterwards became incorporated in the "Flying Camp." After Mr. Spencer left the army, he became an extensive ship-builder. During the war of 1812, he built numerous privateers. His ship-yard was made a special object of an attack by a portion of the British fleet, under the notorious Cockburn, in 1813. The attacking force was bravely repulsed by the Eastern Shore troops, under General Perry Benson. Dr. Samuel H. Harrison said of Mr. Perry Spencer—that he was "as stalwart in mind as in person." He died in 1822, and was buried in the family burying-ground, at "Spencer Hall." Richard Spencer, youngest son of Robert Spencer and brother of Perry, served in the Maryland line under General Smallwood, during the Revolution. He was a mere boy, and was present at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, September and October,

1777. He was also with the troops at Valley Forge during the terrible winter of '77-'78. He married Eleanor Hopkins, and was buried at "Spencer Hall." Lambert Wickes Spencer engaged in business in Easton until 1814, when he retired to the farm known as the Miles River Ferry farm. His family removed to Columbus, Ga., after his death.

Jonathan Spencer came into possession of the Robinson homestead, about two miles from Oxford, and was a man of high character. He commanded the "Surprise," the fast steamer that appeared in the Chesapeake Bay in 1818, and for a few years engaged in traffic between Baltimore and French Town, then the direct route between Baltimore and Philadelphia. He died at the Oxford Neck farm.

Edward Spencer, born in 1800, was a successful merchant in Baltimore City, and married Guinelda Mummey. Their children were Edward, who has been mentioned as a beautiful writer; Thomas Mummey and Robert. Matthew Spencer conducted a flourishing school in Easton, Md., and was well known throughout the State of Maryland as a thorough instructor and an intelligent gentleman. His son, Rev. Charles Sidney Spencer, D. D., is at this writing rector of old St. Stephen's Church, Kent Island. He married Clara, daughter of Dr. Solomon Jenkins, of Talbot County, Md. Samuel Wickes Spencer married Henrietta Maria Chamberlaine Hayward, of Talbot County. They settled in Florida in 1840.

Rev. Charles S. Spencer has two sisters, Selina Skinner, who married Dr. James M. Spainhour, of North Carolina, and Matilda Augusta, who married Eugene H. DeRiezie, of Denver, Col.

Richard Perry Spencer, who died in 1880, married Laura Yonge. Their children reside in Munroe, N. C., and Columbus, Ga. William Yonge was killed in the Confederate army August 18, 1864.

George H. Spencer now lives in Pike County, Missouri. He married Jennie Hoover, and has six children. Thus we observe that the Spencers are quite as numerous in America as in England and are scattered far and near throughout the United States. It is my belief that the New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia Spencers all came from the Bedfordshire Spencers, of England, but as I have not yet been able to prove satisfactorily that this is the case, I will leave it for someone else to determine.—*Commodore Theodore F. Jewell's Notes of Talbot Spencers.*

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE BURKE PEDIGREE.

These illustrious people are of an ancient Norman family, and were originally DeBurghs, of the family of Lord Connemara, who are among the *few* found in the ranks of the English peerage that are at once *ancient* in their lineage and *historic* in their origin. Most of the ennobled families of England are well satisfied if their founders date from the Norman conquest, or if their ancestor carried a banner, or occupied a place, be it ever so humble, in the train of William the Conqueror. But the house of Lord Connemara can rightfully boast that it came to England not in the *train*, but as the companion and *blood* relations of William of Normandy, and that its source long antedates both Harold and Hastings. The DeBurghs or Burkes were Earls of Comyn and Counts of Mortmain, in France, long before the Norman fleet had ploughed through the waters of the English Channel, and so far back as that distant time when the Bishop of Rome had placed the diadem of the Cæsars upon the brow of Charlemagne.

The family of Lord Connemara is indeed one which would satisfy the author of "Conningsby"—that the peers *sometimes* have ancient lineage, and is also one of the few, the very few, families which, when called upon to go in *search* of their genealogy, have to look for it in the pedigree of their sovereign. The late Edward A. Freeman, whom Mr. Froude has just succeeded as professor of history in the University of Oxford, says, in his great work on the Norman conquest, that when William held a council to receive Harold's answer to his request for the English throne, he summoned there only men of his *own* blood, the *friends of his youth*, who had fought at his side against French invaders or Norman rebels. There, says Professor Freeman, was his (William's) brother Robert, Count of Mortmain, the lord of the castle by the Waterfalls, and there was one closer than a brother, William, the son of the faithful guardian of his childhood. There, also, and perhaps the only prelate in the gathering of warriors, was his older brother, Odo (Bishop of Bayeaux), soon to prove himself as

stout of heart and strong of arm as any of his race ; and there, too, was Swan, the brother-in-law of William and the husband of the sister of Robert and of Odo. These two brothers, Robert and Odo DeBurgh, were the sons of Harlewin, of Conteville, who had married Harlewa, the mother of William the Conqueror, and were therefore William's half-brothers. Both brothers came with William to England, and upon Robert he bestowed the very first fruits of the conquest on the shore of Pevensay. Accordingly, in Robert DeBurgh was vested the ownership of no fewer than 793 manors, and it is stated that his lands spread out into every shire of England, from Sussex to York. In Cornwall he held the whole shire, and to his Earldom of Mortmain he added that of Cornwall, "and," continued Professor Freeman, "held a position which only one or two other parallels can be found in the roll-call of the conquerors." It is by virtue of his descent from this Robert DeBurgh and by an act of Parliament, passed 550 years ago, that the present Prince of Wales is now Duke of Cornwall and the owner of its manors, royalties and mines. When the DeBurghs received those grants and almost regal privileges from the Crown, Cornwall was the richest part of Britain. The coast shire and border promontory of Cornwall had long been frequented by the merchants of Tyre, Sidon and Carthage. The galleys of the Phœnicians had also visited its shores and bartered for the valuable tin of its mines, the richest products of the East. Having conveyed these valuable possessions in Cornwall and 793 other manors and abbeys to Robert, William I. created his other half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. Very little is known further of Odo, but of his brother Robert there is frequent mention, both in English history and in the history of Ireland. One of his grandsons was, Hubert DeBurgh, who was created Earl of Kent, and is referred to in Shakespeare's King John, where he occupies the part of chamberlain to the King. Shakespeare gives him a leading part in the prison scene, during which Hubert, amidst a tempest of conflicting feelings, slowly relents towards Prince Arthur, to whom the King directs his attention, thus :

"Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
On yon young boy ; I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
He is a very *serpent* in my way."



He was the first Lord Justice of England, and was a warrior as well as a lawyer. He destroyed a fleet of eighty vessels off Calais, and appears to have thoroughly entered into the duties of citizenship in four of the countries, of his father's adoption, rather than from the country whence they came. When Pembroke died he was appointed Joint Regent of the Kingdom of England; was virtually the reigning sovereign, and held in his fingers all the reins of government, even when the Pope declared Henry III. competent to fill the office of King. In 1231 the King quarreled with DeBurgh and stripped him of all his titles and estates, but the barons espoused his cause, and, to save his throne, Henry restored the Earl to all his honors.

Speaking of DeBurgh, Dugdale says he was reckoned to be a subject, the greatest of Europe, and after King John was compelled to fly from Winchester, he assumed a higher deportment than any nobleman of the kingdom. DeBurgh was one of the witnesses to the act of "Magna Charta," which is acknowledged upon all sides to be the very foundation stone of modern British liberty. Hubert DeBurgh married the daughter of William, King of Scotland, and died about the middle of the thirteenth century. He assisted King John to quell an insurrection in Ireland. He also sent his brother, William Fitzadelm DeBurgh and the fifth in descent from that Earl of Counyn whose daughter married Fulk, Earl of Anjou, afterward King of Jerusalem, into Ireland to receive the homage of the Irish princes. This William Fitzadelm it was who, in 1175, published the Pope's bull confirming Henry in his title of Lord of Ireland, and in 1177 he succeeded Strongbow as Henry's Lord Deputy and Chief Governor of Ireland.

William Fitzadelm DeBurgh died 1204, and left two sons, Richard A. and William B. Richard appears to have assumed on his father's death in Ireland, the office of Chief Governor, and to have there played the role of another Warwick. Hallam says that he began business with Hugh O'Connor, the King of Connaught, in 1227, putting Felim O'Connor in his place, and whom he deposed, taking himself the title of "Lord of Connaught." Three years afterwards he deposed Felim and set up Hugh O'Connor once more upon the throne of his fathers, he having by this time married Hugh's daughter, Una O'Connor. Richard DeBurgh then ravaged Connaught on his own account, building two Norman Castles, one at Galway and another at Loughren.

He is the character known in history as Richard, the great Lord of Connaught and Earl of Ulster. His son, John DeBurgh, married Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of Gloucester and granddaughter of Edward I, leaving an heir—William DeBurgh, who married the daughter of Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, leaving at his death an only child, who became heiress to the titles and estates of the Lords of Connaught and Earls of Ulster. This heiress, Lady Elizabeth DeBurgh, married Lionel, third son of Edward III., of England, who was created Duke of Clarence at the same time that his younger brother became Duke of Gloucester. By the marriage of the heiress, Lionel now became Lord of Connaught and Earl of Ulster, and it is by this descent from this Lionel, Duke of Clarence, that the title of Clarence was received by George III., in favor of his brother, William, afterward William IV., of England; likewise the title of Lord Connaught was elevated into a dukedom, and given as the premier title to the third son of her Majesty, the Queen, who is now Duke of Connaught. The Earldom of Kent, the ancient patrimony of Hubert DeBurgh, was also elevated into a dukedom by George III., and it was as Duke of Kent that the father of the Queen was known for many years; thus, no fewer than four titles—those of Cornwall, Clarence, Kent and Connaught—all formerly borne by various members of the house of DeBurgh, are found, so far, vested in the royal family of England. But to continue its descent from Lady Elizabeth DeBurgh. The Duke of Clarence, who died in 1368, had one daughter, Lady Philippa Plantagenet DeBurgh, who became the wife of Mortimer, the celebrated Earl of March, who now (*jure uxoris*) became also Earl of Ulster. His granddaughter, Lady Anne Mortimer, married Richard Plantagenet, son of the Duke of York, and the DeBurghs being now doubly intermarried into the royal house of Plantagenet, first by William DeBurgh, grandson of Edward I., who married the daughter of the Earl of Lancaster, and secondly through the descendant of Lady Elizabeth DeBurgh marrying the Earl of March, the historic houses of York and Lancaster were united upon the female side and the way paved for that subsequent union which brought peace to England, after thirty years of war, when Henry VII., the only male heir of the house of Lancaster, married the Princess Elizabeth of York. The title of Earl of Ulster has since been borne by every successive

King of England, through their descent from the house of DeBurgh, which has thus added a total of five titles contributed by this single family to the dignities of the British crown. Turning now from what may be called the English side of the house to that of the Irish, or more correctly speaking, to the other descendants of William Fitzdelm DeBurgh, we find them playing as great a part in Irish history as their kinsmen and cousins, both male and female, had accomplished in that of England. What the O'Neills and O'Donnell's were in Ulster, the Geraldines and Butlers in Leinster, or the O'Briens and Desmonds in Munster, that the DeBurghs were in Connaught, and it was their boast for generations that they would never allow the King's writs to run there. They had been ardent Frenchman in France, but when they became Englishmen they fought the great Gallic nation and sunk its fleet at Calais, and now becoming Irishmen they fought against England with all the patriotic ardor of the most impassioned of the native Celts. The DeBurghs are probably the most long-descended of any ennobled family in Europe, except the Venetian nobility of modern Italy, and they come down to us with an unbroken descent and all the venerable associations of ten centuries of time, while not a living descendant in the male line remains of Shakespeare and Spencer, and Milton, nor of Raleigh, nor of Sidney, nor Drake, nor of Cromwell, Hampden, nor Monk, nor of Marlborough, Peterborough and Nelson; not one of Strafford or Clarendon, nor of Byron, Goldsmith or Scott; nor of Johnson, Addison and Swift; nor of prime ministers, like Bolingbroke, Walpole and Pitt; nor of orators, like Fox and Canning, and Gratton; nor of philosophers, like Bacon, Newton and Locke; nor of historians, like Hume, Gibbon and Macaulay; nor of warriors, like Hotspur, Warwick and the Black Prince; nor of nobles, like Beauchamps, the DeLisles and DeVeres; nor of their sovereigns, the royal houses of Plantagenet and Tudor, and Stuart—all have succumbed to the changes, or fallen with the shocks of time. But the DeBurghs are today *nobles* as they were in France, in the day of Robert, Duke of Normandy; in England as they were in the days of Magna Charta; or earlier still, when the Red Cross of their house shone amidst the knights of the crusade at the first capture of Jerusalem. They, Normans on the one hand, or Englishman on the other, had merged themselves with the *Celtic Irish*, and

thus acquired an *enduring* vitality which saved them from extinction and which produced such a numerous family of descendants, that they are found scattered today, and in various walks of life, over the greater portion of three out of the four provinces of Ireland. Hallam thus speaks of them in his "Constitutional History:" They intermarried with the Irish; they connected themselves with them by the national custom of fostering; they spoke the Irish language; they affected Irish dress and became chieftains rather than peers; they changed their name from DeBurgh to Burke. Thus the great family of DeBurgh fell off from English subjection, until the wars of Henry VIII. disclose them almost entirely upon the Irish side.—*Constitutional History of England, Vol. III, page 350.*

In the reign of Elizabeth, the Burkes were up in arms, one of them, Vincent Galway, being hanged. Under James I. and Charles I. the Burkes became by far the most powerful families of the West of Ireland. The head of the main stem of the Burkes was advanced to the title of Marquis of Clauricarde, in 1644, and another Burke, Richard, created Earl of St. Albans, in the peerage of England, in 1628. From the Lords of Castleconuel came the Burkes of the Suir and the celebrated Edmund Burke, who has left on record a page of fiery protest against the despoilers, whom the revolution let loose upon his country, almost as eloquent as his famous advocacy of the claims of the American colonies, in 1776. He and the celebrated Dominican preacher, Rev. Thomas N. Burke, were the most eminent men of the name in modern times. The former had been offered the title of Viscount Burke of Beaconsfield, in 1790, but he declined, preferring to the honors of the gilded chamber the more enduring fame of a peerage in the realms of philosophy, statesmanship and letters.

Lord Macauley says of Edmund Burke, that he was the greatest man since Milton and Adam Miller, that he was the greatest, most profound, and most humane statesman of all *times* and all *nations*. Such have been some of the kinsmen of Lord Connemara, who is himself one of eight sons of the fifth Earl of Mayo and the brother of that ill-fated Earl, whose assassination in 1872 recalls a dark chapter in Anglo-Indian history. Lord Mayo had been three times Chief Secretary for Ireland, and was sent to initiate some reforms in the international administration

of India, the former methods of governing that country being severely censured in England at the time. He went to India determined to enforce public honesty and to make himself personally acquainted with the country which he was called upon to rule.

As the Hon. Robert Burke, Lord Connemara had sat for many years in Parliament for an English constituency, where he made a reputation as a clear-sighted and capable man of affairs. He became, in 1875, Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office, displaying much industry and tact. In 1877 he was created Baron Connemara, and in 1888 appointed governor of Madras, as much from a feeling of gratitude on the part of the government for the services of his ill fated brother, as in recognition of his own sagacious judgment, fine knowledge of men and management of English foreign affairs during his term of office. Lord Connemara was born at Palmerstown house, County Kildale, in 1827, and was married to the daughter of the Scotch Marquis of Dalhousie in 1863.

I was born in America, educated at an American school, have consequently imbibed American principles, but it is a pleasure to me to know that my far-off ancestors were noble, intellectual people. I have been taunted by some for being of Irish lineage, but I glory in bearing the name of Burke. I here append a family record of the Bourkes, of Queen Anne's County, who changed the orthography of their name by inserting an "o" before the "u." This record is taken from an old paper, partly in the handwriting of my grandfather, William Young Bourke, who was a handsome and elegant gentleman, a man of splendid physique, intelligent and courteous to all. He was the first one of the family who wrote his name with an "o." There is an old record, presumably in the handwriting of his father, Edward Burke.

Edward Burke, son of Tobias Burke, was born May 1, 1752, and married Elizabeth Stockeley, January 21, 1777, widow of George Stockeley. Elizabeth Stockeley Burke was born September 25, 1744, and died October 11, 1792, at 9 o'clock in the evening. William Young Burke, son of Edward Burke and Elizabeth Stockeley, was born Saturday, 19th June, 1779, at 9 o'clock in the evening. Elizabeth Stockeley, previous to her marriage to Edward Burke, had a daughter, Arabella Stockeley, who married Aaron Hardcastle, grandfather of Gen. Edmund LaFayette

Hardcastle, of Easton, Md., George Thomas, Addison, William and E. Bascom Hardcastle, who are gentlemen of honor and purity of character. The children of Arabella Stockeley and Aaron Hardcastle were Harriet and Edward Burke, father of the five gentlemen just named. After the death of Mr. Aaron Hardcastle, his wife, Arabella Stockeley Hardcastle, married Peregrine Bayard and had a daughter, Clementina Bayard, who was intelligent, kind-hearted and devoted to her family. Edward Burke Hardcastle married Mary Ann Lockwood, daughter of Caleb Lockwood, of Whiteleysburg, Md., whose wife was Araminta Day. Mrs. Mary Ann Lockwood Hardcastle had one brother, Charles B. Jones, who married an interesting Southern lady. They have a daughter, "Minta." The sisters of Mrs. Hardcastle were Margaret, who married Mr. Bascom, brother of the celebrated preacher, Henry Bascom, of Kentucky, and Araminta, who married Charles B. Jones, Sr. Edward Burke Hardcastle's sister Harriet married Rev. Mr. Ridgway, father of Capt. James Ridgway, of Talbot County, a sea captain, and afterwards a farmer, who died about two years ago.

William Young Bourke's handwriting begins here: "Edward Burke, father of William Y. Bourke, died first day of October, 1807, at 8 o'clock, P. M. William Young Bourke and Eliza Gray, of Delaware, were married Tuesday, 31st day of December, 1801. Eliza A. Bourke, daughter of William and Eliza Bourke, was born 19th November, 1802. Edward Gray Bourke (my father) was born 26th November, 1804. Janet Augusta Bourke, daughter of William and Eliza Bourke, was born 13th May, 1807, and departed this life 3d July, 1810. William Bourke, son of Eliza and William Y. Bourke, was born Monday, 29th January, 1810, and departed this life Sunday, 4th February, same year. Eliza Gray Bourke, wife of William Young Bourke, was born October 5, 1787, and departed this life 26th February, 1816. William Young Bourke married lastly the widow Dunn, who was Miss Ringold, of Kent County. One of her nieces is now residing in Baltimore—Mrs. Martha Ringold Rose, known throughout the city for her religious zeal and lovely Christian virtues. Mrs. Rose is approaching her ninetieth birthday and is as full of life as many much younger than herself, relating with precision and enthusiasm events of olden times.

Ann Eliza Bourke, daughter of William and Eliza Burke, married, late in life, Mr. Richard M. Harrison, half-brother of Kensey

Harrison, a well-known lawyer of Centreville, who was noted for his erect carriage and his love for taking long walks, often using his "umbrella for a cane" when the rain would be pouring down on his tall beaver hat. He often walked from Centreville to his stepson's, Mr. Samuel Thomas' old home, on Wye River, opposite "Cloverfields." Mr. Kensey Harrison was approaching eighty when he took these long strolls, making an "old-time profound bow" to everyone he chanced to meet. Who does not remember "Mr. Kensey Harrison?"

Mr. Edward Gray Bourke, brother of Miss Ann Eliza Bourke, married Mary A. Bordley Cox, a beautiful and accomplished woman, educated in music by "old Mr. Duncan," who traveled all through the Peninsula and was a conspicuous character in those times. This old gentleman, at eighty years of age, instructed my sister and myself, was very strict, and would crack her fingers if she "dared" touch a discordant note. My sister was not naturally musical, but tried her best to please her tyrannical teacher. She had such a dread of him that when she saw his "old gig" approaching, she would hide herself in a full-grown cherry tree, back of the house where we lived at the time. She knew that his "eyesight was bad and he could not see her."

The children of Mr. Edward Gray Bourke and Mary A. B. Cox were William Young, Alice Gray, Mary and Elizabeth Gray. William and Elizabeth died in youth. Alice Gray married Col. John Register Emory, son of Gen. Thomas Emory, of "Poplar Grove," and had four children—Edward Bourke Emory, who married Miss Henrietta Tilghman, daughter of Lloyd and Mary Johns Tilghman. They have three attractive children—Henrietta, Lloyd and Edward Bourke.

John Register Emory, second son of John Register Emory and Alice Gray Bourke, his wife, married Miss Nannie Gibson, daughter of Woolman J. and Maria Gibson. They have two interesting sons, Register and Gibson. Anna Hemsly, third child of John Register Emory and his wife, Alice Gray Bourke, married Ex-Senator William P. T. Turpin, and left children, viz: Walter Turpin, Alice, Anna, John, William and Isabel. Alice Gray Emory, fourth child of John R. Emory and Alice, his wife, married Mr. Henry B. Wilmer, and has four children—Harry, Vanbibber, Perry and Phoebe.

Mary Edwardine, third child of Edward Gray Bourke and Mary, his wife, married, 1852, Blanchard Emory, and has eight children, five sons and three daughters. Frederic Emory, named for "Uncle Fred," who laid out the City of Marysville in California and was a friend of "Colonel Suters," who owned the gold mines there when first discovered.

Mr. Frederic Emory, oldest child of Blanchard and Mary E. Emory, is at this writing at the head of the Consular Department at Washington City, and is winning perpetual laurels by his intelligence and industry in his work. He married Helen Dalzell, daughter of Helen Onderdonk and Rev. Mr. Dalzell of the Episcopal Church, and granddaughter of Bishop Onderdonk of Pennsylvania. Miss Helen Dalzell was a lovely and accomplished girl, and died early. Blanchard Emory, second son of B. and Mary E. Emory, married Miss Mary Kerr, daughter of Henrietta Emory and Rev. David Kerr. They have now living three sons—Allan Gray, Edward Bourke and Blanchard. Three very lovely children of these parents are sleeping in the "Bloomfield" Graveyard—Frederic, Helen and Anna. Henry Hollyday Emory, third son of B. and M. E. Emory, married Miss Mabel Lulu Canative, of New York. Edmund Hardcastle Emory, fourth son of B. and M. E. Emory, married Miss Helen Krouse, of Chicago. They have one son, Edmund Burke. It is to be hoped that this promising child will be, as the great Edmund Burke, the Irish patriot and statesman, was an *ornament* to his *country*. Mary Bourke Emory, fifth child of B. and M. E. Emory, married Ogle Tilghman Davidson, son of Richard Earle Davidson and Maria Tilghman Davidson. They have no children. Isabel, sixth child of B. and M. E. Emory, married George Davidson, brother of Tilghman, and has one lovely daughter, "Isabel," who may some day be the "Belle of Forest Lodge." Alice Gray, youngest child (unmarried). The other children of B. and M. E. Emory are resting in the old family burying ground at "Bloomfield," where they were born. Elizabeth Cox, Thomas Burke and Fannie Tilghman. The loveliest flowers are often times the soonest to fade.



## CHAPTER XXII.

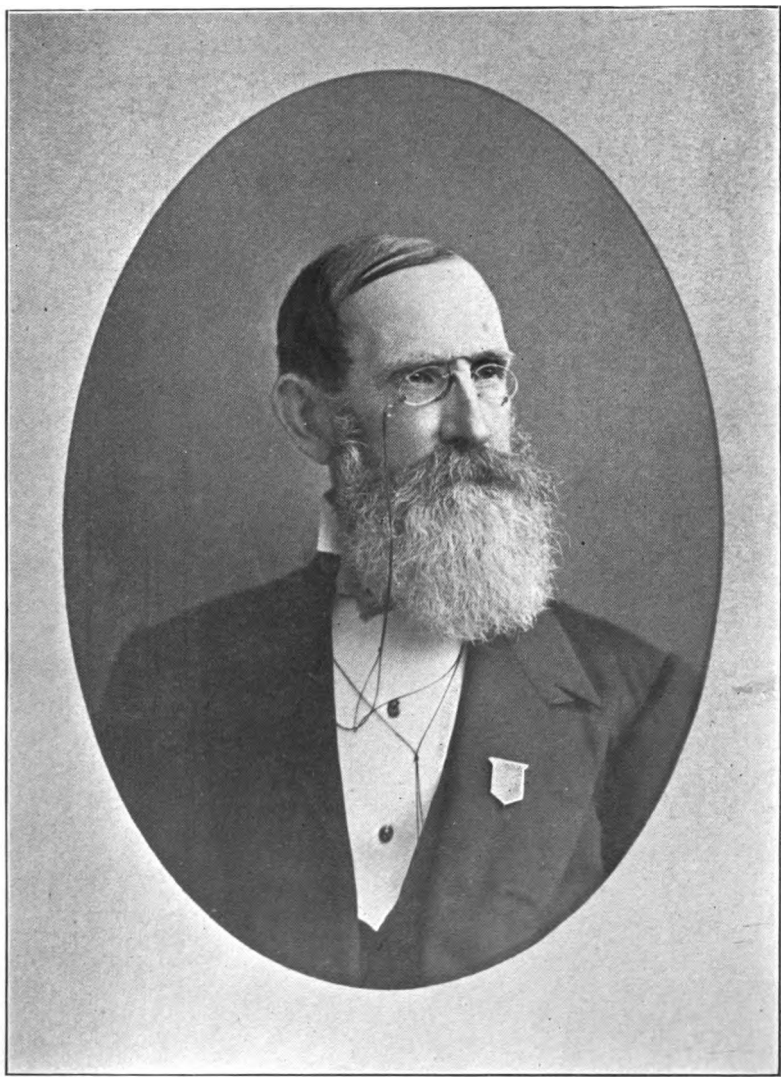
### THE COX FAMILY.

This gifted family came from England and were members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The first one of whom we have mention, was Rev. James Cox, rector of St. Paul's Church, (old Chester) from 1729 to 1753. His will is dated April 7, 1752, in which he devises all the landed estate, belonging to him, to his daughter, Lucy Dames, for her life; then to go to grandsons, John and James Dames. Rev. James Cox's legacies were—to grandsons, a number of negroes; to brother, Christopher Cox, clothes; to brother, Thomas Cox, £30; to his nephew, James Cox, son of his brother, Christopher, a gun. His daughter, Lucy Dames, was named executrix; his will being proved February 7, 1754, indicating that he died about that time.

[From Liber W. H., N. 1, page 44 ]

The old-fashioned brick house at the Centreville wharf, which was no doubt the only one standing there at that time, except Chesterfield, and now in the possession of the Thompsons, this family having owned it for many years, four generations of the Thompsons having lived there, belonged to the Dames family and was probably owned by Rev. James Cox. Christopher Cox, brother to Rev. James Cox, was the father of Mr. Christopher Cox, of "Peace and Plenty," the old Cox homestead near Centreville.

James Cox, nephew of Rev. James Cox, had a son, Christopher, who was the father of Rev. Luther James Cox, a prominent member of the Methodist Church. Luther James Cox was the father of seventeen children. Dr. Christopher Christian Cox, being the oldest to live. Eight of these children arrived at maturity—five sons and three daughters. Christopher, Luther James, Samuel Keener, Jennings Stockton and Francis. The daughters were: Charlotte, Mary and Maria. Christopher Cox graduated at Yale College with high honors. While at college he married Miss Amanda Northrop, of New Haven, Connecticut, who was noted for her intelligence, beauty and great strength of character. "Miss Northrop was the great-granddaughter and



DR. CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIAN COX.



only descendant of Robert Dunning, brother and sole heir of John Dunning, created Earl of Ashburton, who as King's barrister, planned the morganatic marriage of George III. to Hannah Light Foot, she being a quaker, pious and pure, and whose scruples would have been insurmountable had not so intellectual a man found the means to satisfy her of its rectitude." Mrs. Christopher Cox lived to be eighty-eight years of age. Dr. Christopher Cox entered the Union Army at the beginning of the late civil war as Brigadier Surgeon, and was made Medical Purveyor of the Army of the Potomac. He was stationed in Baltimore and was also Lieutenant Governor of Maryland. In 1868, he was appointed Commissioner of Pensions, which took him to Washington, where he had several positions of trust, the last being United States Commissioner to the Australian National Exposition in 1879. At one period of his life, Dr. Cox practiced medicine in Easton, Maryland, was very much beloved and stood high in his profession, especially as a surgeon. This gentleman was tender and affectionate in his nature, which inspired love in the heart of every one he met. He was a beautiful speaker and a fluent writer of a poetic temperament and endowed with a "brilliant" mind. His beautiful talents are transmitted to his children and grandchildren, some of whom, I am pleased to say, are possessed of accomplishments of the highest order. One of Dr. Cox's sons, Luther Cox, married Miss Mary Muse, of Talbot County, now presiding at the old home of her ancestors, "Perry Hall." This accomplished and intelligent lady, Mrs. Mary Muse Cox, was the idol of her grandmother, Mrs. Rogers, who spared no pains to have her educated at the best schools in the country. Mrs. Cox has four attractive daughters who, like their grandfather, possess talents similar to his. The daughters are: Mary Rogers Cox, who married Robert Fletcher, of Virginia, and has a daughter, Catharine; second, Annie Amanda Cox; third, Alice Muse Cox; fourth, Clara Isabel, who married F. F. Schofield, U. S. N., cousin of General Schofield, of New York State. I am indebted to Dr. Cox's daughter, Miss Alice Dawson, of Washington, for some touching verses composed by this intellectual gentleman, "Maryland's gifted son," a relative of mine, of whom I have reason to be proud. I insert as many as I have space for, for the perusal of my friends, who can not fail to be impressed by their purity of sentiment.

## THE WISH.

"Spread me a lowly bed,  
 Far in some woodland's solitary shade ;  
 And softly there, sweet friend, when I am dead,  
 Let me be laid.

Far from the busy throng  
 Of the great noisy city, let me sleep  
 Where birds trill forth their morn and evening song,  
 And fountains leap.

Place there no costly stone,  
 To mark my grave, but in its place a 'flower,'  
 That year by year may learn to bud and bloom,  
 In sun and shower.

I ask of thee no tear,  
 No sigh to wake the echoes of the spot,  
 Yet would I have thee sometimes linger near  
 When I am not.

And when thy feet no more,  
 Shall wander here at morn or eventide,  
 I would that thou might'st come, 'life's fever o'er,'  
 And slumber by my side."

Dr. C. C. Cox's beautiful lines on the death of an infant,  
 must not be omitted.

"How beautiful and blest  
 The infant's deep repose ;  
 How sweetly droops its head to rest,  
 Amid the waste of tears.

No autumn chill it knows,  
 No storm and wintry sky ;  
 From life's young dream of joy it goes,  
 To purer scenes on high.

But yesterday how fair,  
 The vernal bud today ;  
 The reaper death hath lingered there,  
 And swept its bloom away.

Sleep, lovely floweret sleep,  
 Beneath the quiet sod,  
 Nor let one eyelid o'er thee weep,  
 That thou hast passed away."

Mr. Christopher Cox, of "Peace and Plenty," married Miss Alice Bordley, sister of John Wesley Bordley, who married Miss Deborah Fisher, and had issue—Alice Bordley, who married Dr. James Kent Harper, and had one son, Dr. Christopher Cox Harper, a popular physician of Centreville. Dr. C. Cox Harper married, first, Miss Caroline Banning, of Talbot County, Maryland; secondly, Miss Caroline Hollyday, daughter of Mr. George Hollyday, of Kent County. The second daughter of Mr. Christopher Cox and Alice Bordley, Anne, married Mr. Stephen Lowrey Wright. Their third daughter, Mary Bordley Cox, married Mr. Edward Gray Burke, and had one son and three daughters. The fourth daughter of Mr. Christopher Cox married Mr. Stephen Lowrey Wright as his third wife. The only son of Mr. Christopher Cox and Alice Bordley, who was named for his father, died of a broken heart, having been disappointed in love.

#### THE EMORYS.

This family is a very numerous one and is said to be of French extraction. They arrived in Maryland as early as 1666, and it is thought that the different branches of the family in America came from the original stock of Emorys who emigrated to this country in the year mentioned. I am satisfied that they are of French descent from my acquaintance with the family, as some of them are extremely Frenchy in character, possessing charming "society manners" and a great gift of speech, their faultless, fine apparel an object of special notice. My admiration, however, is not so much for "society manners" as for "home" manners. Yes, "home" manners make a happy fireside, a "sacred" spot to cheer the mother in her weary watchings and tender care for the children God has placed in her keeping. An encouraging word, a happy smile, the appreciation of a mother's never-ending duties, soothe many a fainting heart and strengthen many a faltering endeavor. Give us politeness and peace "at home." Then "ills shall never come." Our children will bless their parents and say—

"Til memory leaves her latest hold—the scenes of my youthful  
happy days—  
Shall live unaltered in my heart."

"True courtesy" should ever be practiced in the home circle. The indifference of children to parents in this day is a terrible

evil. It is very seldom that we see a child attentive to "mother," who has grown "gray" in rearing her offspring. They allow themselves to be influenced by those who are utterly incapable of giving wholesome advice, receiving impressions which are anything but respectful in their nature. Ill-natured remarks from children wound a mother's heart that is yearning for a "kind word" from those she tenderly loves. This is the one thing a mother craves above all others—gratitude and love from her children. Ah, yes; it is as sweet as the fragrance of May flowers.

The first Emory mentioned in the Land Records at Annapolis, Md. (Liber 10, folio 391), is Arthur Emory, who came to Maryland in 1666, with his wife, Mary, and two children. From the copies of Talbot County wills, in the court-house at Annapolis, Liber H., folio 269, it appears that Arthur Emory, Sr., of Talbot County, died 1699, leaving sons—John, William and Arthur—a daughter, Ann, and a widow (presumably his second wife), Katharine. One of the witnesses to the will was Arthur Emory, Jr. The widow seems to have married Edmund Prior. There is an account of Edmund Prior and Katharine, his wife, as executors of Arthur Emory, dated August 8, 1701, and in a will, dated April, 1747, Katharine Prior bequeathes certain property to her children, John Emory, Sr., William Emory, Arthur Emory, Ann Glanden and William Prior. According to the records, Arthur Emory, the immigrant, acquired certain lands, known as "Emory's Neglect," etc., on Wye River, part of the tract owned by the Emory family, around Queenstown, including the farms recently owned by Mr. J. P. Davidson, Robert Willson, Hiram G. Dudley and Louis Hergenrather, their names being "Green Spring" (or "Beverley"), "Warrington," "Hemsley" or "Emory's Fortune," and "Four Chimneys." Arthur Emory, who died in 1747, and lies buried at "Ingleside," where his tombstone, with its inscription still legible, may be seen, was evidently the son of Arthur, the immigrant, who died in 1699, as he inherited part of the tract above described, and bequeathed it, with other holdings, to his sons, Thomas, James, Gideon, John and Arthur. His daughters were: Ann Sudler, Sarah Carter, Juliana Kemp and Selitia Kirby. His widow was Jacquelin, who was buried in the same grave with her husband, at Ingleside. Her name appears on the tombstone, which has grown dull from age, as "Lacklina," evidently intended for Jacquelin Littlon (Littleton). According to the same inscrip-

tion, there was also buried in the same grave a former wife of Arthur Emory, named Ann, the date of her death being November 10, 1721.

Arthur Emory II. was one of the earliest members of the County Court of Queen Anne's, appearing in the list of justices in 1708. He had a pew in old Wye Church, and was one of the wardens of St. Paul's parish. By deed of November 5, 1723, he conveyed to his son, Arthur Emory, Jr., all that tract known as "Welsh Ridge," five hundred acres, situated at the head of Corsica Creek. It was presumably this Arthur Emory, Jr.'s son Arthur who was second major of the Lower Battalion of Queen Anne's County in 1778, as he was probably not then residing at "Welsh Ridge," but in the lower part of the county, on Kent Island, owning also "Ingleside," known as "Hemsley," and part of the estate then known as "Emory's Fortune," having been bequeathed to him by his uncle, John Emory, Jr., who died in 1761, leaving a widow, Sarah, but no children. The widow was to retain possession of the place during her natural life. The other portion of the tract owned by John Emory, Jr., fell to his brother, Thomas Lane Emory, whose granddaughter, Mrs. Isabel Emory, married Col. John Register Emory, of "Poplar Grove," and is now living in Baltimore, a lovely Christian woman. This tract was called "Warrington," and is at this writing in the possession of the Willson family.

Arthur Emory III., son of Arthur Emory, who died in 1747, and brother of John Emory, Jr., died in 1765, leaving "Welsh Ridge" to his son Thomas, with reversion to the latter's brother Arthur, and "Hemsley" ("Ingleside"), part of the same tract as "Emory's Fortune," which was given to me by deed of gift from my father, and whereon my brother John lately dwelt, who had already been given the tract, "Emory's Fortune," by the will of his uncle John. This Arthur Emory, fourth son of Arthur and great-grandson of the immigrant, died in 1801, leaving "Hemsley" and "Emory's Fortune" to his son, John Wells Emory, as well as lands on Broad Creek, Kent Island, and in Kent County, to his wife, Ann, to be divided afterwards between his sons, Peregrine, James and Theodore. He also devised property to his daughter, Margaret Sudler.

John Wells Emory sold "Ingleside" or "Hemsley" in 1817, to Richard Hall, "reserving the grave-yard," where Arthur Emory,



who died in 1747, and John Emory, Jr., who died in 1731, lie buried. Thomas Emory, brother of the foregoing Arthur Emory and son of Arthur III., who died in 1765, died in 1803, leaving 304 acres of land, part of "Welsh Ridge," which, as we have seen, had been bequeathed to him by his father, to his (Thomas') son, John King Beck Emory, and part of "Welsh Ridge," "Haphazard," "Emory's Branch," &c., to his grandson, Arthur Emory, with reversion to another grandson, Thomas Emory Sudler; also, lands to grandson, Thomas Goldsborough Emory, and a silver tankard to his grandson, John Davidge Emory. This John Davidge Emory had a brother named Arthur, who died in 1807, leaving him a farm and other property.

John Davidge Emory died, leaving a will, probated January 7, 1834, devising all his property to his wife, Mary, and after her death or marriage, to trustees, for his children, who were ultimately to share it. The foregoing notes are taken from the Land Office records, Annapolis, Court and Parish Records, and the inscriptions on the tombstones at "Hemsley" or "Ingleside." From these the descent of the "Welsh Ridge" and Centreville Emorys seems to be:

- I Arthur Emory, immigrant, died 1699.
- II Arthur Emory, died 1747; buried at "Ingleside," 1747.
- III Arthur Emory, died 1765.
- IV Thomas Emory, died 1803.
- V John King Beck Emory.

Mr. Gideon Emory's grandson, Mr. Wilmer Emory, is the only surviving male member of this branch of the Emory family. His father was Mr. William James Emory, who married Miss Catharine Wilmer, of "Lansdown." Mr. Wilmer Emory is the projector of the new railroad from Queenstown to Lewes, Del., and has been persevering and industrious in accomplishing this great work. This gentleman has recently been appointed notary public for Baltimore City by Governor Lowndes. Mr. Emory's grandfather, Gideon Emory, was in the Revolutionary war. His name is found in Vol. XXV, page 83, of the army returns of the Revolution, in the Department of State, Washington, on a list entitled: "A Return of the Officers of the Fifth Maryland Regiment, agreeable to general orders of 27th August, 1778," in form as follows:

Names, Rank, Date Commission. Gideon Emory, First Lieutenant, 20th February, 1777.

In the same volume, and on page 18, the name of Gideon Emory is again found, in a list entitled: "Roll of Lieut. Gideon Emory's Company, Fifth Maryland Regiment, in the service of the United States of America, commanded by Col. William Richardson, September 8th." In the same volume, army returns, No. 25, on page 77, the name of Gideon Emory again appears—upon a tabular statement—entitled: "Arrangement of the Officers of 'Seven Battalions,' to be raised by the State of Maryland, as passed by the General Assembly, April 1, 1777.

"(Signed :) FERD. G. DUVALL."

Richard Emory was captain in Colonel Richardson's regiment. These statements were corroborated by Lewis Cass, then Secretary of State of the United States, 31st January, A. D. 1860.

#### THE BORDLEYS OF CENTREVILLE AND VICINITY.

I am indebted to Mrs. Alexander Penn, formerly the pretty and accomplished Miss Elizabeth Magruder, who frequently visited this county, and was a great belle, Mr. Philip Henry Feddeman, Sr., being one of her very devoted admirers. Mrs. Penn was a connexion of the Bordley's through Mrs. Margaret Bordley, and according to "her history of the family, the Centreville Bordleys are a branch of the Bordley Island people and came from 'Bordley Hall,' " Yorkshire, England. Mrs. Penn's husband, Mr. Alexander Penn, was a handsome, elegant gentleman, and a lineal descendant of William Penn, the friend to the "Red Man." His great grandmother was Elizabeth Coates, this family having figured conspicuously in history. Mrs. Penn has in her possession some very valuable reminiscences of her husband's family, among them a handsome silver coffee pot with Penn's treaty, with the Indians engraven on it and the family coat of arms, the inscription being in Latin, which translated is: "An honorable right to hold."

Mrs. Margaret Bordley, who once conducted the best boarding-house in Baltimore, quite equal to Barnum's Hotel, on the corner of Charles and Pleasant streets, was the beloved wife of William Clayton Bordley, Sr. Mrs. Margaret Bordley's sister, Maria, married a Bordley, either a brother or cousin of her husband, and presided at the old Bordley homestead near Centreville, named for this distinguished family "Bordlington." This

home was built of brick, and was a grand old place in olden times. The Bordlington rooms are large, with high ceilings and the workmanship first-class. Several years ago, it was purchased by Dr. James Bordley, Sr., who took great pride in renovating the old family mansion. There is a deed recorded in the Centreville Court House, of May 31, 1774, wherein Arthur Emory, lately deceased, sold to James Bordley, for 859 pounds, English money, Moore's Hope and another tract, both containing 381 acres. This, without doubt, was the "Bordlington" farm, formerly owned by the Centreville Emorys. The Bordleys who resided at "Bordlington" were members of the Methodist Church. During and after the revolution, many of the clergy being of English descent, the Episcopal Church became almost extinct in Kent County and the Methodists gained the ascendancy there. From 1816 to 1825, a history of the county says: That a "small room would hold every Episcopalian in Kent."

Mrs. Maria Bordley, of "Bordlington," had two sons—William Hopper and James Bordley, "little doctor," as he was designated, to distinguish him from his cousin, Dr. James Bordley, Sr. Mr. William Hopper Bordley, very talented and a conspicuous member of the Methodist Church, married his cousin, Miss Sallie Fisher Bordley, daughter of Deborah Fisher and John Wesley Bordley, and lived at their old and tranquil home, "Corsica," now owned by Mr. Pusey, and were devotedly attached to each other. They had no children and adopted a lovely young girl, "Pinkie," daughter of Mr. William Clayton Bordley, who had a large family. The other children of Deborah Fisher and John Wesley Bordley were: Christopher, Dr. James, Dr. William Wesley Bordley and Thomas. Christopher married Miss Martha Jones, from Kent County, who was a beautiful woman and a model wife. Mr. Christopher Bordley lived at his mother's old home on Corsican Creek, since bought by Mr. Daniel Newman. He left two sons.

Dr. James Bordley, son of John Wesley Bordley and Deborah Fisher, married, first, Miss Marcella Mummey, and lastly, Miss Nannie Nicols. Dr. William Wesley Bordley married Miss Charlotte Cox, daughter of Rev. Luther Cox. Mr. Thomas Bordley married Miss Clanahan, and left two sons—Thomas Alfred Price and John Wesley, who was named for his grandfather. Dr. James Bordley, had two children—Deborah Fisher,

named for her handsome, stately grandmother, and Dr. James Bordley, now practicing medicine in Centreville. Miss Deborah Fisher, wife of John Wesley Bordley, was not only a splendid-looking woman but a lady of great wealth and position, owning large tracts of land and a great many valuable colored people. "Old Yellow Tom," her right-hand man, was a strict Methodist, and declared the Episcopalians "carried their prayers in their pockets." Some of his descendants still live in Brownsville, not far from Centreville. James Bordley, the only son of Dr. James Bordley, Sr., married, first, Miss Henrietta E. Chamberlain, and lastly, Miss Ella Brown. Dr. Bordley's sons have been mentioned. Deborah Fisher, only daughter of Dr. James Bordley, Sr., married Mr. Theodore Vickers, and has two interesting and promising children—Dorsey and Patty Vickers. Mr. Theodore Vickers was the only son of Mr. Theodore Vickers, Sr., by his last wife, Miss Roberts, and grandson of Mr. George Vickers, whose brother, William, married Margaret Bordley. They had a son, Captain James Vickers, who fought bravely in the battle of Caulksfield, and remained on the ground all night, administering to the suffering soldiers. Captain James married Ann Davis. They had two sons—General George Vickers, who was a very distinguished man; he was a successful practitioner at the Chestertown Bar; he declined the Judgeship offered him by Governors Bradford and Hicks. In 1865, he was elected to the Maryland Senate, and in 1868, he was made Senator of the United States. In 1861, he was appointed Major General of the Maryland Militia. He had eleven children, one of whom, Benjamin, enlisted in General Polk's Army and was mortally wounded at Shiloh. Another son of Captain James Vickers, Harrison W. Vickers, was State's Attorney for Kent County, in 1876.

Dr. James Bordley, "Little Doctor," who lived at "Bordlington," married Miss Henrietta Nicholson, sister of Hopper Nicholson, and left issue as follows: Maria, James, Sarah (deceased), Mary, who married Dr. Willis and resides in Chestertown, and a son, Robert Goldsborough, now living in Baltimore. Mr. William Clayton Bordley's first wife was from England. They had five intelligent children. First, Mary Elizabeth (Pinkie), whose beautiful character made an indelible impresson on all who knew her; second, Jamie, an intelligent youth, whose purity of character was proverbial among his associates. This young man died in Yazoo

of yellow-fever. Third, Thomas, who entered the Navy, died also of yellow-fever at Bahia; fourth, William Clayton Bordley, now holding a position in the Tax Office, Baltimore; fifth, Sallie Fisher Bordley, who was very popular and a constant visitor among prominent families on the Eastern Shore. Mr. William Clayton Bordley, Sr., married a second time, and has left a large family. He was educated at West Point for the Army, but his only brother, John, who was a naval officer, having died up the Mediterranean, he was persuaded to resign by his mother, to be with her. Their only sister, Miss Mary Bordley, was well known in Baltimore as very attractive and being a beautiful dancer, gliding as gracefully as a fawn over the large, handsomely-furnished parlors on Charles Street, where I was introduced to the swell beaux of the city and made my debut into society. Mrs. Bordley was very fond of young company. This lady and Madame Bonaparte would sit on the plush sofa, in a remote corner of the room, and enjoy the graceful movements of the young girls, the gallantry of the beaux and their witty and lively conversation. Mr. George Small, Mr. Thomas Belt, Mr. Thomas Iglehart, Captain Hardcastle, Lieut. Charles Gray, Mr. Alexander Wright and other distinguished and chivalrous gentlemen were the popular beaux at that time, and were constant guests at this well-kept house.

Madame Bonaparte enjoyed the festivity of the evening hours and was most enthusiastic in her advice to the young girls, which was: "Don't marry the best man on earth, if you have a competency, for they are all—

"Gay deceivers, ever."

When Mrs. Margaret Bordley was a young widow, she spent most of her winters in Annapolis, at the time that Governor Lloyd occupied the gubernatorial chair, visiting Mr. Bordley, and was courteously entertained at his elegant mansion, near the State House, now in the ownership of the Randall family. The entrance-door of this time-honored old home has the coat-of-arms of the Bordley family handsomely engraved on the glass portion of the door. At the time that Mrs. Bordley visited Bordley Island, the Miss Catons resided there, who married nobility. Her husband's father came from Yorkshire. There were three brothers, two of whom emigrated to America. One remained in England, and was blind. Mrs. Margaret Bordley's grandmother, on her father's

side, was Miss Clayton. Mrs. Bordley was a Miss Keener. Her grandfather was one of the benefactors and founders of Baltimore Town, was a wealthy shipping merchant and had the "first brick house" built in Baltimore—under his own supervision.

#### AN ACCOUNT OF CLAN DAVID-DUBH, OR DAVIDSON.

On the murder of Duncan by Macbeth, Malcolm, the son of the former and heir to the throne, fled to the Saxons and there remained eighteen years, at the end of which period, he, with their help, regained his throne. He had become thoroughly permeated with Saxon habits, tastes and ideas of government, and these were confirmed by his marriage with Margaret, sister of Edgar Athelon, the heir of the Saxon line whose claim to the throne had been set aside, both by Harold and William the Conqueror, and who, with his mother and sisters, had taken refuge in Scotland. Malcolm was of the race of Celtic Kings, whose seat was north of the Firth, but, like him, his descendants married Saxons or Normans and soon lost all sympathy with their subjects. They removed the seat of government south of the Firth, into the midst of a Saxon population, and it became their settled policy to extirpate the Celtic nobility and replace it with a numerous Norman nobility, among whom their possessions should be divided. His purpose was effected in the course of two or three centuries, but when the great nobles had disappeared, the Celtic population was formed or organized into clans, each headed by a chief, who was supposed to be the representative of the oldest branch of the family or sect, constituting the clan. Under this organization they maintained for many centuries their peculiar laws and customs, in defiance of Kings and Parliaments, and it was not till the middle of the last century that the clan organization, which had never been recognized by law, was forcibly suppressed and Parliament-made law was administered by the King's courts in the Highlands. In the valley of the Spey, between the Grampians and the Caledonian land, a number of small clans had united in a powerful confederation, called Clan Chattan. The origin of the name is involved in doubt, but as the principal members of that clan had a "wild cat" for their symbol and were spoken of as the race of the "wild cat," it is not improbable they may have taken the name of the beast whom in temper they somewhat resembled. Another account says, the name was derived from Saint Caton,

through one of their chiefs, who was called Gillichatton, or Servant of St. Chatton. This confederation was composed of some fifteen smaller septs, at the head of which was a clan under the chiefship of the said Gillichatton, who was the first known chief of the clan. Fourth from him was Muirack, who was also parson of Kingussie. The grandson of this Muirack was Dougal Dall, who had but one child, a daughter, named Eva, whom A. D. 1293, he gave in marriage to the sixth Laird of Mackintosh, and as no woman could inherit the chiefship, he induced the clan to accept Mackintosh as the captain of Clan Chattan. The next male heir of Dougal Dall was his cousin, Kenneth, son of the parson's second son, and the immediate descendants of the parson, who followed Kenneth, took the name of Clan Muirach. The parson had a fifth son, "Daebidh Dubh," or "David the Dark," and his descendants took the name of Davidson. They were equally entitled to the name of MacPherson, but, with the good taste which always distinguished the family, they preferred the name of the son to that of the father. This clan settled around Invernahaven, near the residence of the chief of the MacPhersons. From the earliest times there had been a deadly feud between Clan Chattan and their neighbors, the Camerons, and in 1386 these last invaded the territory of Clan Chattan and penetrated to Invernahaven. They were met by Mackintosh, by their own sept, and the MacPhersons and Davidsons. In ranging themselves for battle, Mackintosh, as captain, took the centre, but the post of honor, on the right, was claimed both by the Davidsons and MacPhersons. Which was right and which was wrong has not been fully determined. The difficulty lies just here: It is settled Highland law that the right wing always belongs to the head of the second branch of the clan who was called the "Eldest Cadet," and the Davidsons certainly answered that designation, because the MacPhersons were the eldest branch and entitled to the chiefship, and if the MacPhersons chose to give up their birth-right, the centre, to Mackintosh, there was no reason why the Davidsons should lose their place or the MacPhersons take it. The MacPhersons declared the Davidsons had won by their "glibness of tongue," for which the family was and still is distinguished, and they, being quite as ready with the use of their legs as their cousins were with their tongues, marched off the battle-field and left the Mackintoshes and Davidsons to back their opinions with their claymores and settle with

the Camerons themselves. The historian of Clan Chattan says the Davidsons assumed the patronymic of MacPherson, in the time of "Leamas Laglock." A branch of the family previously settled in Gromarty, and the head of this family, Duncan Davidson, Lord Lieutenant of Ross, is now the head of his clan and entitled to the "Clape," a tribute which all clansmen owe to their chief, which Clape comprehends about nine-tenths of everything the clansmen can produce.

One member of the Davidson family came from Cromarty and settled near Dundee, Scotland. Another branch of the family went to Aberdeen. George Davidson acted as magistrate of Aberdeen. His son, James, graduated at the medical college of Aberdeen and came to the colonies and settled in Queenstown, Md., in 1769. He served during the Revolutionary war as surgeon in the Fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Infantry. He married Elizabeth Blake, daughter of Charles Philemon Blake, of "Blakeford," and had children—George and Elizabeth. After his marriage he resided at "Cedar Dale," his farm near Queenstown.

Mrs. Elizabeth Blake Davidson died 23d November, 1802, aged sixty-four. Dr. James Davidson then married Mrs. DeCourcy, whose husband was the first proprietor of "My Lord's Gift." Mrs. DeCourcy was Miss Fitzsimmons, by whom he had two children, one dying in infancy, the other, Henrietta DeCourcy, married John Blake. During Dr. James Davidson's married life with Mrs. DeCourcy, he lived at "My Lord's Gift," died there and is buried there. Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. James Davidson, by his first marriage, married Frances I. Mitchell, of "Myrtle Grove," Charles County, Maryland, but a merchant of Baltimore. George Davidson, the other child by said marriage, married Catharine Thomas, daughter of Philip Thomas, of Rockland, Cecil County, Maryland, May, 1804, by whom he had seven children—James, Philip Thomas, Sarah, Elizabeth, George, Frances and William Richmond. Said George Davidson resided at "Cedar Dale," Queen Anne's County, until about 1811, when he moved to Rockland, Cecil County, Maryland, then owned by Philip Thomas, his wife's brother. He built on Mount Ararat, his property in Cecil County, and lived there until his death in 1854. After the death of his wife, Catharine, he married her sister, Nancy, by whom he had two sons—Charles Wharton, who graduated at the University of Maryland, in 1849,



and Johu Merryman, who married Cordelia Pugh, of New Orleans, and by her he had children—Alice, Daisy, Ridgley and Bonnie. James Davidson, eldest son of George and Catharine, was born at Rockland, Cecil County, March 3, 1805. He came to "Cedar Dale" with his mother and resided there until 1811, when with his parents he went to "Mount Ararat," Cecil County. He studied medicine in the office of Dr. A. Alexander, Baltimore, and graduated from the University of Maryland, in 1827. He then went to Chestertown, Maryland, but removed to Queenstown, Maryland, January 28th, where he had a large practice. In 1866, he lived at his farm, "Beverly," and practiced medicine while living there. He died 24th February, 1888, and is resting at "Old Wye Church." On the 30th April, 1832, he married Anna Maria Chew Paca, daughter of John Philemon Paca, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. By this marriage two children were born: John Philemon Chew Davidson and Ann Catharine. The last named child died young. John Philemon Chew Davidson married Cata Weems, daughter of Dr. Stephen H. Weems, of West River, Maryland, and Consul from the United States to Guatemala. To this marriage were born: Anna Lolita, November 27, 1864; and James, May 5, 1867; died October 3, 1885. Anna Lolita married Dr. Charles Fitzsimmons Davidson, June 2, 1891. Philip Thomas, the second son of George Davidson and Catharine, married Mary Tilghman Earle, daughter of Judge R. T. Earle, May 31, 1831, at "Needwood," near Centreville, Maryland, by Rev. R. W. Goldsborough, and had children—Philip Thomas, born February, 1836; Mary C., born September, 1837; Richard Earle, born September, 1838; George, born March, 1840; Mary Tilghman, born September, 1841; Catharine Thomas, born February, 1843; Susan, born October 6, 1844. Philip Thomas, son of George and Catharine, died January 28, 1860, aged eighty-two; his wife died July 23, 1877, aged seventy-two. Philip Thomas, the son of Philip and Mary Tilghman Earle Davidson, died at Frederickstadt, Santa Cruz, April 18, 1865. Richard Earle Davidson married Maria, daughter of S. Ogle Tilghman, of "Bennett's Point," Queen Anne's County, June 1, 1865, and had ten children, five of whom died in infancy. Those now living are: Tilghman, born June 5, 1866, married Mary Bourke Emory, daughter of B. and Mary B. Emory, (no children). George, born 28th January, 1870, married, June 2, 1895, Isabel, sister of his



DR. CHARLES DAVIDSON



brother's wife, and has two children—Isabel and George. Anna Hemsley, born February 4, 1874; Mary F., born February 5, 1877.

George, the son of Philemon Thomas and Mary Tilghman Earle, married, November 16, 1864, Marcella, daughter of Charles Fitzsimmons Blunt and Martha, who owned and resided at "Walsey," Queen Anne's County, and had three children—Charles Fitzsimmons, born September 29, 1865; Philip Thomas, born July 19, 1867; and Marcella, who died August 1870. George Davidson's wife, Marcella, died August, 1870. February 5, 1884, he married Sallie D., daughter of Judge R. B. Carmichael, and had by this alliance, children, viz: Richard B. C., Mary E. and George. The last named died in infancy. Charles Fitzsimmons, son of George and Marcella Davidson, graduated in medicine at the University of Maryland, April 17, 1888; spent the years of 1889 and 1890 at the University of Berlin, Germany. June 2, 1891, he married Anna Lolita, daughter of John Philemon Chew Davidson and Cata Weems Davidson, and had two children—James Philemon, born May 30, 1893; Anna Lolita, born February 8, 1896; died February 19, 1896. Philip Thomas, second son of George and Marcella Davidson, married, December 12, 1895, Madaline, daughter of C. J. B. Mitchell, of "Bolingly," Queenstown, and has one child—Marcella Mitchell, born November 13, 1897. Mary Tilghman Earle, second daughter of Philip Thomas and Mary Earle Davidson, died unmarried, July 23, 1890. Catharine Thomas and Susan, daughters of Philip Thomas and Mary Davidson, are still unmarried. Elizabeth, daughter of George and Catharine Davidson, married Captain Ferguson Owen, U. S. N., and had one son—William, who went to Guatemala in 1877. George, son of George and Catharine, was born at "Mount Araratt," May 16, 1817, and married Hannah Mercier, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and had one daughter, Sarah Frances and William Richmond.

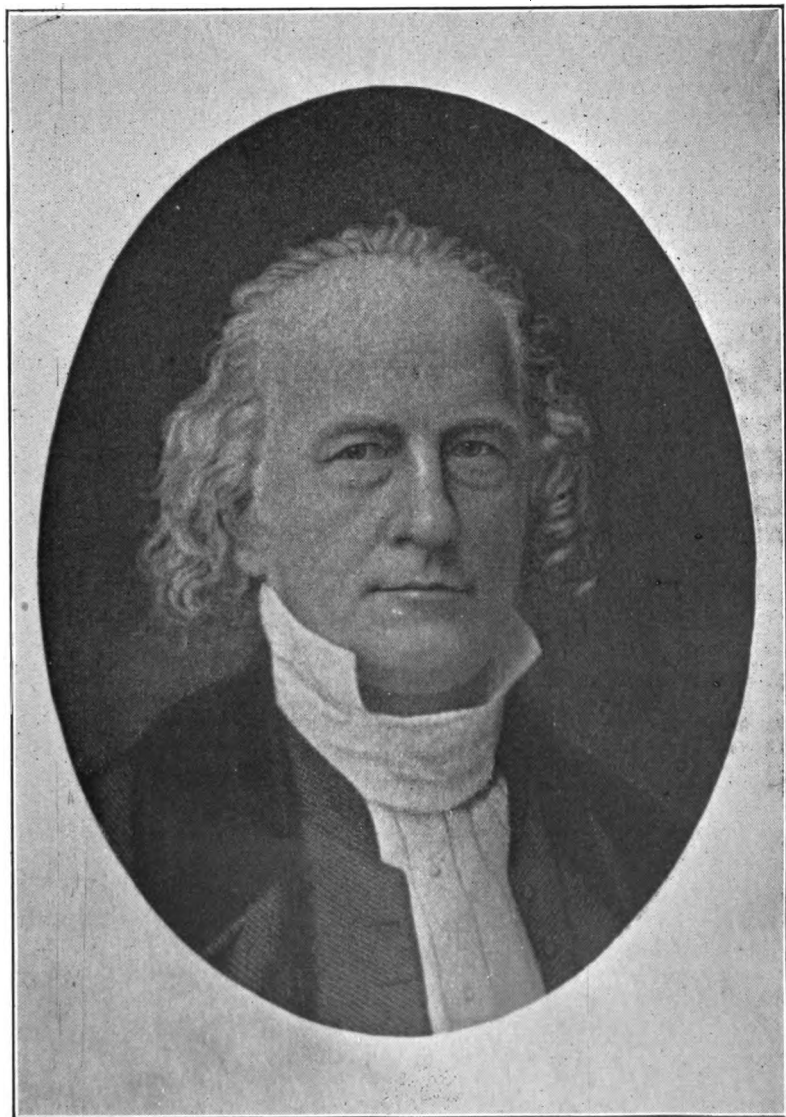
This sketch of the Davidson family has been kindly furnished me by Dr. Charles Fitzsimmons Davidson, a younger member of the family, now a practicing physician of Queenstown, Maryland, who has "no cloud upon his brow, nor sadness in his heart;" carrying hope and comfort to the bedside of grateful patients, and like the Davidson family, courteous, companionable, warm-hearted and enthusiastic, a public-spirited citizen "friendly" to all.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

A page or two more before closing my desk. The most wonderful gift that God has bestowed upon his dependent creatures is that of "memory." When nearing the sunset of our lives, the eyes grow dim and the locks are silvered from the lapse of years, the memory of our young and joyous days awakens a fountain of happiness that one cannot fail to enjoy. Yes; it is truly one of the greatest pleasures of old age to recall the scenes of our youth. Some of the brightest moments of my life to which my memory clings are those of my school-days under Bishop George Washington Doane, at "St. Mary's Hall," and now I will guide my pen to chronicle a few of the incidents in the life of this noble Christian, some of which are copied from his memoirs, written by his loving son, Bishop William Croswell Doane. I never realized, until I have read again his biography, how fortunate I was in having such a man as "Bishop Doane" for my instructor and guide at school. "The morning glow upon his cheek refreshed me. His loving glance warmed my heart."

I was but sixteen years of age when I left "St. Mary's Hall," with my diploma carefully placed in one corner of my trunk, and I regret that it was not a life-long home, for I was happy "there."

"One of the most beautiful traits of character in the life of this model Christian was his ardent love for his mother. Never was love 'truer' or 'more lasting.' From her he inherited the strongest points of his character. His unvarying attention and appreciation of her, have their record in the 'grave cross' which he placed at her head—'The Bishop of New Jersey to the Best of Mothers.' And now they rest side by side—the patient and devoted mother, the obedient and loving son. Through his mother's blood God adorned his soul, with the glory of courage and the grace of modesty. He treasured the Bible and prayer-book she gave him when he entered college, and when she had gone 'touched them' with almost veneration. The Bible was an 'old worn book,' hoary with



THE GREAT BISHOP OF BISHOPS,  
GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, D. D., LL. D.



age. On the fly-leaf, in his boyish handwriting, he copied these beautiful lines, written by his mother, when he was an infant :

'He who the raven's wants supplies  
For all his creatures will provide ;  
To him I raise my ardent eyes,  
In Him my trembling lips confide,  
And He, if all my friends were dead,  
Would give my boy his daily bread.'

"After his marriage his care and devotion 'never' flagged. The flowers they both cultivated, and which she nurtured in her young days, were the delight of mother and son.

'No roses ever bloomed like hers ;  
No lillies were so sweet—  
And pansy, jasmine, mignonette  
Ran riot at her feet.'

"The vegetables of his own garden must be shared with her, and his thought was that the daily newspaper went to her regularly. He was her son, her pastor, the father of her second childhood. Bishop Doane's loyalty to his church was exemplified when a school-boy. When catechised by a 'Presbyterian' clergyman as to what was the chief end of man, he emphatically disavowed any knowledge of such a catechism, and 'positively declined' learning any but the one 'his mother' had taught him. He would not yield, though whipped and disgraced. His bold stand caused the forming of a separate class in school, that recited every week thereafter in the church catechism. His appreciation of the character of the great Washington, whose name he bore, was shown when, on one occasion, an older companion insulted General Washington's name. He could not brook such disrespect to so great a man, and he whipped the boy severely. Year after year he made a mark on Washington's birthday."—*Copied from his Biography.*

On the 4th of July, Bishop Doane invariably invited the boys of Burlington College and the girls of St. Mary's Hall to his charming home, "Riverside," and delivered the most soul-stirring orations on this historic day. It was a most enjoyable time with the girls, and was considered a delightful privilege by them, as well as by the teachers, to run through the well-kept grounds



and drink in the balmy air and sweet perfume of tube-roses and other flowers that decked the garden at the Bishop's peaceful home.

The accompanying lines, written after the death of his mother, speak further of the "deep-seated love" of her son :

"Sweet mother, eight and fifty years  
Thy Christmas blessing crowned my brow ;  
Thy seat is vacant by my side,  
And Christmas comes without thee now.

And yet, sweet mother, though the thought  
Will choke and tear my bursting heart,  
And tears o'ercast this joyous day,  
I would not call thee from thy rest."

"Bishop Doane introduced Keble's Christian year into the American church. In an edition of *The Churchman* an article appeared objecting to the retention in our liturgy of the prayer for the President of the United States and all in authority. The good Bishop objected to this and quoted St. Paul's charge to Timothy. He established *The Missionary*, a popular church paper, in 1834, and with the co-operation of Dr. William Croswell, for whom his youngest son was named, was interested in *The Banner of the Cross*, advocating missionary work. He spoke of the Church of England as the most judicious 'foster-mother.' He always instructed his pupils to speak of the Church of Rome as the *Roman Catholic Church*."

"The word 'Catholic,'" said he, "means 'Universal,' and nothing more. The Church of Rome, he affirmed, is not the Catholic or Universal Church. The members of a church of which the Pope is head, may, with propriety, be termed 'Papists,' and the Papal Church, or the Church of Rome, is the proper designation of that communion. Bishop Doane said that it is evident unto all men diligently reading the Holy Scriptures and ancient authors, that from the Apostle's time there have been three orders of ministers, bishops, priests and deacons, and no man shall be accounted a lawful bishop, priest or deacon in 'this' church (no church is spoken of but Christ's) or suffered to execute any of the said functions, except he hath Episcopal consecration or ordination. The Bishop's explanation of his church principles is so plain that none can doubt but that the Catholic

and Apostolic Church is the true church of Christ. This noted divine carried out the rules of his church to the letter, for which he was misunderstood and much censured. A man is accountable to God alone for his belief as to his serving God. The Bishop was at one time a missionary, and many hardships of his life have been chronicled. He did not care to drive and would rest or sleep while driven from place to place, and would go in the rain when it kept every one away from church, often reading service in intensely cold weather without fire. He gave himself up to 'work.' His time, his talents, his thoughts, his personal care, his home, he freely lavished upon others. His energy was a fire that never went out. He crowded into an Episcopate of twenty-six years, the work of three lives rather than one. In 1827, painted glass was introduced into one of the churches in Troy, New York. Bishop Doane approved of this ornamental work in the Episcopal churches."

"Storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim, religious light."

"The Bishop feared that the Atlantic cable would not be a success. When the celebration of its completion was announced, he went home freshened and strengthened by the welcome news and immediately wrote the lovely "Song of the Cable," calling his youngest son from his class, to read it to him and sent it to his friend, Dr. Ogilby, with the greatest glee." At the service at Trinity Church, to celebrate the laying of the "cable," the Bishop spoke with the most intense interest and enthusiasm. "Our children," said he, "can now unite with England's children when they say 'Our Father.' England and America are now wedded by that Atlantic ring, a ring of love, a ring of 'peace.' Peace that may 'forever' be preserved. 'Those whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.'" The spire with old Trinity's sweet chimes, still invites to chant, to sing and to pray; but the devout worshippers of olden times fail to respond to the gentle appeal, other forms frequent its aisles, but the same holiness pervades this glorious sanctuary. The Bishop's correspondence with distinguished men in England was most extensive and intensely interesting. "His correspondents were: The Bishop of Oxford, Keble, Pusey, Sir Robert Inglis, Gladstone, Mrs. Southey and others. In 1841, he was invited by Dr. Hook,

Vicar of Leeds, to preach the sermon at the consecration of his new church. His sojourn in England he most heartily enjoyed. He was the recipient of marked attention from the most distinguished men. He visited the House of Lords, where the Queen made a speech. Her Majesty passed within a yard of the Bishop and impressed him as a very fine looking woman. Her coach was magnificent and was drawn by eight white horses. The old coachman of George III. was on the box with a large bouquet of flowers. The Bishop of London spoke of the Bishop of New Jersey as a distinguished scholar and a divine in England as well as in America, a prelate of great piety and learning. He greatly enjoyed his visit to 'Stratford upon Avon,' and went to the house where Shakespeare first breathed, whose walls were covered with autographs of kings, princes, conquerors of men, statesman, philosophers and poets. His visit to Wordsworth was described by the Bishop in a most pleasing manner. While there, it rained before reaching the house, and Wordsworth insisted that his visitor should wear his coat until his own should dry, and also offered him his shoes. The Bishop wrote to his family in America—"To think of it, in Wordsworth's shoes." Wordsworth's great source of health was living in the fresh air, which I consider nature's great invigorator, a far better tonic than man can compound, though unappreciated by many. When asked where Wordsworth's study was, his servant replied: "Out-of-doors." While abroad, the Bishop attended a meeting of the Religious Useful Knowledge Society, at "St. Mary's Hall," England. This coincidence affected the Bishop and caused him to think of his own "St. Mary's Hall," Burlington. His beautiful verses penned to departing friends, have but to be read to be admired. I have only space for the holy thoughts that came into his mind on visiting 'Northfield Vicarage.' This was a very pleasant old place with a pretty garden between it and the church, which is very old, with a square tower and a peal of bells that were merrily rung on the arrival of the great "American Bishop."

"This was in all my prayers when first I prayed,  
A parsonage in a sweet garden shade,  
The church adjoining, with its ivied tower,  
A peal of bells, a clock to tell the hour,  
A rustic flock to feed from day to day,  
And kneel with them at morn and eve and pray.

He who doth all things well denied my prayer,  
And bade me take the Apostles' staff and bear;  
The scattered sheep o'er hill and dale pursue,  
'Tend the old flocks and gather in the new,  
Counting care, health, life—all things else but loss,  
So I make known the 'blessed, bleeding Cross."

Although the Bishop was not particularly musical himself, he supported the advanced movement in church music; always enjoyed and approved of "Gregorian and monotone, and appreciated the beauty of the choral service. He was devoted to his native State, and spoke of it as 'unrivalled' as a seat of education. It is owned, said he, at the North. It is felt at the South. It is admitted in the West. Of his educational plans, his noblest service to the Diocese of New Jersey was that he imbued it with the same spirit of excellence that filled his own soul. His address at the centennial commencement at Princeton College, an institution that New Jersey may justly be proud of, was a most eloquent one. He said it is a college that has sent forth 'throughout our land' the wisest statesmen, the truest patriots, the most eloquent orators, the profoundest philosophers of which our country can boast. A college the jewels in whose chaplet shine with a resplendence which fills our 'own' land and is radiant 'abroad.'" Here let me digress and say that my own father, I am proud to state, was educated on New Jersey soil. Burlington College, the Bishop's "own" college, was established by him on the same principles—to train patriots and Christians, men who will serve their country and their "God."

"Bishop Doane had charge of the Diocese of Maryland in 1840, and urged upon the people the importance of having a Bishop to guide them, providing liberally for his support by a flock 'rich in goods.'"

Wherever he preached he made a great impression. His brilliant talents and labors of love were most highly appreciated throughout our little State. "His sermons were like the beginning of the soft notes of the organ, then rising into the deep sonorous swell, 'til they died away again, resolving into the full harmonious chord."

The Bishop made many friends while sojourning in Maryland, Judge Ezekiel Forman Chambers, prominent among them, who would never suffer anyone to speak disparagingly of this exem-

plary, Christian. "He disapproved of 'unqualified teachers' conducting Sunday-schools, and in this I heartily agree with him. He thought the duty devolved upon the parents, the Christian school and Christian pastor, and said that instead of making Sunday a day of drudgery, it should be the sweet, calm 'Sabbath of the Lord.' It was his instruction to the boys of Burlington College and his daughters at St. Mary's Hall to rise, on the opening of school, and repeat the 'word for the day,' the principal explaining it and making appropriate remarks. It was the keynote of the day and hearts were 'harmonized' and tuned by it."

The Bishop was devoted to flowers, which were constantly on his table and always in his buttonhole. Just before his morning supplication to his Maker, he strolled out in his beautiful garden to gather the prettiest and freshest for his table. 'Riverside' was full of 'home joys,' the intimate resort of bishops and clergy. "In 1838 this lovely, attractive home was an 'old buckwheat field,' with 'seven' trees. What it now is for lawn and shade and beauty is the work of Bishop Doane's love and care."

On an occasion of a "night-blooming cereus" being in full and vigorous blossom, St. Mary's girls, myself being one of the flock, were invited to view this beautiful flower. This was the last time I joined with him in singing the "Evening Hymn," after we had all knelt in prayer and received his blessing for the night. Some men, yes, many men, bestow all their smiles upon the public and reserve their frowns and fretfulness for "private" use. It was not thus with dear Bishop Doane. His gentleness, pleasantry and brightness were most conspicuous in the "home circle." Many of his daughters now are yearning for that "home love" he, as father and husband, imparted to his little family at "Riverside." Well may he be called the great-hearted Bishop.

"The good Bishop of Alabama, in mourning the death of this faithful Christian brother, said: "A great and noble man has fallen, one who loved the church with a devotion and enthusiasm rarely seen in the character of man. He gave his whole heart, soul, time and talents to the cause of Christ and his Kingdom. He might well be spoken of as the 'Jeremy Taylor' of the American church."

Dr. Mahan, of old St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, said: "Could that great heart that now lies in St. Mary's church-yard be opened to our spiritual sight we should be amazed at the freshness and

distinctness of the images, indelibly stamped upon it; images of individuals, young and old, rich and poor, ever present before his mind, the thread of whose lives had, by the exercise of a constant solicitude on his part, become interwoven, as it were, into the very texture of his life "

Rev. Dr. Van Renselaer wrote of him : " Bishop Doane is one of the few American bishops who has had the boldness to carry out his theory and to call himself an 'apostle.' With an exalted view of his office, he lived and labored and died. He was, in short, as complete a specimen of a 'High Church Bishop' as the world has ever known, and in many respects he was a model for any class of bishops, at home or in 'mother England.' He has published more sermons than the whole House of Bishops. At Easter time, 1859, 'rest' came to this patient divine. With a halo of joy he waited and waited for the end. His eye on his son, his deep look of love as he took the sacred elements from his 'child's own hands,' his faltering voice in the benediction of 'peace,' which he pronounced himself, are the memories of that sad morning—fadeless while life lasts—in the heart of him who fully returned a devoted father's love—his darling boy—his ever faithful son, who—

"All his life had shed  
His sunshine in his way,  
And cheered him with his brightness  
Through the dark and cloudy day."

On his twelfth birthday his father wrote these impressive lines :

"My second born, my gentle,  
My sweet and precious boy,  
Sent to us in our darkling day  
To be our bosom's joy.

How like a sunbeam to our hearts,  
Thy beauty in our eyes,  
Dispelling every cloud that spreads  
Its sackcloth in the skies.

Be ever thus my blessing,  
So patient and so meek,  
So 'careful' always what to do,  
So thoughtful what to speak.

'Till grown in wisdom and in years,  
Through his abounding grace,  
He take thee—'tis my fondest prayer—  
To fill a deacon's place.

How sweet, should he permit it,  
 To lean on thy stout arm,  
 Thy silver-voiced litany,  
 Mine ear, how will it charm.

And when my days are numbered all,  
 And all my labors done,  
 My death bed with the church's prayers,  
 Console and cheer 'my son.' "

How literally the prayers of this devoted father were answered we have testimony in the high standing of his ever-faithful son, Bishop William Crosswell Doane, who has walked in the footsteps of his righteous parent, and enjoys as much celebrity as his estimable father.

His God-like psalms and hymns are set to inspiring music, and are universally sung and enjoyed. When a student at college he composed these verses :

#### A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

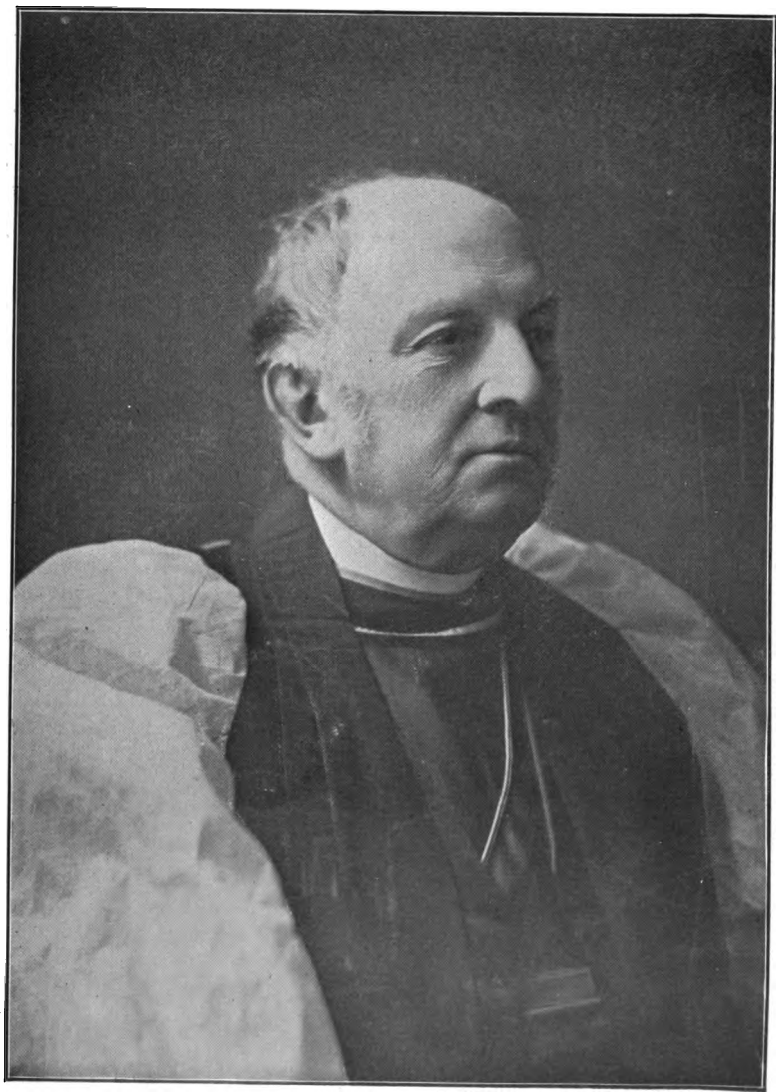
" Chisel in hand, stood a sculptor boy,  
 With his marble block before him,  
 And his face lit up with a smile of joy,  
 As an angel dream passed o'er him.

He carved the dream on a shapeless stone,  
 With many a sharp incision ;  
 In heaven's own light the sculptor stood,  
 He had caught the angel vision.

Sculptors of life, are we, as we stand  
 With our souls uncarved before us ;  
 Waiting the hour, when at God's command,  
 Our life-dream passes o'er us.

If we carve it then, on the yielding stone  
 With many a sharp incision ;  
 It's heavenly beauties shall be our own,  
 Our 'lives'—that 'Angel vision.' "

Bishop Doane's death and burial are most feelingly recorded by his son, in his memoirs of his father, in language that can not fail to touch the heart. "The loveliness of the scene was more beautiful and impressive at the grave than at "Riverside." A touching trio from Mozart, whose beautiful airs will never cease



BISHOP WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE.





to be inspiring, was sung. The sounds swelling and dying away in the open air were more exquisite than one can conceive. The personal friends and relatives were there, the veterans of the laity, who had stood by the Bishop through all the labors and storms of his long Episcopate; the poor and needy, whom he had befriended; the colored people with their little ones, who had come to look upon their benefactor. Deep, indeed, was the grief of these sincere mourners. All the next day the Bishop's grave was visited by silent and thoughtful groups, being as bright and beautiful as the previous one, when he was laid to rest. The same sunshine, the same fragrance and bloom pervaded the old City of Burlington. Loving hands continued to heap upon the grave fresh flowers."

This beautiful tribute to the sainted dead is still kept up, showing "undying" reverence to his memory. Who would not love to know that the mound that conceals us from the sight of loved ones would be perpetually decked with flowers—lovely flowers that speak to the soul. At Christmas a beautiful cross, made of ivy, is placed on this sacred spot, and many flowers of variety and beauty are scattered around in profusion and loveliness. To keep up this custom, Miss Kingdon, of Burlington, is raising a fund, the interest of which is to be applied to this purpose for "all time." At the last meeting of the graduates on Founder's Day, it was a blessed privilege to me to express to her some lovely Southern roses—"sweet messengers of love"—to be placed on this sacred spot, the Bishop's grave, indicating my undying gratitude for the counsel received while under the guardianship of this faithful and untiring worker in the cause of Christian education. Many of St. Mary's daughters are living in this country, and a bond of friendship exists among them that will only die out when their hearts cease to beat. Alice and Mary Bourke, Miss Valeria Wright and Miss Catharine Earle were the "first" young maidens from Queen Anne's County who were entered as scholars at this noted institution, and were members of the class of 1846. The advertisement of this school, then in its infancy, appeared in the old *Episcopal Recorder*, a paper that found its way into almost every Christian home in the United States, and attracted the attention of Mr. Stephen L. Wright, of "Peace and Plenty," and to Bishop Doane's care these Queen Anne's girls were consigned. The reunion of the graduates takes place every five years, on the 27th of May, to

mark the birthday of its great founder. Bishop Doane's wise counsel has soothed many a sorrowing, despondent soul. "Bate not a jot of heart or hope; but bear up and steer right onward," has cheered us in many an hour of despair. To Bishop Doane I owe a debt of gratitude I can never repay. His clear, musical voice could be heard every Saturday morning with the pleasing salutation: "Good morning, my children"—as he gracefully entered the saloon, to return the girls their compositions, which he had received from them the previous Monday to examine. Never can I forget the happiness I experienced at beholding at the end of my composition, in the Bishop's handwriting, in red ink: "Beautifully done." It was a simple thing—"A Dream"—the subject he selected for me himself. The Bishop saw that I had profited by his instruction not to be profuse in using semicolons and colons. I have that composition still, although it has been over fifty years since it was written. Any one, who fortunately possesses the writings of this gifted divine, will observe this characteristic throughout his productions. Short sentences, original and beautiful ideas, his gesticulation in the pulpit perfect; who could fail to be impressed by such an orator? The last sermon I heard him preach, the subject "Charity," is indelibly impressed upon my memory. His favorite chapter in the New Testament was the 13th of I. Corinthians. He seldom failed to quote a part of it. The first verse in the chapter was his favorite one. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not 'charity;' I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." While I was a pupil of the Bishop's, the Irish people were in a suffering condition. Contributing generously himself, aided by friends, the youths of Burlington College and St. Mary's girls, he had a vessel chartered, called the "Jersey Ship." This vessel was loaded with provisions and warm clothing, and sent over to those starving people by this generous benefactor. How many poor souls were cheered by the arrival of help and comfort from "Bishop Doane's" liberality and charity, remains to be told.

The Bishop's "last" address to the graduating class at St. Mary's is considered by some the finest he ever penned, but "my" admiration is for the one addressed to the class of 1846, of which I was a member. Just before examination the Bishop entered the class-room, with his usual pleasant smile, and inadvertently

addressed us as "young ladies." The voices of the whole class rang through the air: "Oh! Bishop, we are your 'children,' not 'young ladies.'"

Thus he wrote: "My dear 'children,' you are come tonight to hear my last instruction and to receive my parting counsel. You come as children to a father, and I speak to you as a father to dear children. 'Why did you not call us your children?' you said to me, when I had thoughtlessly addressed you as 'young ladies.' It was a question to my 'heart,' and even yet its pulses 'tremble' to the echo. It is not true, though Shakespeare's self has said it, that 'a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.' You would not be to me what you have been by any other name, and if, as I well know, your hearts have knit themselves to mine in love's electric chain, this is the only witchcraft that I have used. This little word, the elemental tone of nature which attunes its inmost strings and sways the pulses of their joy or grief, contains and comprehends all I desire or hope for from God's blessing in the work of education. I would as soon sit down with 'Royal Canute' on the sands of the sea-shore, and hope to bid the waves roll back, and be obeyed, as come to you to win your hearts by any other term. Did I not mean to be a father to these little ones that sit about my feet, did I not hope that they would be my children, I would send them off tomorrow, shut up these halls and 'still' the hammer and the saw. Why, God himself 'attempts' not our salvation on any other terms. His revelation of himself to us is as our 'father.' His claim upon us for our good is as His 'children.' When His only beloved Son had purchased for us with his blood the hope of pardon and eternal life, we must come to it through the second birth, in holy baptism, and become as 'little children,' if we hope to be with him in heaven. It is the one relation which all humankind must own, for all, as parents or as children, have confessed its power, and it contains all others, as the bloom and fragrance of the rose burst into beauty and distils its liquid odor from the bursting bud. There is no limit to the power of this relation. It is adequate to all emergencies. It will sustain all trials. It can never fail. It springs immortal from the heart, and gathers as it goes in beauty, truth and power. I plant myself upon it with unfaltering foot. I am impregnable while I stand there. My very standing-place is 'victory.' Nature must change and 'God Himself' fail before that charm can lose its power

or virtue cease to come from it. And, now, my daughters, that I have confessed to you, as that strong man of sacred story, the secret of my strength, let me, in the few words which close this parting time, commend to you its undecaying and incalculable worth. Seek my latest counsel, with my parting benediction, to be the comfort and the charm of life to your fitness for eternity and foretaste of its joys, with the spirit of 'little children.' "

Those loving words make the heart beats of my being throb with the tenderest emotion, and I seem to be a child again, arrayed in white, receiving the blessing of Bishop Doane, and drinking in the smiles of approval from my untiring teachers, Miss Lane, Miss Chamberlaine, Miss Thompson, Miss Cronyn, the lovely Miss Faustina Hodges, the accomplished sister of Dr. Hodges, of St. Pauls, Baltimore; Mr. Hewett, Mr. Engstrom, and the dignified principal, Mr. Germain. During Bishop Doane's supervision and management of St. Mary's Hall, more than 2,000 girls have left these walls, and they are found in every State in the Union and elsewhere, daughters, sisters, wives and mothers, shedding light and warmth on consecrated hearths. The "daily" service of our church was begun at St. Mary's Hall, in 1838. Nowhere were the beauty of polish and graces of ornament more delicate than at this celebrated school. To further show Bishop Deane's pure and ardent love for his boys and girls, I will quote a portion of his address to the class of 1850: "Beloved children, the day has come when we must part. I shall miss your dear familiar faces; I shall miss the cheerful daily greeting; I shall miss you everywhere, but in my heart. 'There,' you will dwell 'forever.' And when I awake at the resurrection morning, may you all be with me when I say: Behold I and the children, which God hath given me. I have grown grey among the daughters of the land, but there is no greyiness in my heart. It beats as high and clear, and strong as when on the May day of 1837, these walls were first opened to a band of trembling girls, who were enrolled as 'daughters of St. Mary's Hall.'" In looking back o'er "life's eventful page," deem it not vanity if I say, that I rejoice to feel, that it was not in vain that I was trained under Bishop Doane's care. After graduating being the fourth member in alphabetical order, in one of the fullest classes at the school, in simplicity and modestly, I applied the musical instruction I received then to what I considered the

best use—presiding at a little melodeon in the old-fashioned gallery at St. Paul's Church, Centreville. I was then the only girl who could play sacred music in the neighborhood. I was one of "Bishop Doane's" girls. Of this I "still" feel proud. I loved music and it was happiness to me to contribute to the pleasure of others. Church music was my delight, and for years, with my bright and numerous children, toddling up the gallery steps behind me, I played regularly on the little instrument purchased by Hon. James Tilghman Earle, with the understanding that I would play for the congregation. I was very young then, and meekly replied to Mr. Earle: "I will try." I never knew, until of late years, how much my keeping up the choir was appreciated. The flame that was fanned into my being, for the love of music has never been entirely extinguished, and although my hands are full of the lines of old age, and I am unable to play or sing in church, I often find myself seated on my piano stool and joining my youngest daughter in singing "Bishop Doane's" favorite psalms and hymns from our prayer book. The first song I taught her was the "May Queen," which was sung at St. Mary's while I was a pupil there, by Mr. Dempster, the girls silently weeping at the rendering of the last part. I have recently received from Bishop William Croswell Doane, his father's lovely poems, "Songs by the Way." They bring back to me many reminiscences of my life while under his training. I can see again his heavenly countenance, that won the hearts of all who knew him, and the commanding figure, can hear again the gentle tone of his voice, and feel inspired with pleasant thoughts while drinking in the purity of the beautiful songs, emanating from a buoyant, happy heart. I keep them at my bedside and they soothe me and bring sleep to mine eyelids. What can be more touching than the hymn he composed, which I have so often played and sung, always in my heart blessing the author.

"Softly now, the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, I would commune with Thee."

Oh! What a blessed privilege it was to join with him in singing the evening hymn:

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light."

His favorite verse was, and it never lost its impressiveness :

“Forgive me Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done,  
That with the world, myself and Thee,  
Ere I sleep at peace may be.”

Our dear father was never satisfied unless the day closed with this hymn. His last request, after prayers, was, “My children, let us now sing the Evening Hymn,” joining with us himself. Then, with “lifted, loving” hands, the “Benediction,” and we could rest peacefully on our little “single” beds, for our father, who is “now in heaven,” had blessed us. All who ever dwelt at St. Mary’s Hall have taken away with them the impress of the “Bishop’s hymn,” as we called it, more enjoyable because he sang it with “his children.” The Bishop’s last address in public was to the graduating class at St. Mary’s. “When taken sick he thought it would be his last illness and made every needful preparation, leaving his love for all of his friends. So much life and love departed with this ardent worker in the church of the Redeemer.” The hearts of nearly a thousand graduates of “St. Mary’s Hall” throb with delight at the mention of the name of its great founder.

If my book should be read by any of my class-mates, I would recall to them a pleasing little incident which took place during our last term. Senorita Salazar, who instructed us in the Spanish language, presented the Bishop with a very handsome pair of slippers, which she worked herself.

It was Christmas eve, which was a glorious time for us all. Senorita was very diminutive and wrote on a slip of paper, inside the pretty slippers :

“The gift is small and so is the giver.”

The Bishop took his pencil and immediately wrote in reply, “unpremeditated” :

“The gift ‘may’ be small,  
Like the generous giver,  
But the pleasure is ‘tall,’  
And so, like the receiver.”

Dear sisters of St. Mary’s Hall, let us never forget the holy teachings of our dear Bishop and loving father, and live so that we may hope to see him again and sleep forever in his embrace,

"amid the splendors pure, of heaven's unclouded ray." I must not omit in this "love sketch" of my school life, the Bishop's reply to the pupils of the Hall, when presented by them with a handsome evergreen cross:

"Sweet children, in the cross you bring,  
Three lessons I discern,  
For, though I'm nearly sixty years,  
I'm not too old to learn.

It teaches me that, for my sins,  
My God was crucified,  
Incarnate, as the Virgin's son,  
The Lord of glory died.

It teaches me that I must bear  
His painful, shameful cross,  
And count for him, myself, the world,  
And all things else, but loss.

It teaches me that fadeless wreaths  
For faithful ones are twined,  
When, through the Spirit's guiding love,  
Their homes in heaven they find.

Sweet children, learn these lessons now,  
The bleeding cross hold fast,  
Endure its load in patient love,  
And wear the "crown" at last.

Ah! many there are of Bishop Doane's children who have weariedly "borne the cross," but our loving father has left us this consolation: "We may wear the crown at last."

The birds were singing joyously around old St. Mary's Church, Burlington. It was a bright Sabbath morning. The breath of the flowers filled the whole air with their grateful odor. A refreshing breeze played among the trees that shaded the temple of God, where the Bishop spoke to us of spiritual things. Sweeter than the notes of the musical birds that flitted around and under the shadow of the foliage was the voice of one who had so often "cheered us onward" in our duties. For the last time we sang the Gloria-Patri. In breathless reluctance, in subdued silence, we took our leave of the old church, loathe to abandon our comfortably-cushioned seats forever. At Riverside the last "good-bye," that "sweet old word that comes from the heart," was spoken. A parting kiss on our cheek, a gentle pressure of the hand from our



dear father, and we were sent forth into the world to do our part as women and mothers, with the "dear Bishop's" blessing on our lives. That blessing will ever be remembered by his children, who are scattered far and near. His instruction and example have taken root in the hearts of the men of Burlington College and the girls of St. Mary's Hall. We love the name, we love the grave where the meek little "hearts-ease," his favorite flower, emerges from the sod that conceals the dust of one who will never be forgotten. Oh!—

"Let us hallow his precepts in our hearts,  
Tread in the paths he trod,  
That when life's duties all are done,  
We, too, may rest in God."

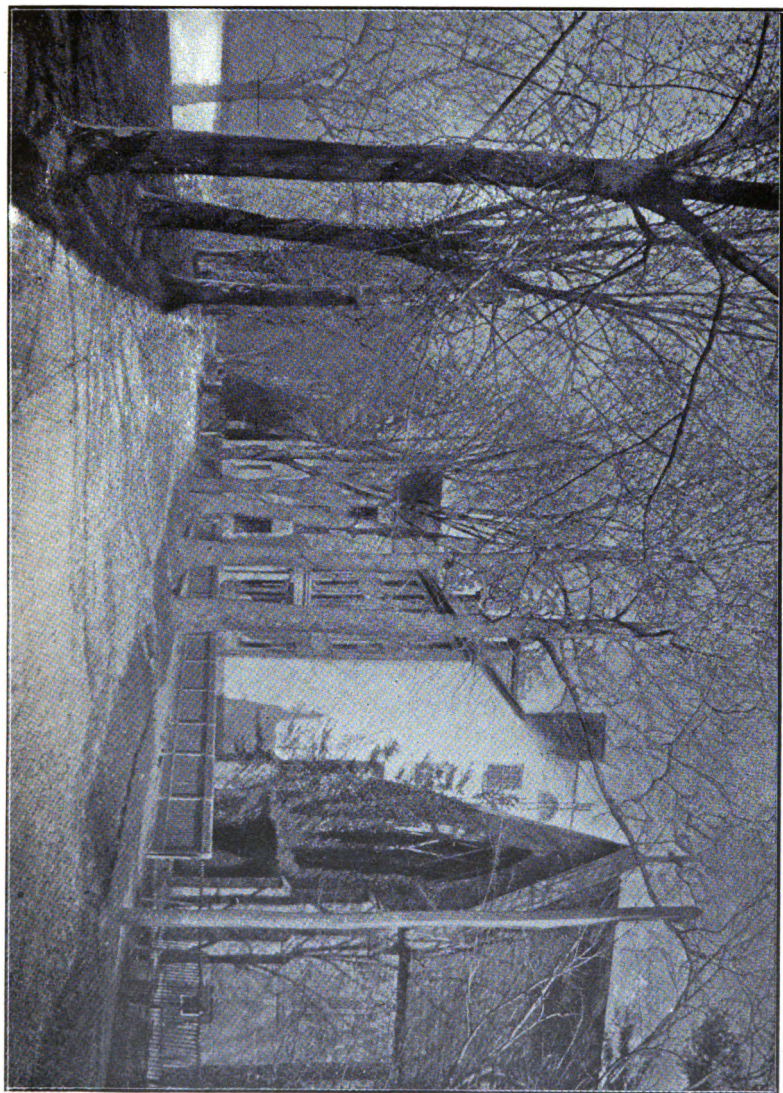
The day came at last that we were to leave school. It was a beautiful picture, but a sad one, to view for the last time the "Day God" emerging from the eastern sky to perform its daily round, receding again at evening, and hiding itself for a moment behind the hazy western clouds, appearing once again in "perfect brilliancy" through the trees which sheltered Riverside, the College and St. Mary's Hall. Its last ray threw a glorious light over the calm Delaware River, which flowed quietly along "Green Bank," making soft music as it rippled on and on. It was, indeed, a melancholy time for the dear ones who had been so tenderly cared for at this attractive, lovely home, where they would fain have passed their whole lives. And still—

It breathes of joys, but they are gone,  
Of peace and love, forever flown,  
Of friends, of loved ones, forced to part,  
Hand torn from hand, and heart from heart.

It breathes of joys that shall again,  
With peace and love, resume their reign,  
Of hopes, beneath whose fervent rays  
Each frostwork grief shall melt away,  
Of loved ones, met no more to part,  
Hand clasp in hand, and heart to heart.

Since reading again Bishop Doane's life, his sermons and his lovely "Songs by the Way," I can scarce control my pen to write of other subjects. His saint-like character impresses me more deeply than ever, and it is to me an inexpressible pleasure to chronicle some of the striking incidents of such an exalted life as

“ST. MARY’S HALL.”





his. I earnestly hope that what I have quoted from his son's memoirs and my own recollection of his holy character may kindle a flame in the hearts of my readers that will lead them to reflection and the practice of the Christian principles of this great Bishop and bear them onward to a "home in heaven." And now let all the voices of his sons of "Burlington College," and his daughters of "St. Mary's Hall" who are living, chime in with "me" in adoring songs to the memory of the poet, the tender-hearted shepherd, the loving, patient father, the great Bishop of Bishops, the founder of "St. Mary's Hall" and Burlington College.

Before sending my manuscript to the publisher, I must apologize for writing continuously of the sparkling fountain, the rippling of the river, the cheering sunbeams, and the gorgeous flowers. Beside being raised with six healthy country boys, God has endowed me with a love for his beautiful gifts, which I have thoroughly enjoyed all my life. In my young days they called me "a child of nature." My greatest pleasure was to hunt out the earliest flower that crept from its hiding place, to dabble in the meadow streams in summer, and fill my apron with the first cantaloupes and peaches that ripened, playing marbles and watching the "old mother hen" scratching for bugs and worms to satisfy the eager appetites of her numerous little ones. There never was a day in winter too frosty to keep me in the house. Sliding on the ice ponds, helping my cousins to make snow-men, and joining them in hunting squirrels and rabbits through the swamps and briar-bushes, were my delight. I loved to sit under the refreshing shade of the old oak and beech trees and watch the happy birds pluming their wings on the edge of the quiet rivulet. drinking in the odor of wild flowers and inhaling healthful breezes. In cold weather I sought a sunny hill-side, where I could breathe the purest air—nature's own tonic, and to this day, unless the thermometer is below zero, my carriage is brought to the door that I may yet enjoy God's bountiful gifts—the woods, the streams, edged with odorous flowers, the fair fields of waving corn and the beautiful river, making up from the bay to Queens-town Creek. So pardon me, dear reader, for my *excessive love* of blossoms, brooks and forest haunts.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE HYNSON FAMILY.

Thomas Hynson came to Kent in 1650. His sons were John, Charles, Thomas and Henry, and their descendants are very numerous

Nathaniel Thornton Hynson, son of Nathaniel and Sophia Ringgold Hynson, married twice. His last wife was Anna Maria Medford, daughter of Macall and Anna Maria *Parr* Medford, of Hanover Square, London, England.

John Ringgold Hynson, youngest son of Nathaniel and Sophia Ringgold Hynson, was a gallant officer in the United States army, and died during the Mexican war.

John Carville Hynson, son of Charles and Phoebe Carville Hynson, died in 1816. He mentioned his children John Carville Phoebe *Wright* (Mary Warrell), (Wealthy Ann Hardesty), Rebecca Ridding, and his grandchildren, Edward *Wright*, etc. He also speaks of James Hynson *Wright*.

Anna Hynson, daughter of Thomas Bowers Hynson and Ann Dunn Hynson, married Samuel Wright Spencer, and left two sons, Joseph Gordon Spencer and Samuel Wright Spencer.

Anne Louise Hynson, daughter of Thomas Bowers Hynson and Ann Dunn Hynson, married Dr. Benjamin F. Houston. Their children are Dr. William Houston, U. S. N., married Anna Tilghman Wickes, Lucy married George T. Beal Parr, Elizabeth married Benjamin Chambers Wickes. Thomas William Hynson, son of Thomas and Amelia Sophia Charlotta Hynson, married Mary Sophia Walker, daughter of Rev. Thomas Walker, who was the son of John Walker, of Edinburgh, Scotland, and Ann Grieves, a sister of Lord John Grieves.

Harriet Hynson, daughter of Richard and Araminta Bowers Hynson, married Matthew Tilghman, and left the following children: Richard, who was lost at sea in the "Hornet," James Bowers, William M. Tilghman, Tench Tilghman, Henrietta Louisa, who married William B. Tilghman, Queen Anne's county, and

Catharine, who married James L. Davis; Mary Ann Hynson, daughter of Richard and Araminta Bowers Hynson, married George B. Westcott and left four children; Harriett Louisa, who married Mr. Thomas Hill, of Baltimore city. Mrs. Hill is a highly educated lady, as "artless as her heart is good." She was educated at Mount Holly School, New Jersey, and was a great belle in Chestertown society.

Mrs. Marcella Wright was a schoolmate of the attractive "Hattie Westcott," and the friendship between these two ladies still exists.

Mary Araminta Westcott, the eldest of the four children of Mr. Westcott, was but eight years of age when they were bereft of their mother. She is described as being very handsome, with beautiful dark hair, clear complexion and intelligent grey eyes. "Sister Mary" was mother to the younger children, and attended faithfully to all their requirements, and was the special pride of her father. October, 1850, she became the bride of Mr. Charles H. Hammond, of Easton, Maryland. Her wedding trousseau is described as beautiful and elaborate, presented by her father. Her entire wardrobe was made up at Mrs. Poulder's, then the fashionable modiste on Howard street, Baltimore. Her wedding dress was superb white brocade silk, which contrasted well with her soft luxuriant dark curls, 'neath a lovely bridal veil.

The married life of this estimable lady was a happy but a short one. On Thursday afternoon, 26th June, 1851, she breathed out her life peacefully.

A beautiful obituary of this lovely woman was published in one of the Easton papers, extracts of which I insert: Youth, bland, confiding manners, *amenity* of disposition, exalted purity of character conspired to invest Mrs. Hammond everywhere with the charm of unusual attractiveness. Truly will her latest words, replete with Christian resignation and faith, be wafted like clouds of fragrant incense over the solitary hearts of her family, causing them to overflow with gratitude to God, for such experiences of his goodness and power. Weep not, but rejoice that all that was beautiful and gentle and pure in the absent one, which might have been spoiled by contact with this sad world of ours, has received the signet impress of eternity, and shall remain gentle and pure "forever." Dr. Christopher Christian Cox was Mrs. Hammond's physician, and was deeply

impressed with her early death. The following touching verses, written by this gifted gentleman, indicate his heartfelt grief at the sudden and early death of this exemplary lady.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 25TH, 1851.

At the quiet hour of sunrise  
Sat I at the open door,  
Gazing out upon the landscape  
With a weary heart and sore,  
And before me rose a spire  
Thro' the silent morning air,  
And aloft, still lifted higher,  
Lo! a burnished cross was there.

Still above it, resting on it,  
Shedding pale, meek light around,  
Hung the moon's unclouded crescent.  
And while looking up I found  
Peace re-entering my bosom,  
Folding there her ample wings,  
And my thoughts grew calm and Heavenward,  
And wist not of earthly things.

I had been a long, long watcher  
In the dim and silent room,  
O'er the couch of mortal fading,  
In her beauty and her bloom.

And the brow was damp with death-dew,  
And the breath faint through the night,  
Yet her eyes grew bright as summer.  
While her heart o'erflowed with song.

Sadly then, for it was sunrise,  
Stole I to the open door,  
Where rose the cross-crowned spire  
And the calm moon resting o'er.

Thought passed softly up to heaven,  
And I saw the angels fair,  
Crowding 'round the golden portals,  
Waiting for a spirit there.

Henceforth one place is desolate and drear,  
One vacant chair, one empty fireside seat,  
One voice responds not to the evening prayer,  
No sweet "Good Night," no slow retiring feet.

Go to the early grave, and mourn ye there,  
Pray that when this brief "April day" is o'er  
Ye, too, may rise to that fair region where  
Hearts severed here, unite to part no more.

## THE NEALES.

Captain James Neale, ancestor of the second Archbishop of Baltimore, came to Maryland about 1664, and was probably one of the five persons transported by Benjamin Gill in that year. The arms impaled on the tombstone of his daughter, Henrietta Maria Neale Bennett Lloyd, are those granted in 1659 to the Neale family of Warnford, Hampshire, England, from which family he is no doubt descended. In 1660, he was attorney for Lord Baltimore at Amsterdam, and was employed in Spain by the King and Duke of York on several important occasions. He returned to America in 1666, and represented Charles county in the House of Burgesses. He had children—Henrietta, Maria, James, Dorothy and Anthony, who were born in Spain of his wife Anna, daughter of Benjamin Gill. Mrs. Anna Gill Neale had more than a "thousand" descendants.

Henrietta Maria Neale married first Richard Bennett, Jr., one of the Puritans, who founded an asylum in Maryland. Her second husband was Philemon Lloyd. Dorothy Neale married Roger Brooke.

Henrietta Maria Neale was named for Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I of England, who was her godmother. By her first husband, Richard Bennett, Jr., who was drowned, son of Governor Richard Bennett, she had two children :

First. Richard Bennett, Jr., of Bennett's Point, Queen Anne's county, who was said to be the wealthiest subject of his Britannic Majesty's Dominions in America; second, Susanna Maria Bennett, who married first John Darnell, then Henry Lowe, ancestor of Gov. Enoch Louis Lowe. Susanna Bennett was the grandmother of Mr. Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Mrs. Henrietta Maria Neale Bennett, by her last husband, Philemon Lloyd, had several children—Edward, Philemon, Henrietta, Anna Maria, Alice, Jane, Mary, Margaret, Elizabeth and James. Dorothy Neale, who married Roger Brooke, had issue :

First. Roger Brooke, who married Elizabeth Hutchins, and were ancestors of Chief Roger Brooke Taney ; second, James



Brooke ; third, Dorothy Brooke. Susanna Bennett, who married John Darnell, had an only daughter, Henrietta Darnell. By her last husband, Colonel Henry Lowe, she had a large family of sons and daughters :

First, Elizabeth Lowe, who married Henry Darnell, Jr., of Portland Manor ; second, Bennett Lowe ; third, Henry Lowe ; fourth, Thomas Lowe ; fifth, Dorothy Lowe, who married Francis Neale ; sixth, Mary Lowe married Edward Neale ; seventh, Susanna Maria Lowe ; eighth, Nicholas Lowe ; ninth, Anna Lowe.

Anna Maria Neale Bennett Lloyd's descendants were very numerous and influential citizens. There are not many who can boast of a progeny so distinguished. She was the mother of Susanna Bennett, who was the grandmother of Mrs. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, mother of Edward Lloyd, who was a member of the Assembly of Maryland in 1699, 1701, 1702 ; also mother of Colonel Philemon Lloyd, member of Assembly of Maryland. She was the grandmother of Dorothy Blake, of the Honorable Matthew Tilghman, president of the Maryland convention 1774-5-6, signer of the Association of Freemen of Maryland, member of the Maryland Council of Safety, &c. She was the grandmother of Richard Tilghman III, of the Hermitage, Judge of the Provincial Court 1784, Colonel Edward Tilghman, of Wye, member of the Stamp Act Congress of 1765, member of the committee which drew up the remonstrance to Parliament ; of James Tilghman, attorney to the Lord Proprietor of Pennsylvania, a member of William Penn's Council ; mother of Henrietta Maria Lloyd, who married Samuel Chew, and had two daughters, Mary Chew, who married William Paca, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Margaret Chew, who married the celebrated jurist, John Beale Bordley, mother of Edward Lloyd, member of the Maryland Legislature, and who was appointed to assist in establishing the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia, known as the " Mason and Dixon " Line. This distinguished lady was the great grandmother of Honorable Richard Tilghman Earle, member of the Maryland Convention 1774-5 ; great grandmother of Colonel Tench Tilghman, member of the " Flying Camp " of 1776, and aid-de-camp to General Washington ; of Judge James Tilghman, member of the Conven-

tion of Maryland, member of the Maryland Council of Safety ; appointed Chief Judge 1791 ; grandmother of Charles Carroll (Barrister) ; member of the Maryland Convention ; the author of the Declaration of Rights, which was adopted by the Convention of Maryland November 3rd, 1776 ; member of the Council of Safety, also great grandmother of Edward Lloyd, member of the Continental Congress, and included among the figures in the great historical painting hanging in the Senate Chamber representing Washington resigning his commission. Anna Maria Neale Bennett Lloyd was the great, great grandmother of Honorable Henry Lloyd, who was Governor of Maryland 1806-11. Honorable Edward Lloyd was also United States Senator from 1819 to 1826. This celebrated lady was Maid of Honor to Queen Henrietta Maria, who presented her with a handsome ring, which is now in the possession of Mrs. Clara Tilghman Goldsborough Earle, of Easton, Md., a granddaughter of Colonel Tench Tilghman, great, great grandson of Anna Gill. The celebrated beauty, Elizabeth Killagrew, Lady Stafford's daughter, served with Anna Gill.

#### THE HALLS.

This is a very old family. They owned an immense body of land around Queenstown, including "Ingleside," "Bolingly," the old Mitchell homestead, "Cedar Grove," now in the possession of Dr. Carroll, and the "White House" farm, which was owned by four generations of the family, recently purchased by the late Gen. William McKenny. Francis Hall married Martha Neale. They resided at "Bolingly," lately sold by the Mitchells, who owned it for many years after the death of their parents, Mr. Charles I. B. Mitchell and Mrs. Georgie Mitchell, who was the handsome daughter of Mrs. Catharine P. Emory, of "Lansdowne." The children of Mr and Mrs. Mitchell are Charles I. B. Mitchell, H. B. Mitchell, Edith Catharine, now Mrs. Courtney Jones, Ella, Madaline, now Mrs Phillip Thomas Davidson, Rosa, Mildred and Francis David Lee Mitchell. The Bolingly house is very ancient, and was ransacked by the British during the war of 1812, who thrust their bayonets through a handsome portrait of Martha Neale Hall, great grandmother of the Willsons, near Queenstown. They fired the wheat fields, which were

full ripe and ready for the cradlers, and destroyed many valuable articles in the Bolingly rooms. They then retreated up the Centreville road, as far as "New Market," where they were in full view of one of our boats lying at the entrance of Queenstown creek, from which several shots were fired at the intruders, one of which struck a tree at the foot of "New Market Hill." This tree stood in majesty until a few years ago, wearing historical laurels, when a laborer on the farm cut it down. The portrait that was perforated with English shot is now in the possession of the Misses Martha and Ella Willson, of "Warrington," who take pleasure in showing it to the friends who visit their hospitable home. Francis Hall built the dwelling on the "White House" farm and presented it to his daughter Eleanor, who married Thomas Whitenhall Rozier, son of Henry Notley Rozier, of "Notley Hall," Prince George's county, Md. This Thomas W. Rozier was interred at "Bolingly," his tombstone being in a good state of preservation, bearing the coat of arms of the Rozier family. Francis Hall, Jr., married Maria Rozier, sister of Thomas Whitenhall Rozier, and took the name and coat of arms of the Rozier family. He inherited the estate on the Potomac river opposite Alexandria, known as "Notley Hall." Their daughter, Eliza Rozier, married William Henry De Courcy, son of Captain Edward De Courcy, of the Revolutionary army, who was attached to Patten's regiment of the Old Maryland Line. William Henry De Courcy and Eliza Rozier had children, viz.: Henry Notley, Henrietta, who married Honorable Henry May, and Doctor William Henry De Courcy, of "Cheston," on Wye river. Doctor De Courcy has quite a number of old portraits of the Rozier family. After the death of her husband Elanor Hall, wife of Thomas Whitenhall Rozier, married for her second husband William Tilghman, son of Richard Tilghman III, of the "Hermitage," and Susanna Frisby. Eleanor Hall Rozier Tilghman had a daughter, Anna Maria Tilghman, who married Edward Tilghman and continued to live there. They had a daughter Eleanor, named for her grandmother, who married Matthew Tilghman Goldsborough. Mr. and Mrs. Tilghman Goldsborough had a large and interesting family of children. First, Matthew Tilghman Goldsborough, Charles Carroll Goldsborough, Martha Goldsborough, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Archer and Mrs. Smyth.

Edward Hall, second son of Francis Hall and Martha Neale, married Miss Clarkson, of New York, and had two children. First, Francis C., married Sarah Tilghman, sister of Edward Tilghman, of the "White House," and lastly, Louisa Van Wyck, of Baltimore. The third son of Francis Hall and Martha Neale, Doctor Benjamin Hall, married Miss Brume, of New York, and had one daughter, Martha Neale Hall, who married Henry Tilghman, of Shipyard, Kent county. Mary Theresa Hall, daughter of Francis Hall and Martha Neale, married Doctor Thomas Bennett Willson, great-grandfather of the Willson family now residing on their productive farms around Queenstown. Martha Hall married Notley Young, of Prince George's county. Eleanor Hall, as stated, married Thomas W. Rozier, then William Tilghman. Henrietta Maria Hall married — Waring, of Prince George's county, Md. Richard Hall, whose home was at "Bolingly," married first Mary Blake, and had a daughter, Mary Hall, who, as "Mother Ettienne," was at the "head of the Sisters of Charity of the United States." This intelligent and devout lady traveled all through Europe and wrote an interesting journal from the time the ship she embarked in lifted her anchor and left America's coast until her return. This interesting diary is owned by Mrs. Charles Carroll Willson, of "Brookside," near Queenstown, who prizes it very highly. Richard Hall, of "Bolingly," who married Mary Blake, took for his second wife Harriet M. Claggett, of Prince George's county, and had four children, Eleanor, Martha, Henrietta, Francis and Josephine. Eleanor Martha Hall married Richard Bennett Darnell, of Portland Manor, Anne Arundel county. They left four children also, Philip H., Josephine H., Frank H. and Henrietta L. Darnell. Frank H. married Nellie Carroll, daughter of Henry Carroll, of St. Mary's county. Henrietta Darnell married Mr. Charles Carroll Willson, son of Doctor Thomas Smyth Willson and Ellen E. Browne. Mrs. Charles C. Willson presides at her romantic home, "Brookside."

This attractive spot is appropriately named, being almost environed by pure brooks and pebbly streams, which flow quietly on to Green Spring, where they grow wider and ripple on and on to "Beaver Dam Bridge," increasing in volume, until uniting with the deep waters of the Wye river. This lovely home is enclosed by "Nature's" trees, the oak, hickory, holly, cedar and

pine ; their grateful shade protecting it from the summer sun and wintry blasts.

Doctor Thomas Smyth Willson was the father of Mr. Robert Willson, Miss Martha, Miss Ellen and Mrs. Thomas Embert. Doctor Thomas Smyth Willson was born March 18, 1807, married November 17, 1835, and died March 28, 1878 His wife, Ellen E. Browne, was born October 15, 1815, and died July 31, 1891.

Dr. Thomas Willson, grandfather of Mr. Robert Willson, Mr. Charles Willson and their sisters, Miss Martha, Miss Ellen and Mrs. Embert. was born September 28, 1778, died 1859; will probated at Chestertown, 1859. He married Anna Maria Smyth. Their great-grandfather, Dr. Thomas Bennett Willson, married August 6, 1776, Mary Theresa Hall.

The Brownes came from Lanarkshire, Scotland. Charles Browne's mother was a Cochrane, and a daughter of the Earl of Dundoland. They came to America about 1720, and settled in Queen Anne's county. His son was Robert Browne. These gentlemen were ancestors of the late Mrs. Ellen Browne Willson, wife of Dr. Thomas Smyth Willson, of Queenstown, and of Charles I. B. Mitchell, deceased ; Mrs. Edward I. Crecey, of Washington, D. C., and of Dr. Bennett Bernard Browne, of Baltimore. Ann Brooke, sister of Priscilla Browne, married William Carmichael, the great-grandfather of the late Honorable Richard Bennet Carmichael.

#### THE BENNETTS.

Governor Richard Bennett was a grandson of Sir John Bennett, who was an eminent physician of the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I. He was Judge of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury and Chancellor to the Archbishop of York. He died in 1627. His oldest son, Sir John, married Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Crofts, of Saxham, and had six sons. The oldest, Sir John Bennett, was advanced to the peerage by King Charles II, with the title of Lord Ossulston. His son was created Earl of Tankerville by King George I. The second son, Henry, Earl of Arlington, was advanced to that dignity by Charles II, and after the restoration he was made principal Secretary of State and a Knight and Peer of the realm. He was also made Knight of the most "Noble Order of the Garter." He married Lady Isabella of Nassau, daughter of Lord Bevorwort.

The said Henry Bennett died at his home in St. James Park, August 28th, 1685.

The third son, John Bennett, was sent to America by his father to take charge of his interests in the Virginia company. In 1651 he was one of the commissioners appointed by the Council of State in England to reduce all the plantations within the Chesapeake Bay to due obedience to the Parliament of England, which they accomplished in 1652.

Richard Bennett and others made a treaty with the Susquehanna Indians, from the Susquehanna river to the Patuxent, and from Elk river to the Choptank. He returned to the Colony of Virginia, and was made Governor in the place of Governor Berkeley. Later on he settled at Greenbury Point near Annapolis, where he died. His grandson, Richard Bennett, as stated, became the wealthiest subject of his Majesty's domains in America.

Susanna Bennett, who married Colonel Henry Lowe, had a daughter, Elizabeth Lowe, who married Henry Darnell, of Portland, Maine. Their daughter, Mary Darnell, in 1768 married Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and were the ancestors of John Lee Carroll and of Elizabeth Carroll, who married Richard Caton, and was the mother of Lady Welles, Duchess of Leeds, and Lady Stafford, also mother of Catherine Carroll, who married Robert Goodloe Harper.

A handsome portrait of Mary Darnell, wife of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, now stands among the paintings in the Maryland Historical rooms.

The Browne coat of arms is a very beautiful one, its motto being "*Floriat Majestas.*"

The motto of the Bennett arms is: "*De bon vouloir servir le roy.*"

The Smyths, antecedents of the Willsons on their father's side, were a very old and distinguished family. Honorable Thomas Smyth was a member of the first vestry of St. Paul's (then St. Peter's Church), Chestertown, Md., elected under the law of 1692. He was judge of the county court, a deputy commissary general, a counselor of State and judge of the Provincial Court of Maryland.

The house where Judge Chambers resided so long—a home of hospitality and refinement—was built by Thomas Smyth, who lived there for a time. George Lackland Davis, who married a

daughter of Judge Chambers, wrote to Captain George Hayward Willson: "You cannot but feel a pride in your descent from those whose names are connected with our early history and with the honor of our country."

Eleanor, the wife of Colonel Thomas Smyth, presented the pulpit cloth and cushion to Old St. Paul's Church, Chestertown, 3d August, 1703. Thomas Smyth gave one chalice of silver and one plate of silver, engraved on them: "The gift of Thomas Smyth to the parish of St. Paul's, on the north side of Chester." These have been used for the communion service ever since.

#### THE BORDLEYS OF "BORDLEY ISLAND."

This distinguished family came from Yorkshire, England, which was also the birthplace of George Calvert, the first Baron of Baltimore, who married Ann Wynn, and becoming much interested in the new country he determined to establish a colony in New Foundland in 1617, for which he received a patent from the King. The climate proving too wintry for my Lord Baltimore, he was compelled to seek a more genial spot, and visited the country bordering on Chesapeake Bay, with which he was so much pleased that he petitioned to Charles I for a grant of land. Lord Baltimore intended to call the colony the "Land of Crescence," but the King decided that it should be "Terra Maria." Thus, this beautiful and productive country, our little State "Maryland," was named in honor of Queen Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV, who was sometimes called "Queen Mary."—*Scharff*. One of Lord Baltimore's mansions was erected near the mouth of the Patuxent River, and its ruins still remain. Several members of the Bordley family were educated clergymen, and men of great learning. Rev. William Bordley resided in Westmoreland, England. One of their family was sent from Westmoreland in 1500 as sheriff of London, and a brother of William Bordley, Stephen, was Prebendary of St. Paul's Church, London.

Thomas Bordley was born in Yorkshire about 1682, and was the youngest son of Stephen Bordley and nephew of William Bordley. He came to America in 1694, with an elder brother, Stephen, who was a clergyman, and settled in Kent County, Maryland. This Stephen Bordley was sent to St. Paul's Parish, Kent County, by Right Reverend Father in God, Henry, Lord Bishop of London, to officiate as clergyman, when Francis

Nicholson was Governor of Maryland. He had lost his father and was provided for by his brother. Both brothers had vast difficulties to contend with. Thomas went to Annapolis, the capital of the Province, an "utter stranger, possessing 'nothing' but an 'honest countenance.'" By his exemplary deportment he made hosts of friends, and persevered in well doing, until he qualified in law, was admitted to practice, very soon becoming eminent and sustained a steady course of forensic success of public honor. His talents were of the first order, and his opinions were sought by distinguished men of Maryland, Pennsylvania and New York. Some, there are now, who owe their possessions to the skillful efforts of Thomas Bordley, of Maryland. His letters to his Uncle William, in England, breathe the spirit of a vigorous mind. In 1715, Thomas Bordley was made Attorney General, held this office eleven years, and acquitted himself most faithfully. His first wife was Rachel Beard, of Annapolis. Four children survived the state of infancy—Stephen, Elizabeth, William and John. His first wife died in 1722. His second wife was the widow, Frisby, nee Ariana Vanderlyden. She brought him three sons—Thomas, Matthias and John Beale. Thomas Bordley died October 11th, 1726, aged 43, after a severe illness. He published records of the times that indicate his high standing as a lawyer and a public character. A sermon was delivered by Rev. John Humphreys, Rector of St. Ann's Church, Annapolis, eulogizing this distinguished gentleman. The church was draped in black, its officers and most of the congregation being habited in mourning. Mr. Bordley was tall, stout and athletic, many of his descendants resembling him in person and character. Thomas Bordley's last wife, Ariana Vanderlyden, was the daughter of Matthias Vanderlyden, of New York, and was related to the Schuyler family of that city. Matthias Vanderlyden's wife, Anna Margaretta, was the daughter of Colonel Augustine Herman, of Germany; who on account of religious persecution came to America and settled in Cecil County. Here he purchased a large tract of land and called it "Bohemia Manor," which name it still bears. He named the Bohemian River and owned immense tracts of land in Delaware and Maryland. The ground on which Newcastle is built belonged to Colonel Herman. Matthias Vanderlyden and Anna M. Herman had several sons and daughters. The sons died without issue.



The daughters inherited the large estate of Colonel Herman. The oldest daughter, Jane, married Mr. Coutts, of Scotland, and had a son, Hercules, who married, and died leaving a son, James Coutts, who was in Braddock's Army. He had a daughter also, who married Alexander Corbet, of Scotland. The second daughter of Matthias and Anna, Francina Herman, married Edward Shippen. They had one child, Margaret, who married a Jekyl and left a son, John Jekyl, and two daughters. The youngest daughter, Margaret Jekyl, married Colonel Chalmers, went to England and died there. They left several sons and daughters. One of the sons, George Chalmers, was distinguished in law and letters. He wrote several valuable histories, among them a memoir of Mary Queen of Scots. After the death of her husband, Francina married Colonel Nathaniel Hynson, of Chestertown, where she died, aged 90 years. Augustina Vanderlyden married James Harris, of Maryland, and had a son, Matthias.

Ariana Vanderlyden married first James Frisby, by whom she had three daughters. Sarah Frisby married John Brice, and had four sons—John, who was the father of John Nicholas Brice, James, Benedict, Edward Brice and five daughters. Ariana Brice married Dr. Ross; Sarah married John Henderson; Ann Brice (unmarried); Elizabeth Brice married first Lloyd Dulany, and left a son, Grafton, who was living when the sketch of the Bordley family was written, and two daughters, Mary and Sarah. Mary married Mr. Henry Rogers, of Baltimore. Ariana Vanderlyden's second husband was Thomas Bordley, who lived in the Bordley home in Annapolis, not far from the State House. They had three sons, Thomas, Matthias and John Beale. Ariana married a third time, Edmund Jennings, of Annapolis, who took her to England, where she died in 1741 of small-pox. It was said by one of her sons that no one could "ever" forget the "mild sparkle" of his mother's eye, the "sweet tones" of her voice, nor the dignity of her deportment, and that no parent could bestow a better wish on a daughter than that she might resemble her in "Every Thing." Miss Kate Bordley, now residing with the Misses Willson, near Queenstown, is a handsome representative of the Bordley family. Although having had many suitors, she has wisely foresworn matrimony and is yet "fancy free." Mr. and Mrs. Jennings left a daughter, Ariana, who married John Randolph, Attorney-General of Virginia, brother to the celebrated Peyton Randolph,

who accompanied the Earl of Dunmore to Europe. Ariana and John Randolph had a son, Edward, who was made Secretary of State by General Washington, and two daughters, Ariana and Susan. One of the daughters married Mr. Wormley, who took her to England. They had a son, Rear Admiral Wormley, who married and returned to England, and was in the Royal Navy in 1826. Stephen, eldest son of Thomas and Rachael Bordley, previously mentioned, was born in Annapolis, Maryland, in 1709. He was sent to England early in life to be educated and remained there ten years. While there he was most attentive to his elderly aunts of Yorkshire, and took an affectionate interest in their welfare (remarkable for a young man). He evinced genuine love for his stepmother. In writing to one of his aunts in England after his return home, he speaks of her as a stepmother of the "highest rank." He was fondly attached to his American friends, among whom were Edward and James Tilghman, his Maryland associates. The beautiful Miss Peggy Shippen was the object of his admiration. While in London Mr. Bordley received a letter stating that she was married to a Boston gentleman. He remained a bachelor and resided in the old family home in Annapolis. He held several offices under the Provincial Government, and stood very high with the illustrious men of his time. Mr. Bordley died in 1764 at his home in Annapolis, and bequeathed to his brother Beale his extensive and valuable library.

William, the second son of Thomas and Rachael Bordley, was born in Annapolis in 1716, and was educated in England with his brother Stephen. On his return home he settled in Cecil County, Maryland, married Miss Pearce, and left ten children, who died young.

Elizabeth, the only daughter of Thomas and Rachael Bordley, was born in the old home at Annapolis, 1717. After the death of her brother Stephen, she lived in the same mansion, which he bequeathed to her, and spent the summer months on Bordley's Island with her only remaining brother Beale. She was a very handsome woman, and beloved for her gentleness and benevolence. She remained single, although she had many admirers. In early life she gave her heart to a gentleman in England, who was of exemplary character, but who unfortunately died. John Bordley was the third son of Thomas and Rachael Bordley, and was born at Annapolis, 1721. He married young, settled near

Chestertown, Maryland. He died in 1761. Nothing more is known to the writer of the incidents of his life.

Thomas Bordley was the first child of Thomas Bordley and Ariana Vanderlyden, and was born at Annapolis in 1724. When very young he accompanied his stepfather, Mr. Jennings, to England, for a course of education. He was a youth of uncommon promise, and evinced an unusual degree of excellence in moral and intellectual qualities.

Matthias, second son of Thomas Bordley and Ariana Vanderlyden, was born at Annapolis, 1725, and became a planter in Harford County, Maryland. He married Miss Peggy Bigger when she was but sixteen years of age, and was devotedly attached to her. They were considered a very interesting couple.

John Beale Bordley, son of Thomas and Ariana Vanderlyden, was born at Annapolis, February, 1727, and was the youngest of his father's seven children. John Beale's mother, who was still a young woman, was sought in marriage and gave her hand to Edmund Jennings, who was her third husband. She died in England; but before leaving America, she placed her son, Beale, then ten years old, in Colonel Hynson's care, who married her sister, Francina. When Beale was seventeen years old, his oldest brother, Stephen, returned from England and invited him to Annapolis to study law with him, and eventually to adopt the same profession that he (Stephen) had chosen. As letters are said to give an insight to character, one or two extracts from John Beale Bordley's will proclaim the man. In an epistle to one of his friends, he writes how "vain," how "weak," how cowardly to attempt to please all mankind; let us, firm in good principles, industriously apply to our proper business and not be diverted from a manly employment by the "flirting of butterflies." (Capital advice for young men.) Late in life, he writes to one of his sons at school in England. "Few principles early taken up and closely observed, happily carried me clear of the rocks that many of my cotemporary acquaintances split upon in their youth. 'Temperance,' resolution to be 'myself' against the current of fashion and bent of other youth, choice of 'sober' companions. Avoiding 'cards,' 'wine,' and shunning the affectation of 'being a' 'clever fellow' among the great or little vulgar—these are great preventives. Let 'truth and justice' be the basis of your harangues." These expressions show honorable traits in the

character of John Beale Bordley, and may be said to be a "Bordley" feature, "Independence of mind." When twenty-four years of age, Mr. Bordley married Miss Chew, daughter of Samuel Chew, of Maryland, and Henrietta Maria Lloyd Chew. Miss Chew received some fortune from her father and mother. Mr. Bordley, young and ardent as he was, might have yielded to the luxurious ease of the fashionable society of Annapolis, which was then at its zenith. Instead of so doing, he retired to Joppa, a small town on Gunpowder River, in the neighborhood of which lay an extensive tract of his patrimonial estate. In his twenty-sixth year, he was appointed Prothonotary of Baltimore. In and near Joppa, he raised a large family of children and it is probable that here was laid the foundation of his love for agricultural pursuits, which afterwards became a "ruling passion" with him. In 1776, Mr. Bordley received the appointment of Judge of the Admiralty, and sustained a character of high respectability and was remarkable for his attention to the unfortunate and oppressed, a noble trait in the character of a man, which we seldom see in this day. The late Judge Breckenridge related a circumstance in connection with Judge Bordley, that indicates the staunch principles of this noble man. A celebrated lawyer of their day was pleading for a client, who had stolen a CALF'S SKIN, and was *eloquently* and *satirically* endeavoring to acquit him on the ground that it was too "SMALL" a theft to be considered. The Judge fixed his eyes calmly on the lawyer and said: "Ah! Mr. C., is it you who think that because the article is of *small value* there is no theft?" The eloquence of the lawyer subsided and he *hung* his head in silence.

Judge Bordley's two sons, Thomas and Matthias, were sent to England at the respective ages of twelve and ten. The eldest son, Thomas, died early of consumption. He afterwards sent his youngest son, John, to the care of his friend, Colonel Sharpe. Mr. Bordley was one of the Governor's Council during part of Governor Sharpe's and the whole of Governor Eden's administration, and was an intimate friend of both. Mr. Philemon Chew, John Beale Bordley's wife's brother, bequeathed to this deserving gentleman a handsome estate on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, one-half to his sister, Mrs. Bordley, and the other half to his other sister, Mrs. Paca.

In 1770, Mr. Bordley took his family over to the island, leaving political cares for a private career, and although repeatedly called upon to participate in public matters, he remained resolute in his purpose to lead a country life. He occasionally resided in Annapolis at his old home, where he constantly met his friends, the Jennings, Carrolls, Brices, Dulanys, Johnsons, etc., etc., giving some of his time to the business of the seat of government, but more to the beautiful "Bordley Island," where he thoroughly enjoyed elegant retirement and rural surroundings. It was not indolent ease that he sought, for never could John Beale Bordley be made an idle or selfish being. He wrote to England for the most approved works on agriculture, enlightening himself on all subjects connected with this interesting pursuit. His wheat fields were so voluptuous that their fame spread far and near. Colonel Lloyd on one occasion remarked to him in his pleasant, affable way: "Why, Mr. Bordley, your wheat fields gain more admiration than my 'Green House,' which I pride myself on." English vessels transported it from the island to the old country, loading them from the shores. He imported partridges and rabbits. In a very short time his domains became an active scene of business, numerous buildings looming up, presenting the appearance of a little village. Mr. Bordley ordered from his London merchant champagne by the "cask" and Madeira by the "pipe." His sideboard displayed decanters of brandy, gin and palatable cordials, which any one who visited him could enjoy; but which were not used any more freely because of their abundance. The "coach and four in hand" were the fashion of his day, with a driver in front on a "Boot," as it was termed, and a footman swinging on behind. Chariots with liveried outsiders were also used. Gentlemen wore short breeches, ornamented knee buckles, pumps and silk stockings, very different from their "sober" dress of the present day. "Round dances" were the fashion, the mazy waltz not yet having been introduced. Intoxication was suppressed. If any one indulged too freely, they were at once removed from the assemblage.

The clothing for Mr. Bordley's laborers was all made from his own flocks. Spinning wheels and looms were going incessantly. A brickyard, a windmill, a ropewalk were constructed, and his own timber was used for building fencing, etc. His brewery was his greatest hobby, and hops were largely cultivated

in order to substitute beer for whiskey, which he dealt out to his farm hands, his good "sweet beer" being pure and wholesome.

The hop vines were introduced into Maryland by Governor Sharpe. Mr. Bordley afterwards introduced it into Pennsylvania. His barrels were home-made, and he had salt made from the adjacent waters. In short, Mr. Bordley's resources were "all" within himself.

After our Revolutionary struggle, his attractive home was attacked by refugees from the army, who in the darkness of night when ugly deeds are usually done, entered the river with muffled oars, one party going to Colonel Lloyd's, the other entering the Bordley home. Twelve masked men made their way into the house and helped themselves to everything they considered valuable and set fire to one end of this imposing mansion, which most fortunately did not spread. Mr. Bordley was an intimate friend of General Cadwalader, who lived in Philadelphia, and on his estate in Kent County, alternately. His farm, where he died in 1773, was called "Shrewsbury." He was buried in the Shrewsbury parish churchyard. A beautiful epitaph written by Thomas Paine was inscribed on his tomb. Mr. Bordley's daughter, Henrietta Maria, was placed under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Cadwalader in 1773 to be educated. In this year Mr. Bordley had the misfortune to lose his wife, who died in Chestertown, and was interred in the family vault at Annapolis. Mr. Bordley spent a great deal of his time in Philadelphia, being interested in the training of his little daughter, and made a host of friends. He married again, the widow Mifflin, stepmother of Thomas Mifflin, who was Governor of Pennsylvania. He owned a fine house in Philadelphia, corner of Chestnut and Front streets, which was then the fashionable part of the city. Mrs. Mifflin's intimate friends were Mrs. White, mother of the Bishop; Mrs. Penn, wife of Governor Penn; the Dickensons, Shippens, etc. She was uniformly a Whig. "Tea," the refreshing luxury that seems an indispensable drink, was "never used" throughout the national contest. Mrs. Bordley met Mrs. Mifflin at Colonel White's, who was originally from Maryland, and was the father of the Bishop, who observed that she was a great favorite with her "own sex," a sure indication of a woman's worth. They were married by the Bishop in 1776. Mrs. Bordley became a blessing to Mr. Bordley's family. During a visit that Mr. and Mrs. Bordley made at

Annapolis, it was reported that the British fleet with twenty-seven well-rigged men of war, was sailing up the Severn River, contemplating an attack upon the city. Mr. Bordley sent as many as could be packed in his London built coach, with four fleet horses to the country for security. The night was very dark. The coach upset and the party narrowly escaped with their lives. This open-hearted gentleman often and over again sent boat loads of provisions to the struggling American army. He was called the "Father" of the Agricultural Society of Philadelphia, whose members were the most distinguished in the nation, among them General Washington, Charles Carroll, of Maryland, Benjamin Franklin, Right Rev. William White, John Jay, Edward Lloyd, William Paca, Robert Browne, William Hemsley, and others. Mr. Bordley's visitors were the most illustrious men of the day.

His friends from the Eastern Shore were the Tilghmans, the Lloyds, the Pacas, the Goldsboroughs, the Hollydays, the Haywards, the Chamberlaines, Blakes, Browns, Hindmans. His Western Shore friends were Governor Plater, the Brices, Ridouts, etc. Bishop Smith, of South Carolina, was an intimate friend. Doctor Logan and his beautiful wife passed many pleasant days at his model home. Mr. Bordley did not desire riches, nor did he crave worldly honors, for—

"He who pants for glory, finds but short repose,  
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows."

He was devoted to history, was very familiar with the Bible, and enjoyed reading under the dense shade of an old mulberry. In fruit season, baskets of fine fruit were placed in his capacious hall-room, in order that all of his household might partake of it. His children were taught from infancy to practice obedience and self-denial, and were rarely punished, owing to early and discreet training. An instance of the wisdom of this manner of rearing children, was exemplified in his little two-year old daughter, who had been told not to touch the fruit, a taste which all children love to indulge, often to their sorrow. This obedient little creature danced round the tempting baskets "with her hands behind her," holding them tightly together, an expression on her countenance which seemed to say to them, "touch not." At the end of every meal, the children's "whispered" Grace

was—"Thank God." Often the whole Lloyd family in their ten-oared barge, would suddenly appear at the foot of the lawn, adding to the conviviality of the home party. Mrs Lloyd never failing to be merry, would enjoin Mr. Bordley to return to public life and give them balls and parties as he had done in days past, that a farmer's life had made him too serious. Friends, books, his pen, and rural ease were more to his taste. Although his house in Philadelphia was always ready for his reception, most of his time was spent in his lovely "Island Home," which still bears his name. After the death of his aged sister and wishing to gratify a wish of his wife, to be with the friends of her young days, Mr. Bordley reluctantly removed to Philadelphia in 1791, leaving his beautiful estate to his son, Matthias. After relinquishing his plantation, he passed his summers at a small retreat on the Schuylkill River, which belonged to David Beveridge, opposite Fairmount, among the pretty villas of Powelton, the "Solitude" "Eagle's Field," etc. This was a pleasant riding distance to Belmont, Woodlands, Roxborough, etc. Mr. Bordley's essays on farming were published by Thomas Dodson, in 1799, and have been of great value to our American people and to the scientific of the "Old World." Mr. Bordley's family were for many generations members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mr. John Gordon was his Eastern Shore Pastor. He died January 26th, 1804, and was entombed in St. Paul's Church yard, Philadelphia.

This interesting sketch of the Bordley Island family, from whom she is descended, has been loaned me by Miss Kate Bordley. This lady is a special favorite and spends much of her time with the Willson family at "Warrington." She was educated at the noted school of Mrs. Robert Archer, Lexington Street, Baltimore, and is a highly cultured woman, possessing grace and ease of manner, modest and of a cheerful disposition. "Good manners" are a fortune to any one, far more desirable than fashion and showy apparel. All of these pleasing attributes Miss Bordley possesses in a marked degree.

"Our homes are cheerier, for her sake,  
Our door-ways, brighter blooming.  
And all about the social air,  
Is 'sweeter' for her coming."



## CONCLUSION.

It is with deep regret that I lay aside my pen, and find that I am at the end of my work ; that my "theme hath died into an echo."

It has been one of the greatest pleasures of my whole life to write of the patriotism and virtues of illustrious people, descendants of our forefathers in the old countries, the Wright family being conspicuous among them. Their beautiful example and tenderness to me I can never forget. Their kind words, gentle manners and genuine affection will ever be stamped on my memory. My fancy carries me back many years, to the bright fields, the shady trees, the quiet streams that environed these peaceful sun-lit homes. The same old trees, the same rippling streams, the same broad fields remain, but where are the gay and bright-hearted occupants? Alas ! they have gone to the spirit land and are beckoning us to join them in the paradise of God.

Long shall memories of their "noble deeds"  
Fall on our hearts, like dew on summer flowers "refreshing."

How many times have I sighed for the peace and happiness that pervaded those dear old homes of my youth and mirthful days. Only in dreams may I recline on the green turf and enjoy the warbling of the birds, the music of the streams, the murmur of the leaves, and gentle words from those I loved and respected. Only in dreams may I rest 'neath the old mulberry and oak trees near the pretty cowslip and violet beds, and drink in the healthful breezes as they pass along from hill to valley, stirring the soul and filling the heart with pure and ardent emotions. Ah ! the surroundings of the "old homes," the mingled shadows, the sighing of the pine trees, the beauty of the flowers bespoke contentment and happiness, but the wings of time have left their impress and we can only bemoan the departure of those who enjoyed those lovely surroundings. If there is any good in me at all, I owe it to the pure character of my exemplary parents, whose memory I adore, to my training at St. Mary's Hall, under Bishop

Doane, and to the beautiful example of the *Wright family*, of whom I have earnestly endeavored to give a correct sketch.

A few parting words and I am through. If I can succeed in impressing upon the minds of those who think my book worthy of perusal, that "honesty," "sobriety" and "truthfulness" should illumine the lives of all of God's creatures as the bright and beautiful stars that rise and set at his bidding decorate the glorious heavens above, I shall be fully repaid for my labor. The remembrance of our illustrious ancestors should never die out. And, now, let me hope that the virtues of the *Wright family* particularly, may find an echo in the soul of every reader who scans these pages.

"For may we search before we find  
Hearts true, so noble and so kind."

In conclusion, may I ask that—

"In memory's casket "  
They reserve one pleasant thought of 'me.' "







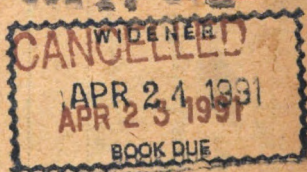


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